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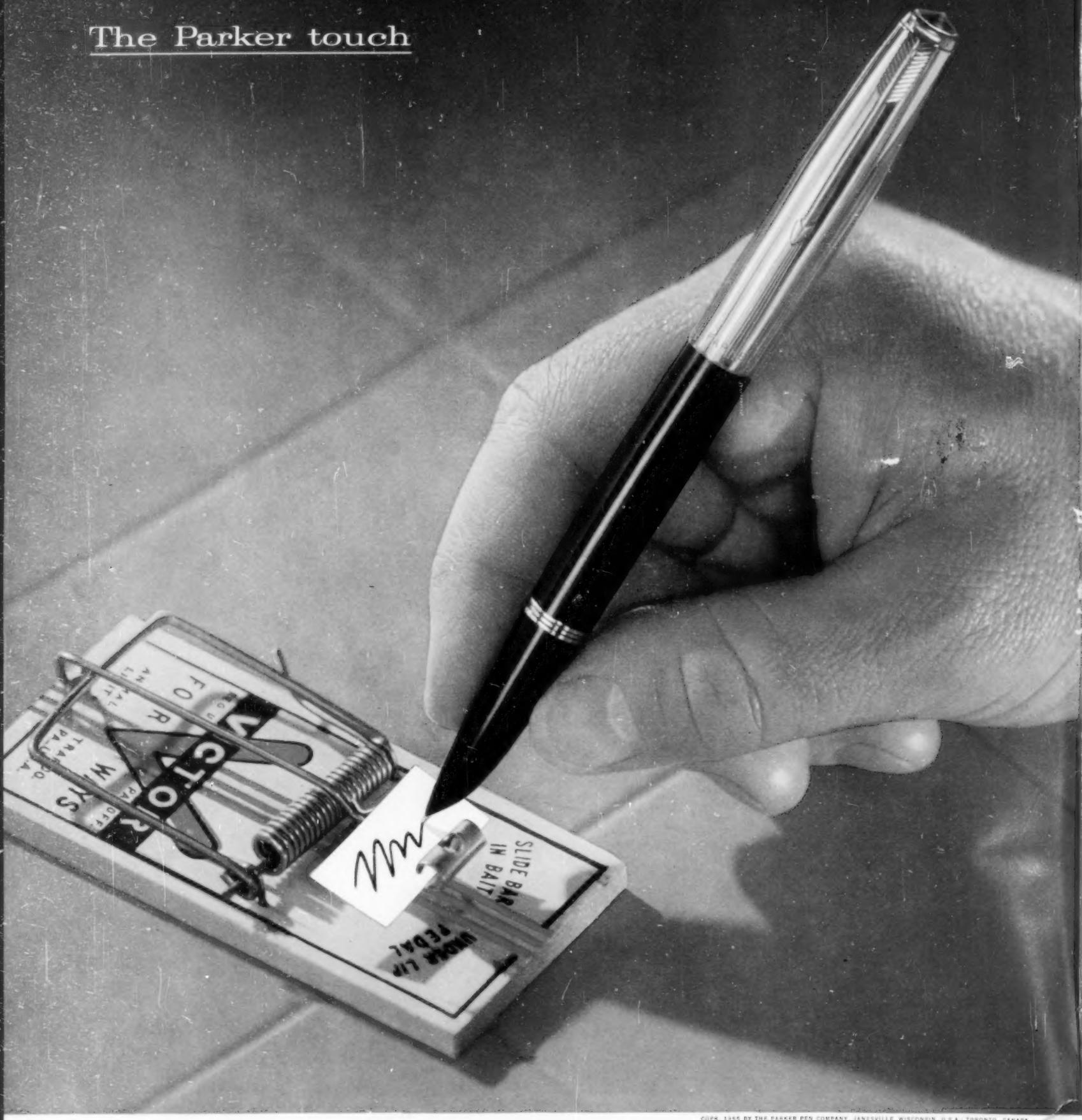
The man with the coat

BY MORLEY
CALLAGHAN

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With nine pages of full-color illustrations painted
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EDITORIAL

The Vs Won a Hockey Game but not the Holy Grail

NOW THAT the Penticton Vs are home resting on their laurels as world hockey champions, we congratulate them on their victory and urge them to spare themselves the trouble of doing it again. We address a like message to their sponsors, the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, and to the millions of grim Canadian patriots who joined in rooting the Vs home.

We do not see how the Vs themselves can be held accountable for this, but it's still true that the tournament from which they emerged as winners created a set of attitudes and values that would have been more in keeping with a Mau Mau goat sacrifice than with a bona fide sporting event.

We have always thought it a dangerous thing to mix politics and religion. The recent hockey tournament managed to mix politics and religion and sport. The result was, to put it as mildly as possible, awful. Everyone knew from the start that the tournament was really a two-team contest between Canada and Russia. It was no surprise when the Communist press made more than the most of the fact that Canadians play hockey much rougher than Europeans do. Since Russia had won the championship with ease last year and expected to win it with ease again this year, it was also to be expected that the Communists would encourage their followers to believe a good Marxist team can lick a good capitalist team any day. This they did.

The tournament was played in West Germany. Most West Germans, with ample reason, are more violently anti-Communist than are most Canadians. With their long tradition of quasi-military and quasi-political physical culture movements, they are also far more susceptible to

the notion that a good set of muscles is proof of a pure heart and a sound ideology, and of course vice versa. West Germany got behind the Vs—vocally and in the press—and with a vengeance. The Penticton players suddenly found themselves cast in the role of a guest-star Siegfried. In this illusion they were sustained by exhortations from home—exhortations to defend the honor of Canada, to defend the cause of freedom, to strike a blow against tyranny and evil.

In the final game they walloped the Russians, 5 to 0. One official of the team, his voice choked with emotion, came on a trans-Atlantic radio network shortly afterward and attributed a good deal of the credit to God. Later another official of the team, after gloating over the Russians' humiliating defeat, said thoughtfully: "This is a great thing for democracy."

If the future of democracy, or any part of it, depends on the skating ability of a dozen or so young stalwarts from B. C., then democracy is in a bad way indeed. If God spends any of His time fixing hockey games, then we had better start looking to some more responsible source for our salvation. But of course the recent contest between the Vs and the Russians had precisely nothing to do with God or democracy. It had nothing to do with the soundness or unsoundness of any set of political or spiritual values. But since it has led millions of normally sane human beings to hold the opposite belief, however momentarily; since in so doing it sorely increased international tensions, we believe Canada ought to pull out of the world hockey tournament and stay out until the world—ourselves included—has learned a good deal more about the difficult art of being sensible.

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Cover by Oscar

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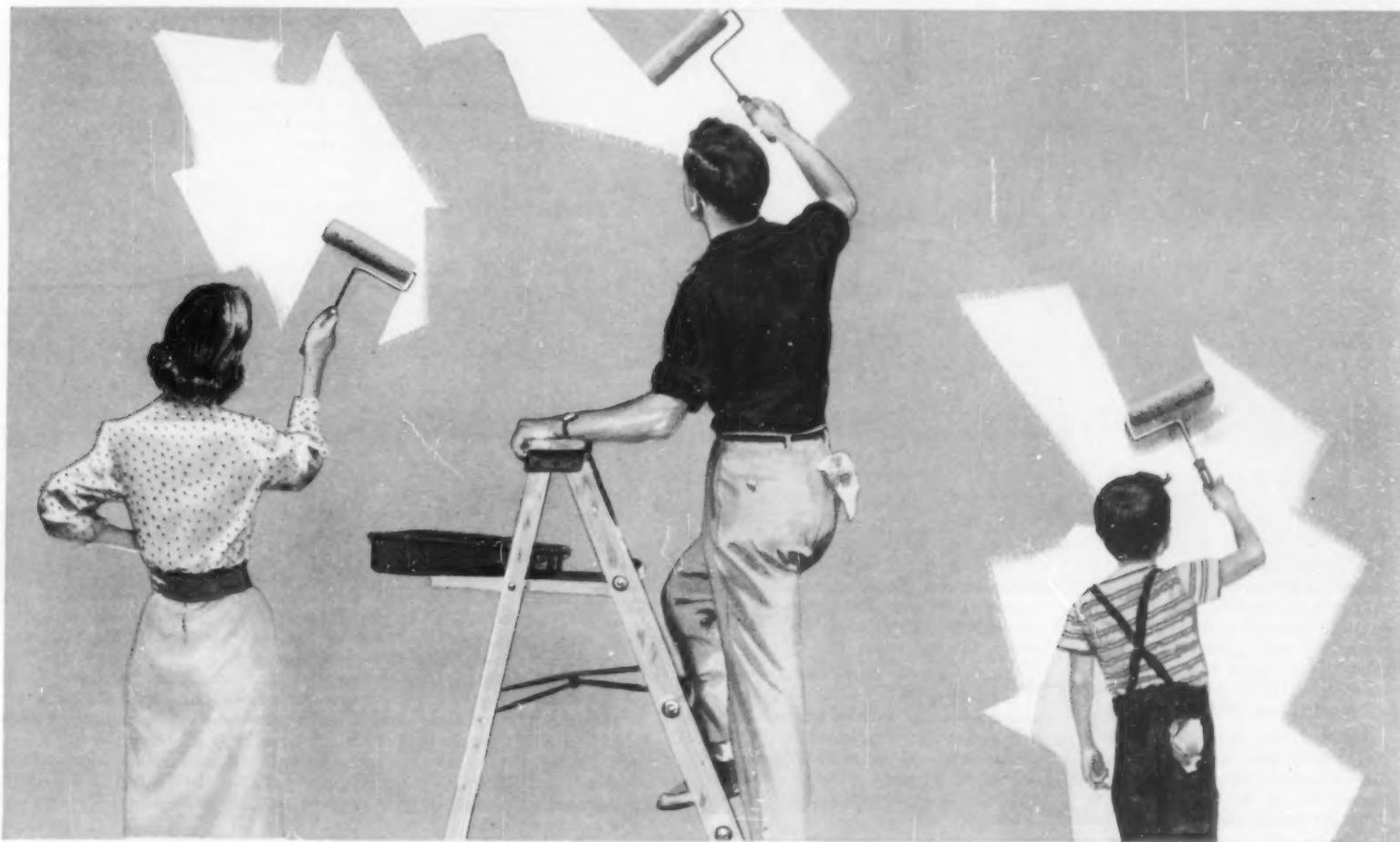
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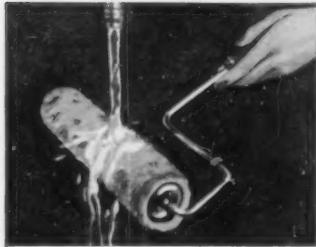


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They're going to have a baby...

HERE is a couple who have recently learned that their baby is on the way. Already, with the help of their doctor, they are planning for the welfare of the mother-to-be . . . and the safe arrival of a healthy child.

Throughout our country today, there are almost half a million couples . . . like the one shown here . . . whose hearts are filled with great expectations.

Thanks to the safeguards with which medical science has surrounded pregnancy and childbirth, the chances are better than ever that prospective parents can now realize their great expectations. In fact, infant mortality today has been cut to 35 per 1,000 live births. Only 25 years ago, it was around 94 per 1,000.

The record for mothers is even better. As recently as 1941, there were 35 maternal deaths among every 10,000 live births. Today, the rate has plummeted to less than eight deaths. These great gains have been made even though the number of births in recent years has exceeded four hundred thousand annually . . . an increase of almost 60 percent in the number of births since 1941.

An important factor in achieving this proud record has been the growing awareness among expectant parents of the importance of medical care *started early and continued throughout pregnancy*. Whether it is a first baby or a fifth baby, the doctor's attention is needed during the months before birth.

So, if a baby is expected in your family, here are some of the things the expectant

mother can do to help assure the well-being of both herself and the child.

1. Take a calm, realistic and happy attitude about pregnancy . . . and discount superstitions and "old wives' tales." Should anything concern or upset you, take your questions to your doctor. He wants to help you face pregnancy as a normal, joyous state.
2. Follow your doctor's advice about periodic medical examinations and special diagnostic tests. Be certain, too, to carry out the simple health measures he recommends . . . particularly about rest, exercise, diet and weight control.
3. Plan, if possible, to have your baby in a hospital. There, under one roof, the equipment and facilities are available to give you the most modern medical and nursing care. It is wise to make hospital reservations promptly . . . for today, 8 out of every 10 mothers go to hospitals to have their babies.

The husband, too, can help by being understanding and by sharing home responsibilities with his wife over the months before the baby comes. The arrival of a new son or daughter is a most important event in family life . . . as important to the husband as to the wife. When home duties are shared, many problems fade away.

Metropolitan has published, for all parents-to-be, a booklet which will help them learn more about the important and wonderfully rewarding job of parenthood. The title is *Preparing for Parenthood*. Just fill in and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



When Louis Spoke and Winnie Listened

HOW BIG is the City of London? Sorry, you are wrong. What is the population of the City of London? Twelve millions? Any advance on twelve millions? Dear, dear, dear! You could not be more wrong.

Forgive this somewhat didactic opening to my London Letter but as one who has normally an indifference to statistics I feel a glow of virtue in my special knowledge on this subject. The City of London is quite a tiny place, a mere seven hundred acres. You could put it into Toronto and hardly know it was there.

I am sorry to have to inform you that when night falls the City becomes almost uninhabited unless there is a banquet at the Guildhall or the Mansion House. Whereas in 1890 there was a night population of nearly forty thousand it has now dwindled to little more than four thousand.

Believe it or not, this small community used to send six MPs to Westminster. Then as the scythe of progress swung in its endless war on tradition the six were reduced to four, the four to two, and now it has no exclusive representation at all. In fact the City of London has been blended, for parliamentary purposes, into the constituency of Westminster.

But my Tory friend Sir Harold Webbe, because his seat contains the City, can sit on the Government front bench at the opening of parliament whether he is a supporter or an opponent of the Government.

All this is a preamble to the fact that a few weeks ago I received an official invitation to attend the Guildhall at eleven o'clock of the morning when Mr. Louis St. Laurent, Prime Minister of Canada, was to have the Freedom of the City of London bestowed on him. This meant that we would have to dress as if we were going to Ascot but it would be worth it.

The Guildhall was badly damaged when Hitler bombed it on that mad Saturday night in 1940. Hitler was an odd fish. Even the German Intelligence must have known that the City would be sparsely inhabited at night, and also that most of the buildings were antiquated and would have to be replaced in due course.

Fortunately the flames from the mad incendiary attack stopped just short of St. Paul's. It was a matter of a few yards, almost a few feet, but the cross on Wren's masterpiece seemed to hold the flames at bay as if to show that the Spirit could defy the very Devil.

When the war ended and the vast national rebuilding problem faced the British it was wisely decided that the Guildhall should be restored. That was a brave decision, and a wise decision. Tradition is a precious thing.

So we gathered to the Guildhall on this

Continued on page 45



When he received the Freedom of the City of London St. Laurent promised he would tell the authorities if he heard of any plot against the Queen.

Do we actually know where to face Communism?

If you could use
reprints of this
message for friends,
staff, or associates,
just let us know.



Photographed especially for Canadair by Karsh

Communism and Christianity

Where are the churches of Russia... the worshippers of East Germany and Poland... Estonia... Latvia... the Christian congregations and missionaries of China? Gone... gone beneath the juggernaut of materialistic atheism that today enslaves six out of every twenty people living.

To communism, Christian countries present a lush target. Pious complacency, religious indifference, empty pews and empty churches mark an easy prey to a fanatic, soulless communism.

It is time for deep searching of our hearts. We can meet communism physically with guns — aircraft — airforce crews — but spiritually? We need to re-affirm the faith that first made our nation great... to man anew our spiritual frontiers.



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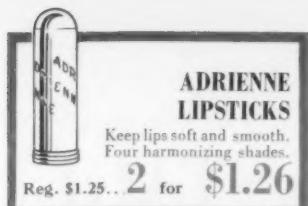
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BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE At Ottawa



Can Canada Bridge the Gap?

BOOTH at home and abroad Canada is being urged to play a more active role in trying to break the deadlock, or at least bridge the gap in communications, between the United States and Communist China.

Canada is close enough to Washington to know several things about United States policy which the Red Chinese should know too:

Ottawa is assured on high authority that the U. S. expects and intends the Communist Chinese to take over the coastal islands such as Quemoy and Matsu. The U. S. has promised to help defend these islands against Communist attack, because the U. S. has no intention of yielding to force, but neither is there any intention to hang on to these scraps of territory indefinitely. Just when or how they are to be reunited with mainland China is a question of timing and tactics; in the end, though, and before any great lapse of time, the Nationalist Chinese will have to withdraw.

The United States has told Chiang Kai-shek flatly and bluntly that his only future is on the island of Formosa and that he must give up all idea of re-invading the mainland. Chiang knows he can't invade China without massive U. S. aid, and he knows now that he won't get it.

In other words, Communist China doesn't need to fight to win the coastal islands; they will fall into her lap if she just waits a bit. Meanwhile, Communist China needn't fear that they'll be used as beachheads for an attack on the mainland, because no such attack will occur.

But Americans are convinced, rightly or wrongly, that it would be a grave mistake to act on these principles here and now. They think

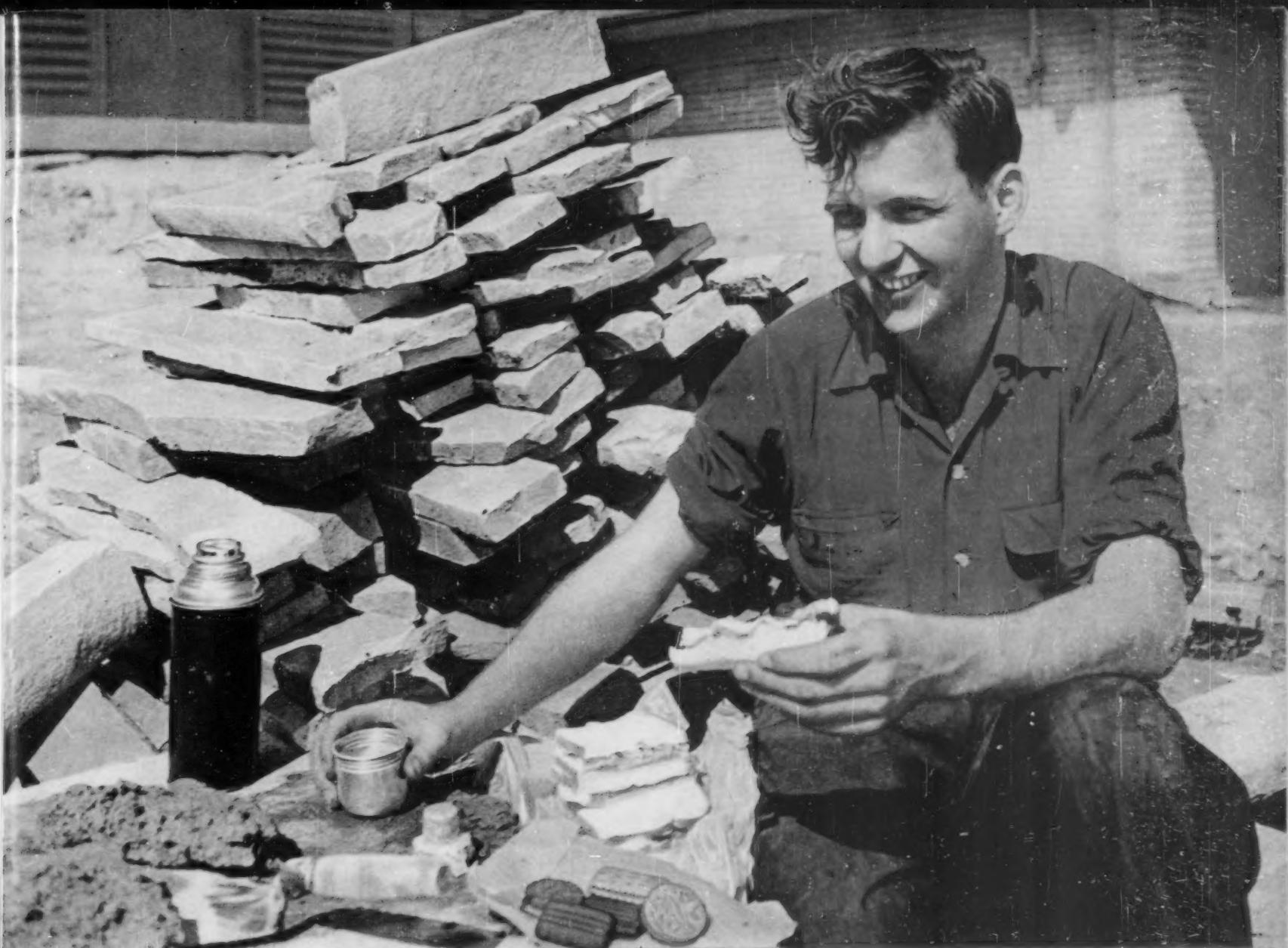
any further retreat at the moment, in the face of Communist threats, would be construed as an admission of weakness and would have a disastrous effect on Western prestige in Asia. They think it would shatter morale not only in Formosa itself (which they regard as very important) but also in Southeast Asia where the political battle with Communism is joined. They think countries like South Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia, perhaps even Burma would be led to conclude that the Communist side is the winning side and the one for a smart little country to join.

Therefore they can't simply demonstrate to Red China, by actions speaking louder than words, that they intend to let the coastal islands go and firmly "leash" Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. So the problem is how to let Communist China know what U. S. intentions really are?

UP TO NOW the Western world has had two main channels of communication with Peiping, one through Britain and the other through India.

India's relations with the Red Chinese Government are pretty good. Unfortunately her relations with the United States are poor and are growing no better. India tends to be sceptical of American professions, and Americans are more than sceptical of India's firm dedication to the anti-Communist side. For both reasons, India is a poor messenger in the present case.

Britain has the opposite difficulty. Her relations with the U. S., in spite of superficial appearances and the trumpetings of Labour Party politicians, are those of a trusted ally. Unfortunately *Continued on page 56*



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The man with the coat

BY MORLEY
CALLAGHAN



The man with the coat

I

THAT WINTER day in the corridor outside the courtroom where J. C. (Scotty) Bowman, the bank manager, was to be tried for fraud there was a gathering of people who wouldn't have come together at any other time. It wasn't a big crowd but they had come from shops, brokerage offices and saloons, their own private homes, and even Chinese laundries. The corridor was wet and dirty with little pools of water from their wet overshoes. After the all-night heavy snowfall it had turned mild and the sun had come out and the melting snow had flooded the streets. Everybody had got wet from the spray from passing taxis. They had all come there because Scotty Bowman was a well-known man, and his friend, Harry Lane, the public-relations director of the Sweetman Distillery, to whom he had loaned the fifteen thousand, was even better known in the city.

Harry Lane, of an old family that had lost its money, had been a flier in the Battle of Britain. When he had come home and had taken the distillery job at thirteen thousand a year, his picture had often appeared in the papers as the organizer of golf tournaments for Sweetman Cups and as the speaker at sport banquets and service-club luncheons. He knew everybody.

The branch of the bank where Scotty had been manager was near Stanley on St. Catherine, right in the metropolitan section of the city which was that neighborhood below Sherbrooke at the foot of the mountain, the district of the big hotels, department stores, railroad stations and restaurants, night clubs, brothels and boogie joints. In this neighborhood Scotty had had a splendid reputation among the storekeepers and businessmen. Many shiftless and rootless neighborhood characters also used his bank because they liked and trusted him. Through Harry Lane he had also met at Dorfman's celebrated sporting and theatrical people of rich taste and easy money.

In the corridor the troubled and wondering shopkeepers and small businessmen stood in little groups, all wearing their good suits out of respect to Scotty whose integrity they had always admired. Near the courtroom door the two tall neat clean-looking bond salesmen, friends of Harry Lane's, looked around at the others with some amusement. "Look at those two Chinamen. Notice anything funny about them?" the taller one said. "You mean they look alike?" "No, not that. Neither one is wearing a hat that seems to fit him properly. Look." The two Chinese had done business with Scotty's bank and had often invited him to Chinese banquets; two years ago Scotty had received a decoration from Chiang Kai-shek.

The two matrons from Westmount, walking up and down in their mink coats, gossiped in English accents that did not come from England. "Of course you know Harry's mother died without leaving him a cent." "Well, he certainly seems to have left this bank manager flat on his back without a cent." "I must say I was astonished when he took that job with Sweetman's—" "That pushing Mrs. Sweetman. She'll do a little squirming over this kind of publicity."

The corridor began to smell of wet fur and rubber and there was a lot of coughing. The weather had been bad all week. A mild flu epidemic, an influenza that started with a head cold and coughing, was prevalent. Coming along the corridor was the newspaperman they called The Young Lion, because he was determined to outwrite, outdrink and outsmart all his older colleagues and his grin widened as he recognized some older men he respected. A few paces behind him was Lonesome Harry, the saloon-keeper, and when he caught up he said, "I wasn't sure whether any of the boys would bother coming. Geez, there's Eddie." His camel-hair coat was expensive, but neither the coat nor expensive suit nor his new hat seemed to belong to him. He made his way toward big Eddie Adams, the rich fight promoter who was talking to Haggerty, the sporting editor of the Sun, and Ted Ogilvie, a friend of Harry Lane's from college days.

In the hum of conversation there was a loud burst of laughter. "Less noise there, less noise," the grey-haired policeman at the door shouted belligerently. The laughter came only from the members of the sporting fraternity. The sedate little businessmen, still surprised that they were there, and still troubled and wondering, didn't feel like laughing. Those who did laugh, because it was their style, secretly felt the same kind of

A new novel
by Morley
Callaghan
complete in
this issue



Sick with humiliation Mollie hurried away from the court.



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Even in the box under the sharp probing of lawyer Ouimet, Harry Lane still bore his distinguished air. But the silence of Scotty Bowman condemned him.

The man with the coat

wonder that Scotty Bowman and Harry Lane should end their friendship in a courtroom. "Come here, Mike," Haggerty called to the tailor, Mike Kon, who had a shop on St. Catherine near Bleury. He was an old middle-weight fighter and Scotty had arranged for the loan that had started him in business. Standing off by himself dejectedly, Mike the Scholar had his hands buried in the pockets of his special black lightweight winter overcoat. He was thirty-five and he had a broken nose. "Don't be a brooder, Mike," Eddie Adams kidded him. "Why do guys who read books turn into brooders?" Joining them Mike said wanly, "For me this is no joke. Scotty was my friend."

"You say was. Are they hanging the guy?"

"I mean is. Not was."

"We're all friends. These things only happen among friends. What's the point of having friends if you can't get them into trouble?"

"But Scotty loses his job anyway," Mike said earnestly. "He loses his pension and he has a wife and children. I know what that means."

"The case hasn't been tried yet," Ted Ogilvie said hopefully. "Harry may be able to put Scotty in a very good light. It's a gift with Harry."

"I hope so," Mike said. "This thing is all wrong, you know. Something is very wrong. Never in his life did Scotty get out of line and Harry Lane is, well, everybody likes Harry. I keep asking myself why this should be."

The policeman suddenly opened the door and they all began to file into the big high-ceilinged paneled courtroom. Two spectators had been let in ahead of the others: Mrs. Bowman and a grey-haired man, a family friend, had been allowed to enter with the lawyers from the side door. She was a plump motherly white-haired woman in a brown hat and a brown cloth coat with a little fur on the collar. As the benches began to fill around her, her neck and back grew rigid. The Chinese sat in one row and the shopkeepers who knew each other kept together in another row. They all seemed to know where they belonged. No one got out of place, and bright sunlight came through the high western window.

At the crowded press table Entwhistle, the dignified bald little court reporter for the Sun, couldn't find a suitable seat. "How can I work with someone sitting in my lap," he protested loudly. Then Mollie Morris, Judge Morris' daughter, who did a column for the Sun came in and everybody turned. She was Harry Lane's girl. No one had believed she would come and sit at the press table, but she came hurrying in with her fur coat open, her open heavy goloshes making a flapping swishing sound, her



HAGGERTY

"I liked Harry. But you can't go against people like he did. You can't get away with it."

DORFMAN

"I won't have this happen to Harry in my place. I don't care what the world says about him."

ANNIE LAURIE

"I'm really very refined, you know, Harry . . . I've always admired you. I'm the lucky one."

MIKE KON

"If I see that coat on you, Harry — no matter where you are, I'll tear it off your back."

high-cheekboned face with the bright brown eyes, flushed from hurrying.

The noise subsided as Scotty Bowman was led to the dock. In the last two months Scotty had got older. He looked like the family man he was, with a plump wife and two children. He had lost weight. His hair had been quite grey anyway, for he was fifty-eight, but he had been plump and jolly, not stooping a little as he did now approaching the dock. In one quick furtive glance he took in all the spectators till he found his wife. In the bank, or at the ball game or the fights, or sitting in Dorfman's, feeling so pleased to be there with more celebrated personalities who led expensive and glamorous lives, he had always met a man's eyes. All his integrity had seemed to shine in his candid blue eyes. He fumbled at his collar, then turned to the window and blinked at the shaft of sunlight that just reached the dock; then he lowered his head and his face became so pale his lawyer, Roger Ouimet, stood up and went over to speak to him. Scotty lifted his head as if the lawyer's consoling smile had given him some dignity, and then he smiled too.

When Judge Montpetit came in everybody stood up, although some of them couldn't see him at first, for he was only five feet four. His white plume rose above the heads of the lawyers and the clerks as he mounted the steps to his chair. He had a big head and heavy features and with his white plume he looked a little like Santa Claus without a beard as he glanced anxiously at the open window. He was afraid he was catching a cold and he had taken a mixture of lemon juice and baking soda before leaving the house. His hearing was not good and the courtroom acoustics were bad and, as always, he looked up resentfully at the high ceiling. While the jury was being selected he fumbled with papers, read them, wrote on many papers, leaning well over to the left, then folded his hands and waited.

The jury was selected quickly because there were no challenges from Roger Ouimet. They were salesmen, electricians, managers and an insurance man. One by one, they walked to their chairs, and when they were all together, their faces in two rows bunched against the sunlit window, they did look like men of common sense. Then Scotty stood up and the charge was read. "Not guilty," he said firmly.

They didn't need a special prosecutor to handle Scotty's case. It was too simple. The case as usual was being handled by George Henderson. His tired eyes, his grey mustache touched up a little, and the network of red veins in his cheeks told everybody why he had missed having a distinguished career. "John Slocombe," he called, linking both hands behind



The pity in Mollie's eyes hurt his pride. "No," he said fiercely. Then he slapped her.



HARRY LANE

"Can't you see I'm trapped? I won't go away. They think I can't get up off the floor."

RAY CONLIN

"I apologize, Harry. For you I've been a big troublemaker. I want to make things right."

MOLLIE MORRIS

"Am I not supposed to have any shame, Harry? Why did you let them do it? Who'll listen now?"

The man with the coat



"You thief, you dirty thief!" Harry had Conlin by the collar.

him under his gown and swinging around to look for the bank superintendent.

The thin grey man in a grey suit, grimly doing a job he hated, clutched the rail tight and never let go, as Henderson, in his ponderous style, brought out that he had been with the bank for fifteen years and a superintendent for five. Then he told how he had discovered that Bowman had misrepresented the security he had got from Lane; he had represented to the bank that he had taken thirty thousand shares of Western Oil as security for fifteen thousand dollars he had loaned Harry Lane. The market value of these thirty thousand shares at the time he made the loan would have been equal to twice the amount of the loan. The fact was he had taken only fifteen thousand shares as security. Of course, by the time the deception was discovered the shares were worth about a thousand dollars.

"Did you ask Mr. Bowman why he misrepresented the amount of security he had got from Lane?"

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"He said he had wanted to have the loan cleared."

"And why the misrepresentation of what he had done?"

"I asked him why, of course, and he said that after he had committed himself to making the loan he felt he owed it to Harry Lane to go through with it; he believed in it. There seemed to be no risk at all. The head office couldn't have the confidence in Harry Lane that he had and he said it was all a matter of confidence."

"He admitted he misrepresented the conditions of the loan?"

"Well, there it was, and he admitted it."

"Will the witness please speak up," the Judge said testily. "Speak out. You have nothing to be ashamed of. It's hard to hear anything in this court. Now what was it you said? Turn this way a little."

Clearing his throat the superintendent said, "It was the day the stock crashed—before noon, and I came in. He had been busy and hadn't heard about it, or I suppose he could have rushed out and bought shares to cover himself for next to nothing, but there I was confronting him—well, he said he was afraid he would be prosecuted," and Slocombe's voice faded as he looked at Scotty.

"I know this is an unpleasant task for you," the judge said gently. "But it is an honorable one."

"You said that Mr. Bowman admitted that his misrepresentation of the security he had taken on this loan would leave him charged with fraud."

"Or possibly conspiracy."

"There's no charge of conspiracy with anyone. Just this admitted fraud."

"Oh, but I object," Ouimet said, rising slowly. "My friend goes too fast. Mr. Bowman has pleaded not guilty. All that the witness has brought out is Mr. Bowman's recognition of his awareness of certain facts that might lead to this charge."

"That might be very well put in the defense counsel's argument to the jury," the judge said, smiling.

"Well, those are the facts," Henderson said simply. He didn't want to make a big thing of it. It wasn't necessary. Linking his hands behind him under his gown he shrugged. "Your witness."

"Mr. Slocombe," Ouimet said, with a courteous little bow and a friendly smile as if he only wanted to be helpful, "how long have you known Mr. Bowman? I mean in your banking business."

"About fifteen years, sir."

"And what was your opinion of his character?"

"I had the highest opinion of him."

"Not a blemish on his reputation?"

"No, sir."

"In fact, would you not say that in your own bank he had always been considered a man of the highest integrity?"

"That's true," and for the first time he was at ease with himself.

"Mr. Slocombe," Ouimet said, walking slowly toward the jury, yet apparently unaware that he was making himself one with the twelve men of common sense, "supposing Mr. Bowman had made this loan to Harry Lane, just as he did—irregular and all as it was—and it had been repaid within a week with interest, as Mr. Bowman believed it would, what would have been the procedure?"

"Well, we might never have discovered that there had been a misrepresentation, I suppose."

"And he might not be here in the dock at all?"

"Well, I don't know. I can't tell about ifs and buts."

"Oh, I know bankers are cautious, but if Bowman's confidence in Harry Lane had been justified . . ."

"That wouldn't justify the misrepresentation."

"Now look here," Ouimet said amiably, and he smiled at the jury, "if Lane had repaid the loan, as he promised to do, in a few days, and picked up his security, where would we be?"

"But the thing was discovered."

"All right. Now has Mr. Bowman always shown good banking judgment?"

"The very best."

"Till he came to his friend Lane?"

"Well, yes, until this affair."

"By the way, when you questioned him about misrepresenting the security he had got from Lane, did you ask what in the world happened





The man with the coat

to his judgment?"

"I did."

"And what did he say?"

"He was upset. Seemed to feel he had committed himself, and had confidence in Lane."

"He seemed to feel under an obligation, a personal obligation?"

"As far as I could see," the superintendent said, with a helpless gesture, "it was just because he was Harry Lane."

"Just because he was Harry Lane," Ouimet repeated softly, and as he sauntered away and pondered, everybody, waiting and watching, was sure he was repeating the words over and over to himself. "Thank you, that's all," he said finally. When the superintendent had left the dock Henderson said, "Call Harry Lane." They called "Harry Lane." The policeman at the door repeated "Harry Lane," and it echoed along the corridor.

They all turned as he came in, but the jurors had the best view of him as he approached the box, his head up, his shoulders back like a man with some military training. He was thirty-two, about five foot nine and slender, and he had curly black hair and good teeth. Pale and all as he was he still had his distinguished air. He had on a navy-blue suit and a white shirt and a blue tie with a thin red stripe in it, and, though Scotty too had on a good suit, it didn't look like Harry's; he couldn't wear clothes as Harry could, and the old fighter, Mike Kon, the tailor, whispered, "He probably got that suit from Savile Row. What a pleasure it would be to make a suit for him." And Haggerty, grinning, needled him, "Better stick to those wrestlers and ball players who wear those suits of yours, Mike. It'll be a while before you move up to the carriage trade."

They all expected Harry to have an easy confident manner and look as if he belonged, for he was always sure he belonged wherever he was. Coming from an old family as he did he had always belonged to the places where people with money went. He belonged to the Royal Golf Club, the M.A.A., he had been a Zate, and his father when he had been alive had belonged to the Mount Royal Club. He had been incredibly lucky in the war, where he should have been shot down a dozen times, and his luck had held when he came home and got his soft job with Sweetman. Everybody could see he didn't want to be anything else but what he was, alive and back home among his own people and feeling lucky with the beauty and joy of being alive. When he drove his Jaguar he waved to the cops at the intersections. He was a carelessly generous impulsive smiling man, who counted on everybody sharing his good will, and had had a lot of luck in this too, and seemed to appreciate it. But he was a man of many charming and slightly theatrical gestures. If he bought a pack of cigarettes he always bought one for the friend with him; he never passed by a panhandler. He overtipped everywhere. He wore bright checked English jackets and bright scarves and looked like a polo player in them. Two months ago he had bought an expensive English lightweight felt hat in New York, very light grey; he could roll it up in a ball in his hand

without wrinkling it, and when Ted Ogilvie had admired it he had insisted on giving it to him. Standing out there in the corridor Ted had been wearing the hat. All these gestures seemed to be little tributes to something or other that nobody understood.

But he made a bad impression as soon as he got into the box. He went to yawn, then tried to suppress it quickly as his friends, watching him, smiled. But the yawn wasn't one of his gestures. He was really tired and troubled. He had been up nearly all night. He had gone home early enough, but before he could get undressed and into bed there had been a knock at the door. It was the young blond wife of the rich old painter, who was sixty, living in the apartment upstairs. For a month her husband's nerves had been going to pieces. Worrying about everything, he was really afraid of being left alone. Now he was upstairs, she said, repeating that he had no friends and threatening to kill himself. "I know it's silly," she had pleaded, "because he hasn't a worry in the world. He likes you, Harry, won't you come up? You're good for him." He had sighed and grumbled a little, then he had gone upstairs to drink with the old painter and cheer him up with amusing stories which he acted out for him. It had been comical really. All that was the matter with the old painter was that every time he looked at his young wife he felt old and insecure. "Things look different when you're around, Harry," he kept saying and wouldn't let him go till four in the morning.

Back in his own place he couldn't sleep. He kept going over and over the story he had to tell about Scotty Bowman, starting with that day on the street when they had met accidentally. He himself had been feeling lighthearted and he had told Scotty about his luck. A few months ago, his friend McCance, of McCance and Ashworth, the brokers and investment financiers, had given him five hundred shares of Western Oil. McCance, an old air force comrade, insisted he owed his life to him. The stock then had gone to a dollar a share. He was feeling good that day because McCance had just got a wire from the drilling superintendent telling him of reaching oil in the sands; in three days the well would be brought in. If the stock merely repeated the pattern of the other oil stocks, McCance insisted, it would be worth five dollars a share in three days.

"Things come your way, Harry," Scotty had said enviously. "Lucky in war, lucky in love." He knew McCance, of course, and had the highest respect for his word and judgment. It had been snowing a little and as he slowly raised the collar of his coat his eyes turned inward. "Don't you understand, Harry," he said, "if you had fifteen thousand shares you would make at least seventy-five thousand; maybe a lot more," and his eyes were like a shrewd businessman's; he seemed to be concerned as a banker might be concerned for a client. "But I haven't got fifteen thousand, Scotty," he said, laughing. But that was what banks were for, Scotty said, smiling. "But, Scotty, there's the question of security." And as a banker Scotty seemed to ponder over this. It was too bad, really too bad, and then he had said, what about McCance; would he let him

please turn to page 81

In a fury, Mike shouted, "You — you!"
Everything he had was in the punch that
caught Harry on the jaw. Then
the ambulance came with its flashing light.



WARNING

A plan is on foot to put Sodium Fluoride, which has an accumulative effect that can be poisonous, into Toronto drinking water in 1955. If you are opposed to being forced to pay for and consume this highly toxic insecticide, come and get a free copy of our frightening facts, and fighting instructions.

Attend the Fluoridation Panel Discussion of The Health League of Canada, Wednesday, December 8th, 10:30 a.m., Royal York Hotel, Parlor B, and ask for facts, not recommendations.

Published in the public interest by The Safe Water Committee.

THE BETTER LIVING SOCIETY OF TORONTO
4 Cumberland St. (Bloor and Yonge). WA. 2-0632
Open Tuesday 11:15 p.m. for information.

FRIGHTENING

Toronto ad uses words like "poisonous" to scare citizens into opposing fluoridation.

Here are the Facts!

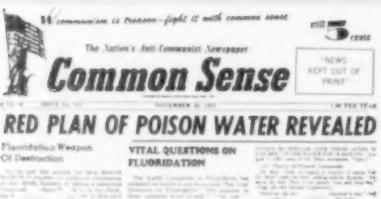


ONE Child out of every FIVE in Greenwich will have MOTTLED TEETH if you permit Fluoridation!

The U. S. Public Health Service, in promoting fluoridation says through the Senior Sanitary Agent: "There is more to 20% than TEETH" in the slogan.

DISTORTED

Research proves that unsightly mottling is no problem where water is correctly treated.



HYSTERICAL

U.S. news sheet sees fluoridation as a Red plot to weaken forces of democracy in West.

SODIUM FLUORIDE

is the poisonous, cumulative chemical that was put into the municipal water supply of the official test city of NEWBURGH, NEW YORK in 1944. Kingston right beside it was not artificially fluoridated.

KINGSTON N.Y.	NEWBURGH N.Y.
not artificially fluoridated	artificially fluoridated
CANCER RATE	CANCER RATE
1942 205.6	1942 172.4
1949 200.3	1949 191.9
1951 207.2	1951 253.4
INCREASE 16. PER 100,000	INCREASE 81.0 PER 100,000
CARDIOVASCULAR RENAL DISEASE	
1942 714.3	1942 609.7
1949 699.4	1949 792.1
DECREASE 14.9	INCREASE 102.4
KINGSTON N.Y. (1952-53)	NEWBURGH N.Y.
3,321 of 5,208 children	4,924 of 4,654 children
examined found to be	examined found to be
suffering from defects	suffering from defects
63.8%	35.0%

DATA FROM N.J. ASSOC. FOR DENTAL RESEARCH, 250 BROADWAY, PASSAIC, N.J.

Do we want this to happen in Toronto?

DISHONEST

Years were juggled to make it look as if fluorides had undermined Newburgh's health.

The bitter, tragic battle over fluoridation

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Millions of Canadian children

are being denied a proven preventive to tooth decay.

Why? Because a tiny but determined group—almost all of them laymen—has succeeded in overriding the findings and advice of our most respected scientists and medical societies

WHEN the history of public health in Canada during the twentieth century is written, the most fantastic chapter might very well be devoted to the controversy over the fluoridation of our water supplies. The bare facts of this unusual drama are these:

For several years it has been observed that the addition of minute quantities of sodium fluoride to our water supply cuts down tooth decay in children who drink it. It has been further observed that drinking fluoridated water in the approved proportion is in no way harmful to the human body.

These two facts have been accepted as scientific truths by virtually every reputable medical and dental group in Canada, United States and Great Britain. In Canada, fluoridation has been endorsed by the Canadian Medical Association, the Canadian Dental Association, the Canadian Public Health Association and the departments of preventive medicine of all our medical schools.

Within modern memory, no public-health measure—including vaccination, chlorination of water and pasteurization of milk—has been so unanimously approved or so thoroughly tested. In the United States twenty millions are drinking mechanically fluoridated water. Another three and a half millions live in towns and cities where the water supply is naturally fluoridated. There have been no ill effects.

Yet in Canada, less than three percent of the population is receiving the proven benefits of fluoridation, either from natural or mechanical source. Health authorities regard this as tragic. According to the Canadian Dental Association, ninety-eight percent of our children are suffering with tooth decay; millions of new cavities develop yearly. Although we now spend seventy million dollars a year on dental work three of four Canadians are still without regular dental care.

Unless some wholesale remedy is adopted immediately, most Canadians can look forward to a premature loss of their permanent teeth and poor dental health generally.

All medical groups now agree that an obvious solution would be the fluoridation of our water supplies. Yet, in dozens of communities where this proposal has been put forth by local health authorities it has been bitterly resisted and defeated.

What's holding up a proved health measure that can save our children's teeth? Who are the anti-fluoridationists?

At the outset, it should be stated that there are still a few—a very few—scientists who are urging the fluoridationists to go slow. But they are heavily outvoted by their colleagues who point to hundreds of completed studies which show fluoridation to be safe. There are also certain religious groups, like the Christian Scientists, who oppose fluoridation on the grounds that it is compulsory medication. Both these groups state their objections in careful and moderate language.

But the greatest influence on public opinion has come from the activities of a small, noisy and often hysterical minority. Dr. Gordon Bates, the outspoken director of the Health League of Canada, has referred to them as "malicious, mendacious, anti-fluoridationist scamps." The material they present often consists of falsehoods or half-truths. When they do use scientific data it is usually outdated, distorted or torn out of context. Most of it is imported from the U. S.

The anti-fluoridationists fall into various categories. Some of them have something to sell for a profit—ideas, literature or foods and nostrums which they believe will prevent tooth decay. Others are people who are also opposed to vaccination, pasteurization and the chlorination of water. Some are out-and-out crackpots. Most of *Continued on page 71*



Amid angry shouts and catcalls, Toronto Board of Control suggested a plebiscite when anti-fluoridationists (left) opposed medical recommendation.

PRO



SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL
Chief physician Dr. A. L. Chute attended meeting (above) to advocate fluoridation.



DENTAL ASSOCIATION
Research chairman Dr. Gordon Nikiforuk is convinced that treatment is harmless.



MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
CMA delegate to Health League Dr. J. Z. Gillies says it is a boon to humanity.



HEALTH LEAGUE
Director Dr. Gordon Bates says: "It's a safe proven way of preventing decay."

Key professional groups urge fluoridation. A few individuals attack it.

CON



PURE WATER COMMITTEE
Toronto shopkeeper George MacMillan is a kingpin in fight against fluoridation.



VANCOUVER PASTOR
The Rev. Herbert Robinson sees a Communist plot in the move to treat water.



BROADCASTER
CFRB's Gordon Sinclair assisted scare campaign with references to rat poison.



PHYSICIAN
Dr. W. J. McCormick writes to the papers. He helped MacMillan with a "survey."

She wants to be the World's Strongest Woman, But...

she keeps hoping it won't show.

Shy Jackie MacDonald can lift her weight in bar bells, but she dresses in pearls and sequins. Her fifth graders just won't believe she's the best woman shot putter this side of the Iron Curtain

LLOYD PERCIVAL, a coach of amateur and professional athletes, recently announced with pride that one of his protégés, a twenty-two-year-old Toronto school-teacher named Jacqueline Donalda MacDonald, was about to become the strongest woman in the world.

Newspaper photographers were entranced by the opportunity to focus on Miss MacDonald, who is constructed spectacularly like Marilyn Monroe, but Jackie herself was aghast.

"The strongest woman in the world!" she moaned when she read her press clippings. "People will think I'm some sort of freak!"

Jackie MacDonald currently is trapped in a dilemma. She has an aching ambition, on the one hand, to become the world's champion discuss thrower and shot putter at the 1956 Olympics in Australia and to this end she must be excessively strong; on the other hand, she would like to be regarded as fragile and feminine, incapable of opening a car door for herself let alone of wrenching it off its hinges.

She has worked out a fragile and feminine compromise. Jackie has decided to become the world's

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

strongest woman, *temporarily*. As soon as the Olympics are over she intends to spend her days on a chaise longue until her muscles dissolve.

In the meantime, by dressing with delicacy, she vigorously combats the effects of being able to lift a hundred-and-fifty-pound bar bell. She lightens her hair to honey blond, wears sooty mascara and flowerlike perfumes, favors slender-heeled pumps, pastel sweaters, pearls and dangling earrings. As her muscles grow stronger, she fights back with an angora beret, sewn with sequins. Though she is tall—five foot ten and weighing a hundred and sixty pounds—Jackie is determined never to be picked out of a crowd as the girl most likely to move a piano.

"She's easily the strongest girl in Canada right now," comments trainer Jimmy Cooke, who operates a gymnasium in Toronto where Jackie trains under Percival's direction. "She doesn't look it but then most people don't realize that it would

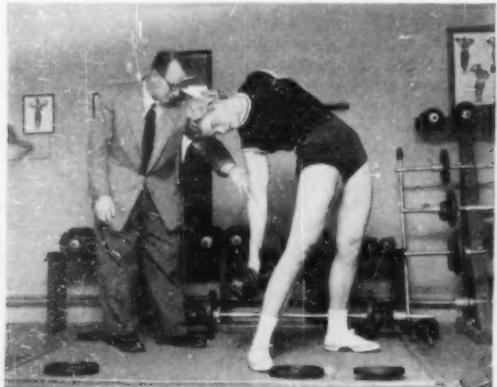
take an extreme amount of work for women to get those bulging muscles that men have."

Jackie's measurements are those of a slightly larger-than-life beauty queen: chest, 41½ inches; waist, 28 inches; and hips, 40 inches. Her arms and legs similarly are a few inches larger than those of the average woman, but they are well proportioned and tapering. As Cooke points out, she has no bulging muscles.

Jackie has buried more of herself than just her muscles. She is a sensitive, withdrawn girl, reluctant to discuss herself. As a child she played alone, operating on her dolls and daydreaming of becoming a doctor. When she began to grow taller than other girls of her age, she turned to sports. She is carefully courteous but never gregarious, and has a placid manner, not easily shaken.

She spends her days teaching a Grade Five class at Hillcrest Public School in Toronto, leaving only the after-school hours and week ends for training.

Here's Jackie as the public sees her—an Amazon in shorts and spikes. She's not too happy about it.



With coach Lloyd Percival checking her form Jackie MacDonald does a side press with a 25-pound weight.



A well-proportioned 41½-28-40, she has no bulging muscles. The leg spread develops her lower torso.



In an exercise called "the squat" she can lift 205 pounds. Weights help harden her for the Olympics.





JACKIE THE TEACHER instructs fifth graders at Hillcrest Public School. They find it hard to believe she was once Ontario's champion woman diver.



JACKIE THE GLAMOUR GIRL paints her fingernails for a date with her current escort. The athletic trophies contrast harshly with all the frills.

She'd rather be thought of as fragile and feminine, incapable of opening a car door —

**She wants to be
the World's Strongest Woman
But . . .**

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

As a teacher, she is calm and friendly and much admired by the ten-year-olds she is shepherding through long division and spelling. When her picture appeared in Toronto newspapers under the banner "The World's Strongest Woman," she was approached by an incredulous pupil.

"You, the strongest woman!" said the little girl, examining her teacher in sweater and skirt and pearls. "You! No, no no!"

Jackie, in fact, was dubbed the glamour girl of the 1954 British Empire Games in Vancouver by reporters and cameramen who were grateful for the figure she cut in a thin cotton jersey and taut cotton shorts. It was estimated after the games that she was photographed and interviewed more often than any other single athlete, excluding only Roger Bannister and John Landy who broke the four-minute mile. Her picture appeared in newspapers all over the world. One writer referred to her as "the world's most beautiful shot putter" and Eric Nicol, of the Vancouver Province, wrote:

"Did you see that picture of Miss Jackie MacDonald in the paper, the lovely blond teacher from Ontario who is five foot ten, weighs a hundred and fifty, is perfectly proportioned and hurls the discus more than a hundred and twenty feet?

"So did I. I vibrated like an old Model T at the sight of a new Buick. I also sighed with regret that I wasn't about six foot four, weighing about two hundred and twenty, proportioned someplace and able to throw a horse over a barn."

Jackie holds the Canadian record for throwing the shot, an eight-pound ball of brass, a distance of forty-three feet, ten and a half inches. She also holds an unofficial United States record for the shot put and is rated by her coach as the fifteenth best shot putter in the world. She has attempted more ethereal pastimes, such as high-board diving, swimming and ballet, but her size led her inevitably to flinging heavy objects.

In order to try to put the shot and throw the discus to new world's records in the summer of 1956, Jackie has spent the winter of 1954-55 developing her muscles. She goes twice a week to the basement gymnasium in downtown Toronto which is Cooke's Physical Culture Studio. The walls and low-hanging ceiling are painted pale green and decorated with framed color photographs of young men with alarmingly distended muscles convulsively gripping their wrists. Floor-length mirrors, framed in red, are set around the pillars in the centre of the room and between the racks of dumbbells and bar bells that line the walls.

Jackie wears shorts, a cotton jersey, thick wool socks and tennis shoes while working out. While she warms up by touching her toes with the heel of her hand, sitting cross-legged and touching her head to the floor and whipping her body in deep side-bends, a dozen more women arrive at the gym, giggling and exchanging greetings with Jimmy Cooke.

These women are housewives, secretaries, nurses, physiotherapists, dancers, tennis players and

PHOTOS ON THESE PAGES BY PETER CROYDON



After school she teaches her girl pupils gymnastics but she takes journalism and French at night school.

convalescents. Some are overweight and some underweight; most are worried by the middle-aged sogginess of their muscles. They subscribe, at a dollar and a half a session, to Cooke's theory that calisthenics with a ten-pound weight in each hand is approximately twenty times as beneficial to muscle tone as calisthenics with handfuls of air. Most of Cooke's female clients are also captivated by the series of exercises he has evolved to tighten the hips and waistline and increase the bust. The weight-training course consequently is popular and Jackie works out, purposefully and somewhat apart, in a girlish babble.

"I couldn't get a baby sitter yesterday," explains a chatty blonde, extending dumbbells one at a time over her head. "So I did all my shopping today and I'll tell you!"

"How is your daughter now?" asks another, gasping in deep knee-bends.

"Better today," sighs the first, climbing on a stationary bicycle.

Jackie picks up a hundred-and-sixty-pound bar bell across the back of her shoulders, taking its weight on a sponge pad. Bracing it on each side with her hands, she squats and rises, squats and rises, squats and rises, five times. Two gum-chewing teen-agers, frail and round-shouldered, watch her without expression.

"That's enough," Jimmy calls to the woman doing the knee-bends. "If I let you get too stiff it's the end of a beautiful chumship."

Jackie moves to the cocoa matting of a weight-lifter's platform, casually checks the weights on a bar bell, and lifts it swiftly to her chin and over her head with two deft movements and a clanging of pig iron. She adds ten-pound weights to each end of the bar bell, bringing it to a total of a hundred pounds, and repeats the lift, known as a clean and jerk. The other women continue to exchange small talk, watching her without turning their heads.

Cooke is reassuring a newcomer, plump under a bulky track suit, that the exercises are harmless. "The increases in weight are so tiny you can't injure yourself," he says earnestly. "The first time you push a seven-and-a-half-pound weight over your head ten times, the next session twelve times and the next week fifteen times. Then you're ready for a nine-and-a-half-pound weight and you push it over your head ten times and then twelve



JACKIE THE DOMESTIC sews at a drapery. She makes her own dresses and sees to it that they cling.

let alone pulling it right off

times and work up slowly all over again."

The new customer looks doubtful, staring at Jackie who is lying on her back pressing a hundred-and-thirty-pound bar bell until her arms are extended, letting it sink slowly to her chest and extending it again. She wheezes and her forehead under tousled blond curls is wet with perspiration.

"Calisthenics will tone you up to a point," Cooke continues determinedly. "Weight training saves you time, gives your muscles something to work against so you don't have to repeat the exercises so often."

The pudgy woman nods slowly, accepting the dumbbells Cooke hands her. Jackie is back on the weight-lifter's platform, fastening more weights to the bar bell. The back of her jersey is damply sticking to her spine.

"Did you see Jackie Gleason last week?" a slender girl in a turtle-neck sweater calls over Jackie's bent figure.

"Yeah," replies a woman at the parallel bars who is stiffly kicking her leg waist-high. Jackie wipes her hands on the back of her shorts without looking around and suddenly lifts the bar bell above her head. The conversation pauses a moment.

"Well," begins the girl in the turtle-neck, after Jackie has set down the bar bell. "I was watching Gleason . . ."

Can She Beat the Russians?

Jackie's weight-lifting program literally will become heavier each month in order to prepare her for the 1956 Olympics, to be held in Australia, where her competition will be formidable. In practice sessions, where she is a shade better than in competition, she has put the shot better than forty-six feet; the world's record for women is fifty-three feet, five and a half inches.

"Gelina Zybina, a twenty-four-year-old Russian university student, holds the world's record and the next six or seven best women shot putters in the world are also Russians," Jackie explains. "I've got a long way to go before I'll be ready to try to beat them. Sometimes, when I realize I've only got a little more than a year left to train, I get panicky."

"It all depends on whether she can sustain her weight-training program," adds her coach, Lloyd Percival. "She's got to *Continued on page 50*



Here's Jackie MacDonald, Girl Weight Lifter, as she sees herself—aproned, domestic and very, very feminine.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER

How Brock founded the Canadian myth

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

He was the only competent leader in an inane war run by nincompoops on both sides. His red coat made him an easy mark for an enemy sniper. But in death he proved that Canada could become a nation against hopeless odds



Part Four

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

ON THE morning of October 13, 1812, a handful of American soldiers looked down from Queenston Heights on the zigzag of the Niagara River and, beyond it, the metallic shimmer of Lake Ontario. They had invaded Canada easily enough and seemed likely to stay there, since they were backed by eight million people and opposed by a sixteenth as many. The possibility of a Canadian nation might well have ended that day but for a tiny speck of red, now seen moving along the river road.

General Isaac Brock, a giant with curly fair hair, narrow face and long knife-blade nose, was galloping alone from Fort George on his grey charger, Alfred. He wore a tunic of scarlet and gold, white breeches and about his waist an Indian sash, bright with woven arrows, the gift of another warrior named Tecumseh. In such a costume he would make an easy mark for any American musket and within two hours he would be dead.

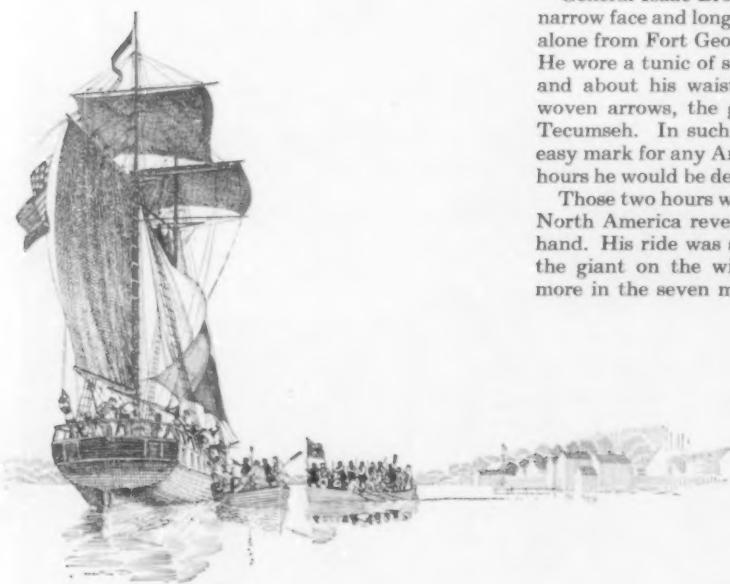
Those two hours would see the future prospects of North America reversed, mainly by Brock's single hand. His ride was short, his prospects brief. But the giant on the winded horse might accomplish more in the seven miles between Fort George and

Queenston Heights than most of the Canadians who had crossed the continent. All the land they had staked out for Canada, all the work begun by Champlain and carried on by eight generations of Canadians now lay at the feet of the American invaders and could be lost by nightfall if Brock arrived too late at the Heights.

Ahead he saw only the reddening autumn maples on the river slope. His simple soldier's mind—and the abler minds of Washington—could hardly suspect that the Heights would soon mean as much to Canadians as Lexington had meant to the Americans, that if Canada was to have any birthplace as a nation it would be this hill beside the Niagara.

So he rode, knowing little of the ultimate continental war now under way, less of its causes across the Atlantic. In his forty-three years Brock had learned only his trade and his duty. The Americans were here again, for the second time, where they had no right to be. Brock's duty was to dislodge and hurl them back across the river—a doubtful task, by all sound military calculation impossible, and the man in scarlet would not live to see its issue.

The causes of the tragic and useless War of 1812



Pompous American General Hull warned Canada not to fight. He got his answer when provincial marines boarded a schooner and stole his plans.



Brock's sword led the charge up Queenston Heights at the American centre. It gave way before his soldiers but Brock died in the scrimmage.

went a long way back and were so complex and immeasurable that a century and a half later historians would still be debating them.

Partly they expressed the nature of the continent, the same continental forces that brought Wolfe and Montgomery to Quebec, the perpetual attempt to make North America, or most of it, a single state. The British had achieved this unification in the Seven Years' War and seen it collapse in the American Revolution. Now the Americans, after the failure of their first feeble Canadian invasion in 1775, were attempting to repeat the strategy of Britain.

Apparently it would be easy this time. Had not Jefferson, the purchaser of Louisiana, announced that "The acquisition of Canada this year, as far as the neighborhood of Quebec, will be a mere matter of marching" across the defenseless border?

Andrew Jackson, a backwoods soldier, judge and duelist, still smarting from a boyhood British sabre cut, summed up the inevitable conquest of a neighbor's land in a single complacent phrase: "How pleasing the prospect that would open up to the young volunteer while performing a military promenade in a distant country!"

Henry Clay, speaker of the new House of Representatives and leader of the western War Hawks, had assured his countrymen that "It is absurd to suppose that we will not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's provinces. I am not for stopping at Quebec or anywhere else; but I would take the whole continent from them, and ask no favors. I wish never to see peace till we do. God has given us the power and the means. We are to blame if we do not use them."

And William Eustis, Secretary of War, in his total ignorance of that art, had informed his government officially that "We can take Canada without soldiers. We have only to send officers into the

provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, will rally round our standard."

The Americans, therefore, had marched to unify the continent by the laws of geography and power, to free it of an unnatural division, to delete, in a matter of weeks at most, an intolerable boundary line, to repeal for all time the failure of 1775 and the impossible peace settlement of 1783.

Already the groundwork of this invasion had been laid far to the south in the Indiana Territory, where two of America's greatest Indians, Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, after years of labor, had successfully revived Pontiac's dream of an Indian confederacy to save the ancestral hunting grounds from American settlement.

General William Henry Harrison had accused Canada of fomenting the tribes (which was untrue), had attacked the Prophet's town of Tippecanoe in Tecumseh's absence, destroyed the confederacy, driven Tecumseh to the Great Lakes country and ended all serious Indian opposition east of the Mississippi. Now the western War Hawks of the American Congress, led by Clay and John C. Calhoun, were determined to finish the job by seizing Canada.

There was much more to the War of 1812 than these old continental forces. A large part of the American people, indeed, had rejected the whole theory of continentalism, wanted no part of the war and were horrified to find themselves on the side of Napoleon, the tyrant of Europe, against Britain and their peaceable neighbors in Canada. New England, fearing the new power of the west and interested mainly in maritime trade, was talking openly of secession to escape the War Hawks' adventures and soon would be suspected of treason. But, as always, America could not escape the quarrels of Europe and they were the immediate cause of the republic's

Continued on page 57



When Tecumseh met Brock he said, "This is a man." He gave Brock his sash.



"Nothing short of perfection will be accepted in the Canadian Guards" is the official army view. Guards Major J. R. Roberts strives for it on parade.

Will The Guards Idea Go Over Here?



"One more remark about Guards Regiments being traditionally superior is gonna result in a traditionally superior rhubarb . . ." Al Beaton spoofs Guards in the Vancouver Province.

Canada's new Guards have never fought a battle, but already they're in the centre of a first-class dust-up. They've been lampooned, cartooned, harpooned in the Press, roasted in the Commons, fried in the Legion. Can we transplant that British spit-and-polish to Canada?

BY DAVID MacDONALD



RSM G. H. Lee straightens up the front rank. His wife kids him that his sword is a poor defense against the atomic bomb.



Staff Sgt. L. M. Prest uses his pace stick to check troops on the march.



Lieut. E. R. N. Anderson leads platoon at Petawawa. Guards keep parade squares spotless.

Canada's Guards take their parade discipline from Britain, but they've discarded the old school tie

LATE IN THE fall of 1953, after a stint in Korea with the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, a tall strapping regimental sergeant-major named Gerard Hugh (Silver) Lee reported at Camp Petawawa, Ont., for duty with the Regiment of Canadian Guards, the newest and—as it has turned out—the most controversial unit in the army.

He was issued with a sword to carry and several yards of scarlet silk sash to wear across his barrel chest and make him look snappier bawling green recruits through their awkward parade-square drills.

Lee, a soldier for seventeen of his thirty-six years, was happy with the new regalia. "This man's army," he said, "needs some color." That night he spent two hours in the cellar of his home blanching the scabbard belt, spitting on the sword and polishing it. Satisfied at last with its lustre, he hurried upstairs and held out the dazzling weapon for his wife to admire.

Did she clap her hands in wonderment? Mrs. Lee did not. She said, "Whatever happened to the atomic bomb?"

Lee was crestfallen but today he is inured to such things. For his new regiment, the Guards, which was itself created to inject color and a bit of spit-and-polish into the Canadian Army, has been the butt of such taunts—and, in truth, such acid criticisms—as would tarnish the escutcheon of any less determined outfit.

In the eighteen months they've been in existence, the Guards have been roasted as brash upstarts in the House of Commons, in the Canadian Legion, and within the army itself. In the newspapers they've been lampooned, cartooned and, at times, soundly lambasted as parade-square dandies. And the gist of all the rebukes—some patently unwarranted—has been, "Whatever has happened to Canada's fighting soldiers?"

For their part, the Guards are slightly bewildered. "Sometimes," a Guards captain confessed recently, "I think a regiment of Russians would be a bigger hit in this country than we are."

Oddly, most of the woes of the Canadian Guards arise from the fact that they're patterned, from headgear to foot stamping, after one of the most celebrated outfits in the history of arms—the superbly proficient, beautifully dressed and oh-so-haughty troops of the British Brigade of Guards.

Unlikely chap, the British Guardsman. His battle honors go back three centuries, yet he is best known as a stalwart red-coated figure in a fur hat standing sentry on a postcard of Buckingham Palace or marching, eyes front, over the body of a comrade who fainted. Hailed in war for his dogged devotion to duty, he is often spoofed in peacetime for his iron discipline, his love of pomp and ceremony and a fetish for spit-and-polish and tradition—the latter so frightfully pukka sahib that beside a

Guardsman old Colonel Blimp is a Boy Scout.

It was this sturdy Briton, as much a British emblem as the lion, who was chosen as a model for Canadian soldiers when, in October 1953, the Canadian Army decided to form a Regiment of Guards. And, like RSM Lee with his sword, there must assuredly be times when Lieut.-Gen. Guy Simonds, chief of the army's general staff, and the man who generally gets the credit—or blame—for creating the Guards, feels that nobody understands them, or him.

For, according to this tall lean and distinguished general, the two motives behind the formation of the Guards were the purest. One was to give Canada a truly national regiment—all other units had rather parochial connections; and the second was to glorify and glamorize the plain, ordinary foot-slogging infantryman.

It is understatement to say that these noble aims took ironical turns.

The dust-up began when the army sent a team of future Guards officers and NCOs to Caterham, England, mother temple of the British Guards, to study their brilliant uniforms, customs, spartan training methods and ancient traditions. Hence, the impression got abroad—erroneously, says the army—that the Canadian Guards would be about as Canadian as the Dalai Lama.

More Cockney Than Canadian?

"Canada Builds Regiment on Borrowed Tradition," headlined the Winnipeg Tribune, "—Canucks Take Short Course in Atmosphere." Out broke a rash of editorial-page cartoons caricaturing the new Guards as sons of Merrie England. One showed two portly, monocled officers inspecting a freshly minted Canadian Guardsman: "Now, by Jove, if we can only give him a Cockney accent." And in Quebec City an officer of the illustrious "Vandoos" commented impishly, "Mr. Duplessis, he will not like this."

Had the army marked time at this point, the jesting might have ceased. But it pressed on. There is a hoary custom in Britain that the Guards—as the monarch's personal troops—enjoy precedence and seniority over all others. They are, so to speak, favorite sons. So the Canadian Army placed its Guards, the youngest regiment in the land, over all others.

Now, to the civilian unschooled in military custom, this might seem to be no more vital a matter of protocol than who in a family of five gets the drumsticks. But to officers and men of Canada's other five active-force infantry regiments—the Queen's Own Rifles (formed in 1860), the Black Watch (1862), the Royal Canadian Regiment (1883), the Royal 22nd and the Princess Pat's (both 1914)—it seemed that after years of faithful service they'd been

Continued on page 65



These British Guards demonstrate their perfect drill.

With ceremonial sidearms Drill Sgt. C. O. Ludtke barks commands to his sweating recruits on parade.





The success formula: Publicist Kate Aitken talks to Tamblyn president Browne while salesgirl in the background uses the traditional feather duster on the



Tamblyn's Ingenious Prescription for Success

RX

- Swallow up the other drug chains
- Use a feather duster twice a day
- Act like a supermarket
- Hire Kate Aitken

Sounds crazy? Well, that's how

Gordon Tamblyn's gaslit store was turned into the biggest drugstore chain in the country

BY TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTO BY WALTER CURTIN

IN A letter to her parents in Manchester during the war, a little English visitor to Toronto once tried to describe her first impressions of Canada. "There's lots of food and the houses are all nice and warm," she wrote, "but Canadians have odd names for things. The trams are called streetcars, the lifts are called elevators, and the chemist shops are called *tamblyns*!"

True or not, this is the kind of story that gets a wide circulation around the five-story head-office building of G. Tamblyn Limited on Toronto's Jarvis Street. Few people in Ontario would doubt it because 103 of Tamblyn's 134 drugstores are located there, 64 in Toronto alone. And urban Canadians from Quebec City to Edmonton are coming more and more to accept it as Tamblyn's sprawls west across the prairies and east into Quebec.

How is it that Tamblyn's has become so well known that the name could be mistaken for part of the language? How is it that in two generations a single gaslit store founded in 1904 in the shade of a Toronto apple orchard could grow into the largest drug chain in the country and one of the three or four largest in the world?

Tamblyn's, mixing almost a million prescriptions a year for the fourteen million people it serves, could also write a prescription for success. Roughly, the formula might read like this: First, buy up all the other drug chains; second, insist on feather-duster cleanliness; third, stop acting like a drugstore and start acting like a supermarket, and fourth, hire Kate Aitken.

As a result of this mixture Tamblyn's is busting out all over. In most of the new suburbs *Continued on next page* ➤

bottles in supermarket-style store. E. N. Thompson is the store manager.



This corner store in east Toronto was the first unit in the Tamblyn chain.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY:

Slapstick recalling the silent-screen hilarities of the Keystone Cops is the enjoyable basic ingredient in this French farce, along with a few mature ironies at the expense of human nature and its foibles. Moviemaker Jacques Tati's own performance, as a befuddled innocent at a seaside resort, is a bit monotonous for my taste, but the picture is fast and funny. No self-conscious Gallic "naughtiness," either.



THE BAMBOO PRISON: A pulp-fiction mellerdrammer about an American sergeant (Robert Francis) who pretends to be a traitor in Korea. He's really a spy for Uncle Sam. A brainwasher's Russian wife (Dianne Foster) becomes his secret beloved.

A LIFE IN THE BALANCE: Some good cat-and-mouse suspense is weighed down by overdoses of banal "philosophical" dialogue in a yarn about a homicidal religious fanatic (Lee Marvin) who gets a brave small boy in his clutches in Mexico City.

THE LOVES OF VERDI: A sombre, earnest and rather dull Italian biography of the composer, brightened by several (but not enough) well-sung excerpts from his operas. Actor Pierre Cressay, all whiskers and dignity, impersonates Verdi.

THE OTHER WOMAN: Hugo Haas is yet another self-written, self-directed performance as a middle-aged man trapped and destroyed by a scheming female (Cleo Moore). Hollywood itself is the locale. There are many effective moments but the net effect is one of tabloid trash.

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS: A lifelong criminal's sudden change of heart in the final reel is no more convincing than usual, but in other respects this is a solid, interesting little underworld thriller. A cop (George Nader) and a hoodlum (Tony Curtis) are the friendly antagonists.

WHITE FEATHER: An eye-filling widescreen western (cavalry-versus-Indians division), recommended for youngsters and tolerable for adults. With Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, Debra Paget.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Adventures of Hajji Baba: Arabian Nights mellerdrammer. Poor.
Aida: Opera. Excellent.
Athena: Satiric comedy. Fair.
The Atomic Kid: Comedy. Fair.
Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense. Good.
The Barefoot Contessa: Drama. Good.
Battle Cry: War and sex. Fair.
The Beachcomber: Comedy. Fair.
The Belles of St. Trinians: British comedy. Good.
Black Knight: Action. Fair for kids.
Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.
Bob Mathias Story: Athletics. Good.
The Bounty Hunter: Western. Good.
The Bridges of Toko-Ri: War. Excellent.
Brigadoon: Fantasy-musical. Fair.
Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.
The Caine Mutiny: Drama. Good.
Carmen Jones: Negro opera. Excellent.
Chance Meeting: Drama. Good.
The Country Girl: Drama. Excellent.
Deep in My Heart: Musical. Fair.
Desirée: Historical drama. Fair.
Destry: Western. Fair.
The Divided Heart: Drama. Excellent.
Drive a Crooked Road: Crime. Good.
Drum Beat: Western. Fair.
The Far Country: Western. Poor.
Father Brown, Detective: British crime comedy. Good.
The Kidnappers: Drama. Excellent.
Lease of Life: Drama. Good.

Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.
The Long Gray Line: Comedy-drama. Good.
Long John Silver: Pirate comedy-drama. Fair for kids.
Mad About Men: Mermaid farce. Fair.
On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.
Prince of Players: Drama. Good.
Rear Window: Suspense. Excellent.
Romeo and Juliet: Drama. Excellent.
The Sea Shall Not Have Them: British war-at-sea drama. Fair.
7 Brides for 7 Brothers: Widescreen musical. Excellent.
The Silver Chalice: Semi-Biblical drama. Fair.
Sitting Bull: Western. Poor.
So This Is Paris: Musical. Fair.
A Star Is Born: Musical. Excellent.
There's No Business Like Show Business: Musical. Good.
This Is My Love: Drama. Poor.
Three Ring Circus: Comedy. Fair.
Tonight's the Night: Comedy. Good.
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea: Marine fantasy-adventure. Good.
Underwater: Adventure. Fair.
The Vanishing Prairie: Walt Disney wild-life feature. Excellent.
Vera Cruz: Serio-comic western. Fair.
The Violent Men: Western. Fair.
Young at Heart: Music-drama. Fair.

that sprout on Canada's scattered horizons like springtime dandelions, a pastel-green chromium-trimmed Tamblyn drugstore invariably emerges next door to the hardware, or just down the block.

The company has already swallowed two drug chains and portents suggest it's on the verge of taking over another. Last November when the company bought out the Louis K. Liggett chain, it added thirty Liggett's drugstores in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Quebec. Before that Tamblyn's had already got a foothold in the foothills with ten stores in Alberta, and between times — in November of 1953 — it bought up the eight stores operated by the Owl Drug Company. There have been persistent reports that the next Tamblyn stop will be British Columbia where the George Cunningham chain operates thirty-six stores, but Tamblyn's reserved and solemn president, Harold G. Browne, declines to elaborate on them.

Last year, before the business of the Liggett stores was counted in, Tamblyn's did a gross turnover of ten and a half million dollars — exactly fifteen hundred times the size of the trade that founder Gordon Tamblyn did fifty years earlier when the year's business was seven thousand dollars. A lot of that seven thousand came from the sale of ice cream and pop that Tamblyn served on tables in an apple orchard near his store at the corner of Queen Street East and Lee Avenue in Toronto.

It was Gordon Tamblyn who mixed up the original Tamblyn formula for success. During his twenty-nine years as boss he was almost fanatical about cleanliness in his stores. His managers never knew when their stern-faced immaculate employer would walk briskly into a store wearing a pair of spotless doeskin gloves. He'd utter no greeting, but would stride to an obscure corner of the store, reach up to a top shelf and run his gloved hand along it. If a

smudge of dust showed he'd give the manager a cold upbraiding and stomp out.

Tamblyn's fetish for cleanliness came from his mother who kept an utterly spotless eight-room house. Young Gordon grew up in an atmosphere of extreme meticulousness and he never forgot it.

Nor did he ever forget that the customers were always right. He constantly reminded his managers of it, emphasizing that customers were to be treated as guests in a spotless living room. Once, in Hamilton, Tamblyn was silently inspecting a counter layout, standing immobile, his hands behind his back. A customer entered and asked for a lubricant. The manager, made nervous by Tamblyn's stoic presence, fumbled with some jars, spilled one and watched horrified as the liquid ran toward the customer's feet.

"It was not necessary," observed Gordon Tamblyn, "to serve the lady that fast."

The Stores Are Antiseptic

A good deal of this fastidiousness still remains. The black-topped, uniformly shaped bottles and jars standing in long correct rows at the back of the modern dispensaries (and also in those that are less uniform and somewhat cluttered in the smaller older stores) are each religiously feather-dusted twice a day. A maintenance crew from the head office is on the move the year round repainting and redecorating each store once a year. No granule of dust is left even at the head office, far from the eyes of customers. Each day at one o'clock when the company's six top executives emerge from their second-floor offices to go upstairs to the cafeteria for lunch, a three-man crew, on a signal from the head cleaning man, Len Gosling, darts into the vacated offices with vacuum cleaners under their arms and dusters dangling from their hip pockets. Office girls in the large central

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Boy! Do I need a shave this morning!"



Nothing borrowed and nothing shared!

As you would naturally expect, the 1955 Chrysler is a motorcar of surpassing elegance. Indeed, its marvelously long, low silhouette stands proudly apart from *all other* cars on the road. From massive grille to Twin-Tower taillights, there is nothing borrowed from the past or shared with the crowd!

Inside, too, fresh new styling is matched by smart new convenience. For example, the new Flite Control lever for the automatic transmission . . . mounted on the instrument panel for easy, finger-tip operation.

Dramatically new in every line, magnificently powered, and equipped with PowerFlite—finest of automatic transmissions—the 1955 Chrysler is a possession to be greatly prized.

Let your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo dealer show you in a demonstration drive why you belong at the wheel of a Chrysler.

*Manufactured in Canada by
Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited*



The dramatic Motion-Design of the new Chrysler is heightened by the inward slope of the body from the belt line up to the tautly drawn roof. It helps give Chrysler an exciting look of motion, even when standing still.

The beautiful new 1955

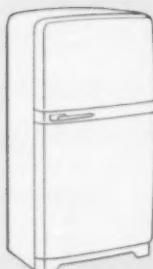
Chrysler

250-H.P. V-8 OR 188-H.P. V-8

Imagine! More refrigerator and

Special Introductory Offer \$100⁰⁰

TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE
for your present refrigerator



Model B-ID

ACT NOW!

The Deepfreeze Duplex has everything!

No defrosting of refrigerator compartment. Electronic sentinel stands guard over temperatures, provides moist cold, handles defrosting, operates silently.

Roll-out shelves and removable meat container; tall-bottle area.

Double-deep Dispensador, with deep tilt-out high-humidity crisper, egg racks, butter and cheese keepers, bottle and jar storage rack.

Separate ice cube and ice cream (6 half-gallon-package capacity) compartments in the freezer section.

Slide-out freezer shelf and basket; puts all frozen foods conveniently within reach.

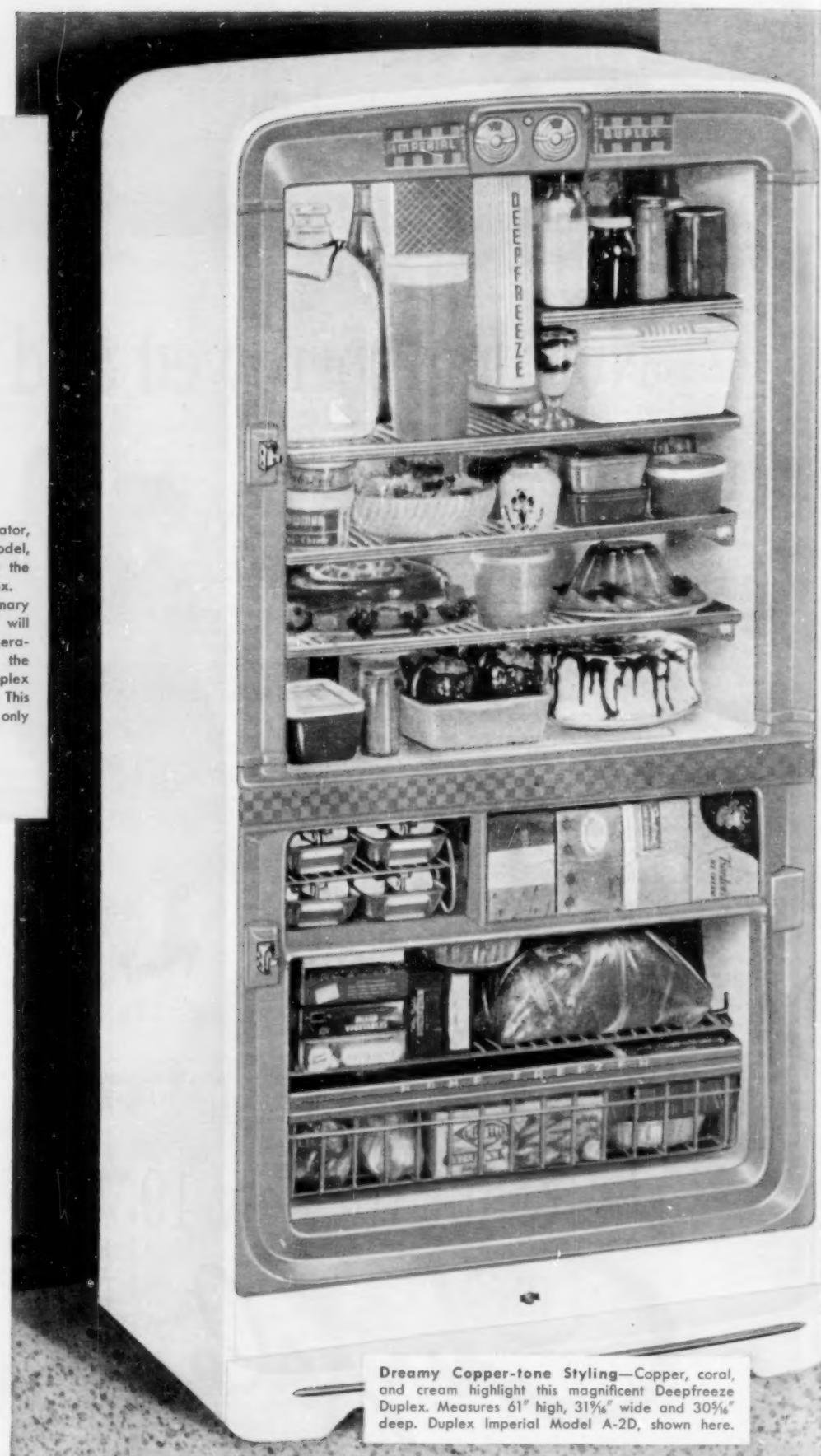
Double-deep freezer Dispensador. All "every-day" items are at your fingertips.

Individual temperature controls for both refrigerator and freezer.

Five-year protection plan against mechanical defects.

If you have a standard refrigerator, even a new freezer-compartment model, it has been put out of date by the sensational new Deepfreeze Duplex.

To help you own a revolutionary Duplex, your Deepfreeze Dealer will give you \$100.00 for your old refrigerator, regardless of condition, on the purchase of the Deepfreeze Duplex Custom Model B-ID shown at left. This special introductory offer is good only until April 30, 1955.



Dreamy Copper-tone Styling—Copper, coral, and cream highlight this magnificent Deepfreeze Duplex. Measures 61" high, 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide and 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep. Duplex Imperial Model A-2D, shown here.

freezer space than ever before



The magnificent new **DEEPFREEZE DUPLEX**

IT'S A FULL-SIZE REFRIGERATOR

Holds all the food you can store in the refrigeration compartment of a standard 12-cubic-foot refrigerator.

You can't carry all the food that'll tuck into the refrigerator section of this new Deepfreeze Duplex. Yet, the Dispensador and roll-out shelves bring it out where you can reach it. Never any defrosting! And just-right moist cold provides perfect food-keeping temperatures, with no drippy walls. It has everything!

PLUS A GIANT 147-POUND FREEZER

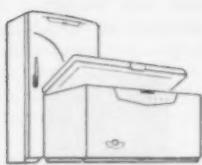
Holds 2 to 6 times as much frozen food as a standard refrigerator . . . and it's a genuine Deepfreeze Freezer!

Go ahead! Load up on all the frozen foods you want. Buy in quantity when things are cheap—eat 'em any old time. Bake 6 or 8 pies ahead, if you like. Freeze a pond-full of fish or a bushel of sweet corn. The Duplex freezer section will keep it at zero, or quick-freeze it at ten below. Better replace your out-of-date refrigerator today . . . with a Deepfreeze Duplex! See your Deepfreeze Dealer now!

Deepfreeze[®]

HOME APPLIANCES

© Makers of genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezers, Refrigerators, and Room Air Conditioners.



Upright Freezers
Chest Freezers



Refrigerators



Room
Air Conditioners

There is a top-quality Deepfreeze product for every home refrigeration need. Look for your Deepfreeze Dealer in the yellow pages of your telephone book.



The Canadian Woman-1955

Confidently smart, perfectly groomed, the young Canadian Woman radiates a look of freshness, health and animation. She has her own special way with clothes . . . homemaking . . . entertaining . . . winning people's affections . . . and writing letters.

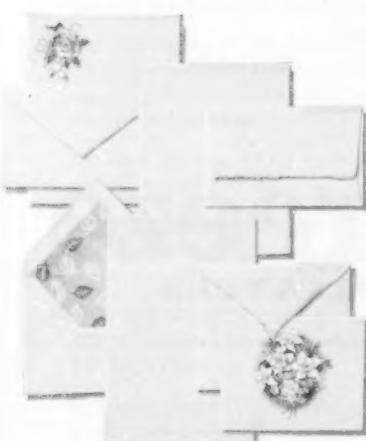
Her personal stationery, Barber-Ellis of course, combined with the warmth and friendliness of the words that seem to flow from her pen, reflects the individual charm that is all her own.

A woman of excellent taste, she places great importance upon the quality of her paper "wardrobe" . . . her selection is carefully made from a wide variety of Barber-Ellis "styles", choosing the correct paper to meet every letter writing occasion.

Barber-Ellis fine quality stationery will add that distinctive touch to your personal and social correspondence. Sold in boxed combinations and open stock at leading stationers, gift shops, drug and department stores everywhere.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET "The Etiquette of Letter Writing"

This 28-page booklet contains the answers to many problems that occur in your every-day personal and social correspondence. Just send 10¢ in coin (covers handling and mailing), your name and address, to BARBER-ELLIS of Canada Ltd., 384 Adelaide Street West, Toronto 2B, Ontario.



Barber-Ellis
CREATORS OF FINE STATIONERY



Downtown stores push cosmetics; out in the suburbs they aim at the baby trade

typing pool watch fascinated as the skinny, quick-moving Gosling pokes a gaunt face around a corner to stare down the long room toward the executive offices. When the president, Harold Browne, appears and is joined by the others, Gosling scurries toward the offices in what the girls now call "the one-o'clock jump." At night the offices are given a second and more thorough cleaning, and no girl is permitted to leave until she has cleared her desk of all papers and other office bric-a-brac.

In the antiseptic stores, the customer is still king, whether he's Viscount Alexander or a woman who phones in for a pound of hamburger. Alexander, the former Governor-General, did his own shopping at Tamblyn's in Ottawa, and never took advantage of the store's delivery service. Frequently he asked for the English magazine *Lilliput*, but it was not available. Once he entered the store, bought some tooth paste and shaving cream, and went to the cashier's counter to pay for them. A new clerk, who had been watching him with a puzzled frown, made the change for the purchases.

"Pardon me," the clerk said, "haven't I seen you someplace before?"

"It's possible," answered the Governor-General with a smile, "I'm the man who's been asking for *Lilliput*." He took his change and strolled out.

Tamblyn's solved the problem of how to satisfy customer Alexander by writing to the *Lilliput* publishers in England and taking a subscription to the magazine.

With the woman who phones for hamburger the method is just as direct. Hamburger is frequently on the drug list phoned in by a steady customer of Les Lister, manager of Tamblyn's Kingsway store on the western outskirts of Toronto. Meat is hardly a Tamblyn staple but Lister's store is half a block from a butcher shop and it's all part of the service when his delivery boy picks up the meat en route with her drug order.

"It's good business," says Lister. "To justify delivery of her hamburger she buys more things from me than she actually needs at the moment."

By adopting the supermarket psychology Tamblyn's is now able to sell its customers items that some of them never expected to buy. On the knowledge that seven out of ten grocery shoppers buy meat, supermarkets place their meat departments at the back so the shopper will pass attractive counters and shelves of olives, fancy biscuits, frozen oyster stew and even tiny jars of caviar on the way to a pot roast. It's a strong woman who can resist the impulse to add a delicacy or two to

her shopping list. Some drugstores have discovered that although the markup, or profit, on cigarettes is the lowest in the store—a mere ten percent—cigarettes are still their fastest-selling item, with a complete stock turnover fifty-two times a year on the average. Accordingly the tobacco counter, once placed near the door for customer convenience, is now farther back so the customer on his two-way trip to his favorite counter will go by things that he may buy on impulse—seasonal products such as sun-tan lotion, or sales specials like two tubes of tooth paste for the price of one. When Tamblyn's features items like these it places them on a counter near the door where the customer practically falls over them.

Drugstores were once narrow holes-in-the-wall with a thin alley leading to the dispensary. The walls from door to rear were lined with high glassed-in counters. Gordon Tamblyn's first store was like that; on the windows in white letters were the words, G. Tamblyn, Cut-Rate Drugs. But now, to promote impulse buying, Tamblyn's counters have become lower and wider. Virtually all of the ten thousand to twelve thousand items for sale are displayed on low tables or islands in the centre of the stores.

Tamblyn's knows that people spend more time looking down than looking up; as a result, displays higher than eye level could be missed. Also, the low centre-floor islands permit the staff to keep an eye on the whole store and thus discourage shoplifting, a practice that could amount to a serious loss for drugstores whose products are mostly just pocket-size.

Turnover Tells the Tale

Tamblyn's, with both urban and suburban stores, features stock to suit its location. For example, the store at Adelaide and Yonge in downtown Toronto carries a high percentage of cosmetics for busy shopgirls and stenographers shopping on lunch hours, and virtually no baby foods or toilet supplies. These items get feature displays in the suburbs where housewives can't miss them. A woman dropping in for a package of headache tablets also finds strained squash for her baby. Almost nothing is overlooked; the toilet tissue in stores serving well-to-do residential districts comes in four colors. The crowded tenement-area store sells only white.

Outside factors also influence Tamblyn sales: when one Toronto market closed and the property was turned into a site for apartment houses, the nearest Tamblyn store dropped from

Last Nap in the Morning

That drowsiness more excellent than sleep —
That haze of hibernation and content —
Armies could march, and mighty whirlwinds reap
The tumult of the skies, and clouds be rent
By thunder charges, moaning trees be split
From branch to crotch, yet still the muffled ear,
Cocooned in warmth, would heed no part of it,
But make quite certain that it could not hear.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



Watch the Cheek-to-Cheek Test every week on the Jackie Gleason TV Show. See why more men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.

Borrow your girl's cheek to feel how close a Schick electric can shave

Cheek-to-Cheek Test proves there's no stubborn stubble left—even after your very first Schick Shave

Look. Here's how close and easy it is with a new Custom Schick. You snap on the button—and start to shave. Irritation? Not with a Schick. You shave skin-close. And you can prove it, if you can borrow your gal's cheek.

Go ahead. Let her rub up *against* the grain. It's as smooth—well, as smooth as hers. And here's why:

1. Curved heads 2. Comb edges 3. Super-Honed Heads
You see, the whiskers on your face grow in tiny valleys of skin. Schick has spent close to 25 years solving the problem of getting to the base of your whiskers—so you're

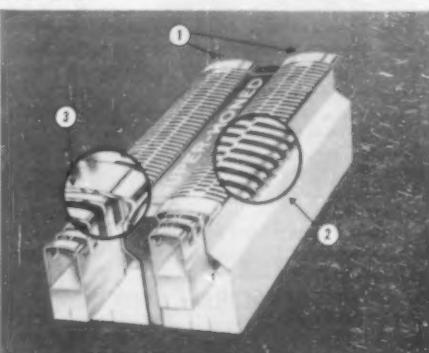
shaved at the true skin line. The curved heads press down the skin, the comb edges guide each whisker in, and the Super-Honed heads shear them off perfectly.

14-Day Free Home Trial. You've nothing to lose but your whiskers. Ask any Schick dealer—or a Schick Shaver Shop—about the 14-day free home trial. Shave with the new Custom Schick for 14 days. Try the famous Schick Cheek-to-Cheek Test. If you don't agree that Schick shaves closer than *anything*—you get your money back in full.

Schick offers \$5.00 Trade-in on your old electric shaver. Bring your old electric shaver, any make, to any Schick dealer, or Schick Electric Shaver Shop. He'll allow a \$5.00 trade-in for the new Custom Schick. Even with this trade-in allowance, 14-day free home trial still applies. New Custom Schick—\$29.95; the Schick "20"—\$27.95. Schick (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CLOSE-UP OF SCHICK'S CLOSE-SHAVING HEADS.

1. SCHICK'S CURVED edges press down skin. 2. SCHICK'S COMB EDGES guide each whisker into place. 3. SCHICK'S SUPER-HONED HEADS—an exclusive process that shapes and smooths inner and outer cutter, insures perfect fit, and skin-close shaves!



Not a shadow of a doubt...



Summer-sky lawn with a trailing of star sapphire buttons down the lean torso. The skirt floating over stiffened self-petticoat. By Jerry Gilden.

You'll find
Extra
Softness...
Extra
Absorbency
in
New Kotex

New Kotex with Wondersoft* Gauze Covering brings you an entirely new experience in lasting comfort . . . you've never known such softness.

A Safer Softness—This miracle covering, because of its reliable gauze foundation, provides a

double safety: it's not only stronger but also permits complete absorbency. The special weave is always open and free, admitting all moisture quickly (the edges stay dry—can't chafe).

Only Kotex has this extra soft, extra safe covering. And only Kotex* has tapered ends...retains its shape and comfort for hours.



KOTEX COMES IN 3 SIZES
Regular (Blue Box) Junior (Green Box)
Super (Brown Box)

For Utmost Comfort and Security...

KOTEX
WONDERFORM*
BELT

Your choice of white or pink in soft-stretch elastic—strong, light-weight, non-twisting, non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries quickly. (Why not buy two—for alternate use?)

*Reg. trade mark.



Beating the "magic fifty cents" makes the dispensary the store's gold mine

first to seventh place within the organization for sales of veterinary supplies. Farmers outside the city had been in the habit of getting prescriptions for ailing animals filled at Tamblyn's when they brought produce to the market to sell.

Tamblyn's, with its enormous turnover, has an edge over small independent stores when it comes to profit because it can buy directly from the manufacturer. In such cases the profit on nationally advertised brands averages about one third of the selling price of the product. A small druggist with a small turnover must buy from a wholesaler. If he tries to sell at Tamblyn's price his profit is about one quarter of the retail price. Tamblyn's has another advantage, even over the large independent stores. By dangling the inducement of prominent displays in all Tamblyn's stores simultaneously, it can often get products cheaper.

The point at which druggists stop being retailers and start being professional men is of course the dispensary. This is one reason that druggists such as Tamblyn's place a special emphasis on prescriptions. Another reason is that it pays them well. In the last ten years the prescription business, spurred by the so-called wonder drugs (sulphas, antibiotics and hormones), has more than tripled. According to the Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal's twelfth annual survey, about sixteen percent of this country's pharmacy sales for 1953—\$321,386,240—was in prescriptions.

Few drugstore items are more profitable. The average four-ounce prescription costs the customer \$1.50. The ingredients cost the druggist between fifty and sixty cents. But the customer is also buying the knowledge of a skilled pharmacist of course; one mis-

take in dispensing some drugs could do irreparable harm.

The wonder drugs cause the pharmacist less concern because they are delivered, bottled and ready to use, by the manufacturer. They carry a profit that is known in the drug trade as "the magic fifty cents" (although it's sometimes only thirty-five). When a doctor gives a patient a prescription calling for, say, penicillin tablets, the patient passes it along to a druggist who takes the tablets from the manufacturer's bottle, transfers them to a vial of his own, puts the doctor's orders on a label and, for that much effort, adds fifty cents to the cost of the tablets. Tamblyn's, by buying in enormous quantities, may make an even larger profit—but it won't tell.

Kate Cleaned Out the China

The final item in the Tamblyn's prescription for success is a difficult one for the independent pharmacist to include, for it involves a peripatetic grandmother of sixty-two named Kate Aitken whose name is just about synonymous with Tamblyn's. Mrs. A., as she's called by friends, acquaintances and even her daughter, has been sponsored in a daily radio broadcast by Tamblyn's since 1939. Quite possibly the best-known woman in Canada, Mrs. A. is often called Mrs. Tamblyn by Ontario housewives who have heard her enthuse over the firm and its products while broadcasting from Whitehorse (Alaska), Bethlehem (Jordan) or Port of Spain (Trinidad).

To spread the word outside Ontario, Tamblyn's now has a new series by Mrs. A. on private radio stations in Edmonton, Calgary, Regina and Winnipeg, where people already knew her through twice-a-day programs she had

I Remember School Days

By PETER WHALLEY



No. 10: Report Card



Pack it...punish it...
'Terylene' just naturally shuns wrinkles

Taking a 'Terylene' dress on your holidays is the next best thing to taking a personal maid. For this talented, new textile fibre practically eliminates your pressing problems...leaves you free for fun. It has both a stubborn resistance to wrinkling and a wonderful way of shedding the odd wrinkle it *might* pick up. Dresses and gloves like these silky-soft ones of 100% 'Terylene' are easily washable, quick to dry, and they rarely need the touch of an iron.

We would be foolish to claim everything for

'Terylene', but here is a fibre that *really* resists wrinkling...holds pleats and set creases securely...has the friendliest feel among the modern fibres...and remember, these are all natural talents of 'Terylene' *itself*. If this news makes you eager to slip into a 'Terylene' dress, keep patiently looking and asking for 'Terylene' at better stores. Quantities will be limited for a while. Before you buy, make sure the garment carries the distinctive 'Terylene' identification tag.

*Dress fabric by Bruck Mills Ltd., Montreal, Que.
Gloves by Julius Kayser & Co. Ltd., Sherbrooke, Que.*

keep your  on

Terylene*

*The talented, versatile textile fibre
for clothes that make other clothes jealous*



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES (1954) LIMITED
*Registered trade mark polyester fibre



Do you know why... your Baker wraps bread in *Cellophane*?

Because "Cellophane" cellulose film keeps your loaf fresh and tasty for so long!

And even after your loaf has been unsealed for use, all you do to retain its flavour and freshness is simply twist the "Cellophane" closed again.

In addition to sealing in the original taste and freshness, sparkling "Cellophane" keeps dust and odours out from the moment your loaf is baked until it is completely consumed.

Your baker has a variety of special loaves wrapped in "Cellophane". The next time you shop, remember sparkling "Cellophane" shows at a glance the type of loaf you want.

Cellophane
TRADE MARK
Cellulose Film

DU PONT
CANADA

DU PONT COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL



broadcast for another sponsor.

Tamblyn executives have no doubt that she does a terrific job of selling Tamblyn's. In a recent broadcast she spoke glowingly of a brand of china being featured at the store at the corner of Yonge Street and St. Clair Avenue in Toronto. Two days later an executive stepped smilingly into her cluttered, book-lined office on the second floor of Tamblyn's head office.

"Well, Mrs. A..." he grinned, "you've cleaned us out of English china."

Kate Aitken is the sister of Walter Scott, who was president of Tamblyn's at the time of his death in 1943. (He was electrocuted while adjusting a floodlight on his farm west of Toronto.) Her association with Tamblyn's, however, has stronger roots than the fact her brother was once president, or that the firm is one of her sponsors. Her family, and that of the founder, Gordon Tamblyn, grew up together in the little village of Beeton, north of Toronto. All the Scotts were delivered by Gordon Tamblyn's father, Dr. James Tamblyn. Kate's two older brothers, Bruce and Walter Scott, were Gordon's playmates, and Gordon and Bruce moved to Toronto to attend Parkdale Collegiate together. Later they both graduated from the Ontario College of Pharmacy.

Under the Apple Tree

After he graduated as a pharmacist Gordon Tamblyn apprenticed for three years in a drugstore at Whitby, twenty miles east of Toronto, and then clerked for a year at the Powell Drug Store at King and Yonge in Toronto. He saved four hundred dollars and rented a building on the city's eastern outskirts in 1904 to start his first store.

While he worked from morning until night dispensing, decorating, merchandising and delivering, a neighborhood youngster brought his meals. The boy, now Dr. L. C. Edmonds of Toronto, recalls there were cottages along the shore on nearby Lake Ontario and that Gordon catered to the occupants by serving ice cream and soft drinks, literally in the shade of an old apple tree. He was ambitious, Edmonds recalls; when a drugstore farther down Queen Street started cutting rates, Tamblyn did too, and his methods attracted business.

Tamblyn once cut the price of Baby's Own Soap from ten cents to five cents. When his rival matched him he cut the price to one cent, absorbing a heavy loss on that product, but more than making up for it by the sales of other products to customers who flocked to buy the one-cent soap.

But it was tough going. He started a slogan, Tamblyn's Saves You Money. He began buying materials from wholesale drug houses and packaging products under the Tamblyn label. Buying in large lots, he was able to cut the prices and still make a small profit.

His widow, who is still living in Toronto, once related how slowly business developed. "My husband's records for January of 1906, two years after he'd gone into business, show that on Jan. 5 the store took in \$2.90," she recalled. "The next day, it was \$4.10, of which he had to pay out \$3.85 for a delivery from the wholesaler. On Jan. 8 he took in \$8.35 and had to pay a clerk \$12 in wages."

But by 1910 he was ready to expand and bought out a drugstore owned by Dr. Charles Worthington, who planned to retire. Worthington stayed on after

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?
Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.



MOTHER'S DAY CARDS



Send Mom a beautiful Coutts Hallmark Mother's Day Card. There's one to say just what you want to say the way you want to say it. But, be sure to look for the words, "Coutts Hallmark"—they mean you cared enough to send the very best.



Tamblyn took over, cleaning up his affairs, and was astonished by the volume of business Tamblyn's merchandising and price cutting attracted. In one week of featuring Horlick's malted milk the store sold more than Worthington had been able to move in a year. He was so impressed that when he moved to Vancouver, where he'd planned to retire, he opened a drug chain of his own. It had swelled to eighteen stores when he sold it to George Cunningham, who built it into the present thirty-six-store Cunningham chain on the west coast.

Tamblyn had built his organization to sixty stores by 1933, driving himself constantly. As Tamblyn's grew he abandoned price cutting, which he had always disliked, and depended thereafter on quality, service and cleanliness. In 1930 he introduced a lunch counter in a store at Yonge and Hayter in Toronto. He was lunching there during one of his periodic prowls through his stores when he noticed a cockroach skittering across the counter. He went straight to his office, his sandwich untouched, and dictated a memo closing the lunch counter and decreeing that Tamblyn drugstores would never again harbor food. They never did until Tamblyn's bought the Liggett chain last November, inheriting thirty lunch counters. Some of them were immediately shut down; others, which were showing a good profit, particularly in western Canada, will be continued, says President Harold Browne.

"It's not the food that offends," he states. "It's the smell of food. We're working on improved ventilation systems, installing extra fans and deodorizers to correct the problem."

However, Gordon Tamblyn could not solve the Depression of the early Thirties. Worried by loss of business, he tried to counter the dropping line on the sales graph with increased advertising, more intensive merchandising and special sales. They did no good; the line kept dropping.

One morning Browne, then a supervisor, was studying the daily sales graph when Tamblyn walked past.

"Do you look at that chart every morning, Harold?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, sir," Browne replied.

Tamblyn sighed heavily.

"These days," he said forlornly, "I look at it only once a month."

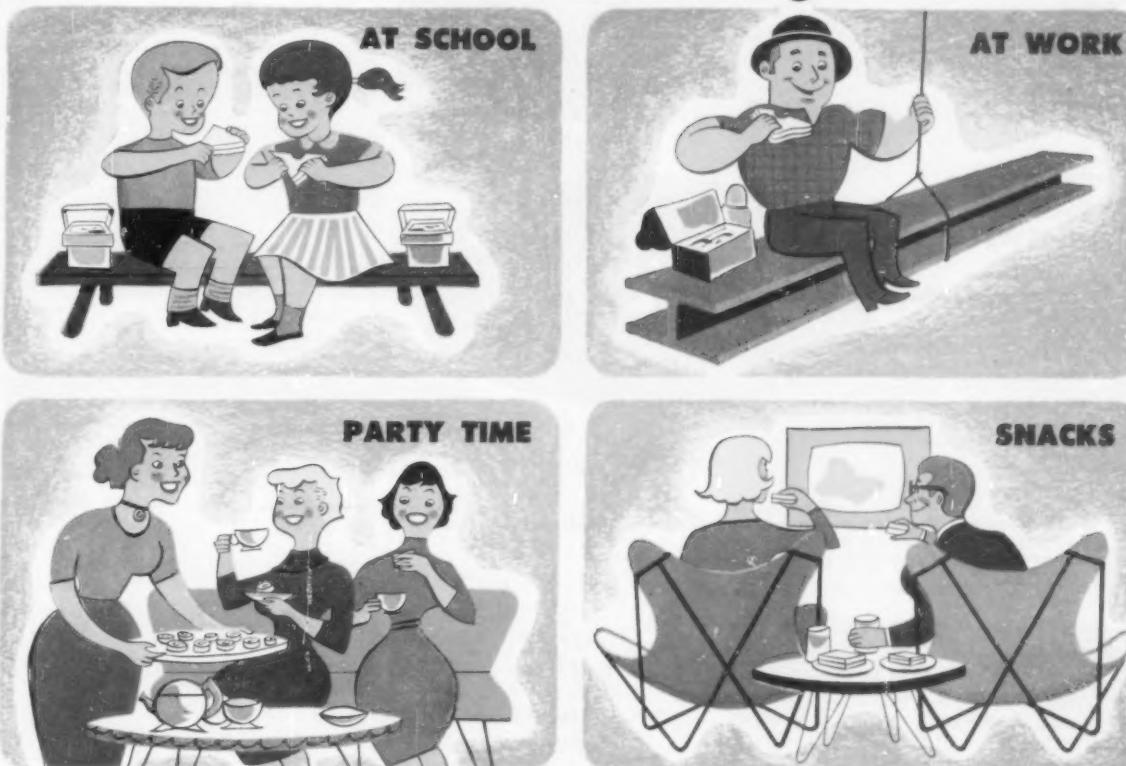
Browne believes worry over business contributed to Gordon Tamblyn's death in 1933. "He was such an intense, driving man," Browne says. "He took up golf to try to relax but he played golf the same way he ran his business. If he muffed a shot, he brooded about it through the rest of the round." He was stricken with a heart attack during a game of golf at the Rosedale club in Toronto when he was fifty-five and died the same evening.

Since Gordon Tamblyn's death, the company has more than doubled its size (from 60 stores to 134) and today has seven hundred employees. Some independent druggists claim its newly graduated pharmacists are underpaid at seventy-five dollars a week, pointing out that most independents pay eighty-five and some as high as a hundred. Browne, however, feels a young druggist does better with Tamblyn's because of the company's fringe benefits.

Even critical independent druggists agree that Tamblyn's cleanliness and general appearance in pastel shades of green and white expanses of glass and chrome set a lofty standard for all drugstores. "We've just got to stay bright and clean," says Stan Deller, an independent store owner in the Toronto suburb of Weston who learned his business as a Tamblyn store manager and who knows that the Tamblyn formula for success really works. ★

Quick'n Easy Salmon Sandwiches

taste wonderful any time!



The best Salmon Sandwiches
are made with

CLOVER LEAF



Fancy Red Sockeye

Most popular
Canned Salmon
of them all!

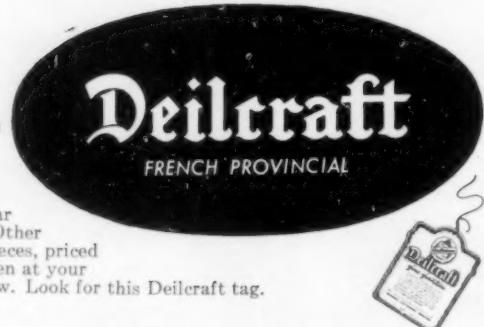
Clover Leaf invites you to enjoy
"Meet Corliss Archer" on TV each week.
See your local newspaper for time and station.



French Provincial Step Table

For distinctive
settings
decide on-

A fine example of
Deilcraft workmanship
is this step table in popular
French Provincial style. Other
"Lovely to Live With" pieces, priced
as low as \$29.95 can be seen at your
local Deilcraft dealer's now. Look for this Deilcraft tag.



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Protection-right from the start!

Mailbag

The Causes of Cancer

Does Worry Cause Cancer? (March 5) was excellent. Two years ago I wondered if fear, which is so close to worry, caused it. The teacher of the Indian tribe near here says there has never been a known case of cancer (in the tribe). They take no thought of tomorrow, live carefree and happy lives.

I wonder also if the many articles . . . on mental health . . . aren't detrimental . . . Wouldn't articles on how to keep your mental health in shape be of more use than scaring people with glimpses into insanity? One is positive thinking, the other fear-provoking.—Mrs. D. Becker, Banff, Alta.

• Thank you for your article about cancer. It was encouraging to read of the percentage and methods of cures now possible . . . —Miss R. Mudie, Gananoque, Ont.

Don't They Call Her "Bess"?

I lived in Saskatoon for five years and don't remember ever hearing the Bessborough Hotel referred to as "the Bess," as Leslie F. Hannon states in Saskatoon's Love Affair with a Hotel Named Bess (Feb. 15) . . . Nor, as the author infers, do the girls who



attend the "formals" there wear blue jeans as their standard attire elsewhere. Both Regina and Saskatoon are, generally speaking, "well dressed" cities and are known to be so in the clothing trade. No doubt this extends in some degree to the hinterlands thereabout.—Mrs. G. M. Mitchell, Brandon, Man.

• I can tell you why Gail Patrick wanted the distilled water. Her steam iron would require it and you know how your clothes need pressing when you've been living in a suitcase. She could have called the valet but she may have preferred having her maid do the pressing in her room.

I enjoyed the article.—Mrs. John Williams, Regina.

The Uncompromising Russell

Congratulations on publishing the two articles by Bertrand Russell (Jan. 15, Feb. 1). The appearance in your magazine of Lord Russell's uncompromising ideas, which no major U. S. slick would dare to promulgate, marks the maturing of a truly Canadian and, what is more important, a truly

thoughtful national magazine. — Eric Nicol, Vancouver.

• . . . Russell is blind to history, untruthful, libelous. And if he is one of the world's great thinkers, God help the world.—G. C. Baker, Kentville, N.S.

Up to Date at the Angel

I found your article, The Best Ten-Cent Ride in the World, (March 5) both interesting and informative. However, the references to The Flying Angel and the Sailors' Home were not quite up to date.

In the first named, the Rev. John Leighton was retired as of Dec. 31 last. James Johnson of the Sailors' Home was retired on the same date. Padre Leighton was replaced by the Rev. Stanley Smith and Mr. Johnson by C. H. White.—W. J. Scougall, Vancouver.

How Britain Handles Addicts

Here's the only solution to the drug problem as outlined in McKenzie Porter's article, The Dope Craze That's Terrorizing Vancouver (Feb. 1). The Government at Ottawa should send someone to Britain to study the treatment of drug addicts there, where it is supervised by the government and the addicts have their own prescriptions where they can go to a clinic and get their minimum dosages of the drug they need.

It's been let go too long in Canada, and now we have a population of around six thousand addicts, where in Britain they have around five hundred with their population at nearly fifty millions . . . —C. Bentley, Vancouver.

No Raw Celery for Romans

Having lived in Italy for many years and eaten the characteristic dishes of many regions I was greatly interested in Dorothy Sangster's article, No Wonder Italians Like to Eat (Jan. 1). My only criticism is that the picture showed a plate of raw celery. Though Italians are fond of this vegetable cooked, they never, as far as I know, eat it raw. Our English habit of so doing surprised them; also they maintained it was uneatable after a frost, whereas we say it is not ready before one!

The vegetable they do eat raw, as we do celery, is fennel. This is grown in the same way as celery, banked up to form fat white stalks which were sometimes eaten raw, like celery, and also cooked in various ways.—E. B. Sharp, Wargrave, Berks., England.

Does Bax Fill the Bill?

I am sure most of your readers are interested in knowing what is going on in Britain. The commentary of Beverly Baxter does not fill the bill. His reports read like Tory election pamphlets. Surely somewhere in Britain is an objective reporter who can supply a factual commentary on Britain today.—Jean McNeely, Oak Harbor, Wash.

• The "dog-eat-dog" London Letter in your Feb. 15 issue proves how merciless Conservatives are the world over . . . Reverting from a salary of five

Big-car style...big-car size

make all-new '55 DODGE the best buy
in the low-price field!



In styling, Dodge for '55 is far smarter, far more luxurious than many cars costing hundreds of dollars more!

Its hood is impressively long, its grille massive—with a broad centre bar that wraps around on the fenders like those of the costliest cars. Its two-tone interior sparkles with new and fashionable fabrics.

In size, Dodge also measures up to big-car

standards. It's broad and long . . . the biggest car in the low-price field! In fact, Dodge is actually inches longer than many automobiles priced 'way above it!

See the lively new Dodge Mayfair, Regent, and Crusader models, with increased power . . . and the 183-h.p. Dodge Custom Royal V-8, style and performance leader of the Canadian road.

V-8 or 6's



See the new Dodge with Motion-Design for The Forward Look . . . at your Dodge-De Soto dealer's now!

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First true wrap-around is the New Horizon windshield. Its corner posts are swept back so the glass can curve around at the top, as well as at the bottom.



New quality-tailored interiors feature the latest decorator fabrics—nylons, broadcloths, and new nubby weaves with sparkling silverlike threads—all in smartest colours.



New driving convenience is provided by the Dodge automatic transmission Elite Control lever—now mounted on the instrument panel for easy finger-tip operation.

thousand pounds to one thousand pounds per year would not worry a Labour member *one iota*, whereas it would be stark tragedy for any Conservative member to face such a disaster . . . —I. Pritchard, Toronto.

How to Backfire

Marjorie Wilkins Campbell's article, *I Grew Up with Saskatchewan* (March 5), is a dandy. But when she tells of burning the prairie grass between the furrows for a fireguard—this should have been done in the spring or fall on a calm evening. The only way to

stop a prairie fire is to start your grass on the outside of the furrow against the wind. Then fire fights fire, your fire burning against the wind to meet and stop the coming fire. This is called backfiring.—John Todd, Saskatoon.

• The article is so full of inaccuracies that . . . it is ridiculous. My father and brothers also homesteaded in Saskatchewan and I, being the younger, was not old enough to obtain a homestead but have lived in the province since June 1904. Most of that time has been spent on the farm so I know whereof

I speak.—M. S. Hesia, Grand Coulee, Sask.

Are We Hard and Shiny?

Lately I have noticed a rather sophisticated attitude in the make-up of your magazine. Perhaps you consider it a compliment to be called sophisticated, but I do not. I speak of a hard, shiny, crystal-like attitude toward life and the readers. An unfeeling quality.

I like a high-class magazine that has not lost its heart of warm flesh and blood . . . It has occurred to me that

you are becoming more intent in gaining interest for your magazine through making your readers angry than through making them glad. However, it is a dangerous road to travel. You can so easily lean too far in that direction and topple from your pinnacle . . . —Mrs. Dorothy Dingman, Milton, Ont.

Phooey on Love's Young Dream

I have recently started subscribing to Maclean's after not having done so for some considerable time. I had never attempted to read the fiction. Judging by the illustrations and the bits at the top, the stories seemed to be mostly about small-town teen-agers and Moms and Pops and a general "Our Townish" atmosphere. However, I read *A Card From the Comtesse* (Jan. 15) and found it amusing. So I read *The Flirtatious Phantom of Montreal* (Feb. 1) and loved it. Somebody is actually writing fantasy that isn't psycho-analytical fantasy with a meaning. So then I read the next one about *Miss Somebody's (it was Miss Shopishnok's) Cigarette Lighter* (Feb. 15) and it at least had humor of the nice silly kind.

Now I am quite looking forward to



the next and trust that you will not relapse back into love's young dream.—Sue Laycock, Edmonton.

• *The Flirtatious Phantom of Montreal*, by Michael Sheldon, was the most refreshing short story that I have read in Maclean's for a long time . . . —Pat Fogarty.

• Robert Wolf Emmett's *Who Destroyed The Earth?* (Jan. 1) deserves reprinting, soon . . . —H. Louise Burchell, Windsor, N.S.

• What was author Max Shulman's idea in writing *The Baffling Case of Miss Shopishnok's Cigarette Lighter*? What does it illustrate? The meaning of it? Why did Maclean's give it space?

Perhaps I am dumb but I surely can't grasp the idea of such, to me, a nonsensical piece of writing . . . —W. R. Francis, Dinsmore, Sask.

Who Runs the Country?

Congratulations for your editorial, *Should Children Run the Country?* (Feb. 1). But I think the question might just as well have been: *Should Cranks Run the Country?* This not only applies to the field of entertainment but to every part of our daily lives.—C. John Wilson, Ottawa.

• This editorial is very much below your usual editorials . . . Why lower the standard by entering a controversy over CBC?

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New Travel Comfort FOR YOU

at budget prices



Smooth-riding new coaches are air-conditioned, comfortable, with wide picture windows.



The new Diner and Coffee Shop service cars offer good food, a snack or full-course meal, at budget prices, continuously throughout the day.



←
The new compartments offer ideal, reasonably priced, family travel . . . with complete facilities for day and night convenience.



Bedrooms are arranged in pairs, separated by a folding panel, permitting use of two rooms as a single spacious suite.

TAKE THE FAMILY — ENJOY BIG SAVINGS!

Your Canadian National ticket agent or travel agent can supply full information on the CNR Family Fare Plan . . . and on money-saving CNR "Package" Tours and Mid-Week Bargain Coach Fares.



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The new compartments offer ideal, reasonably priced, family travel . . . with complete facilities for day and night convenience.



Bedrooms are arranged in pairs, separated by a folding panel, permitting use of two rooms as a single spacious suite.

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● I was thrilled and overjoyed with the editorial . . . Whether I agree with the philosophy of the matter discussed is beside the point; my delight came because I had discovered an editor who reminded me of some Canadian editors I had known fifty years ago . . . —J. T. Dawson, San Diego, Calif.

● It is about time that someone pointed out the things that you have in this editorial. Today television and the movies are indeed geared to the tastes of four-year-old children . . . I am glad that the editors of Maclean's had courage to speak up against this creeping evil. Thank you.—J. D. Kenney, Windsor, Ont.

● Here's my thanks for a lovely written piece of prose and a succinctly phrased argument . . . In Canada we have an unduly high percentage of petty tyrants who daily make the dog in the manger a piker by comparison.—F. Alan Baker, Ottawa.

● We presume we are not Roger H. Blanks since we have no children under the age of seven; in fact, we have no television set, and we modestly claim to enough education and intelligence to enjoy radio and press articles designed specifically for adults. But, we think your editorial not only unfair, but decidedly insulting.

We gather that you object to the influence of parents who are irate enough to write to CBC or magazines concerning material presented and thereby exerting pressure. We also presume the group of Non-Blanks does not express its opinion or exert pressure, except as in the case of your editorial. You have every right to print editorials presenting your opinions, and so has Mr. Roger H. Blank every right to express his . . .

Perhaps they (the Blanks) have too much to say about how our country should be run. We do not think so. Suppose their influence might suppress a genuine work of art, suppose it might change the choice of subject matter on CBC's Press Conference. We fail to see that either is a national disaster.

We believe that Mr. Blank is a wholesome and a good omen . . . —Katherine and Jack Moar, Edmonton.

● On the assumption that you will receive numerous letters objecting to your editorial, I am writing as one who agrees with your editorial comment in every respect.—Wm. E. Kostash, Edmonton.

That Tinker Bombshell

In the first copy of Maclean's I received, the letters were largely concerned with the bombshell of the Tinker article (I'm Leaving Canada—and I'm Glad, Dec. 1). They were, naturally, most interesting to me. But it is of the editorial by Hugh MacLennan on the Tinker article (Jan. 15) that I wish to comment. I was utterly charmed with it, and immensely proud of the stature your magazine achieves in publishing something so dispassionately, mature and true. It is when our infantilism cross that we come a-cropper, isn't it? . . . —Louise Kenton Bray, Hollywood, Calif.

● The half sentence published by you from my letter on the Tinker article seems to have caused resentment . . . What I had written was: "I have the pleasantest recollections of my American friends, not that we agreed in all things but I think we were far more tolerant of each other's foibles than Mr. Tinker's article would have one believe, and yet funny enough I was glad to leave the States."—Ian MacLennan, Swalwell, Alta. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

mild winter morning and were shown to our seats by gowned ushers carrying what seemed to be very long billiard cues. In fact they looked as if they had been playing a game and had been interrupted by our arrival.

When we lesser folk were in our places the Big Fellows began to arrive. Each one was duly announced and was then conducted by the senior billiards

player to the platform reserved for the stars. The Commonwealth Conference was on at the time so we had a chance to see most of its political leaders and to give them such measure of applause as our hearts and heads dictated.

That pensive, smiling, handsome mystic, Nehru, drew quite a round of approval. So did Sir Godfrey Huggins who has given his life to the Rhodesians. Mr. Holland was hailed enthusiastically because everybody likes New Zealanders, but it was burly, handsome Bob Menzies of Australia who received the biggest ovation.

I remember dining with him in London early in the war and asking him what was his majority. "You are looking at it," he said, with a grim smile. It was literally true. His government had a majority of one, which is not enough.

I suggested that if he were defeated in Australia he ought to come to London and join the Conservative Party. He could become the great imperial figure at Westminster. London, and all Britain would acclaim him and, who knows?—he might rise to the leadership of the Tory Party.

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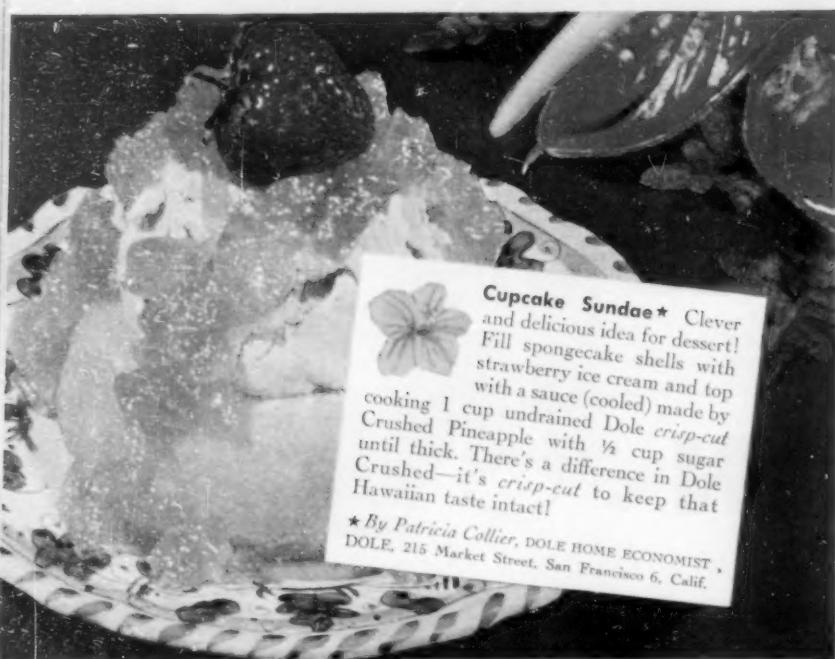
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★ By Patricia Collier, DOLE HOME ECONOMIST
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He loved London so much that on his periodic visits here he would wander for miles in the highways and byways of the great metropolis, happy to be alone in the vast companionship of the Baghda of the West.

"My job is in Australia," he said and went home to be defeated.

Well let us return to the Guildhall and the billiards players. Their game was nearly over. A few British cabinet ministers and their wives were shown to their seats with varying degrees of applause. And then there came a dramatic pause.

The British do this kind of thing magnificently. They have a sense of pageantry greater than that of the ancient Romans. Their timing is perfect. No one ever issues an order or a command. They have been doing it for centuries and they have nothing to learn from anybody.

Outside in the swirling, crazy streets of this ancient miniature city, omnibuses, motor cars, cyclists and pedestrians were crowding each other in the normal mad congestion, but the police saw to it that the official guests were given precedence over the taxpayers. And so, sharp on time, there appeared at the entrance of the hall the quiet, smiling Prime Minister of Canada.

The senior billiards player took a deep breath and in stentorian tones announced: "The Right Honorable Louis Stephen St. Laurent, member of Her Majesty's most excellent Privy Council, Learned Doctor of Law, Queen's Counsel, Prime Minister of Canada."

And as a mighty roar rose from the concourse those of us who were Canadians had something like a lump in our throats. We were proud of this man and we were proud of Canada.

So Mr. St. Laurent was conducted to the platform and duly welcomed by the Lord Mayor. The billiards players retreated to an obscure place and the big show was on.

Louis' Joke Drew a Roar

In a felicitous speech the Lord Mayor, in his robes, paid tribute to the guest of honor. He said all the right things and showed that he either knew Canada pretty well or had swotted up on the subject and, having welcomed this son of Canada (with his mixed Irish and French blood), the Lord Mayor duly bestowed on him the Freedom of the City of London, whereupon we all applauded loud and long.

But do not imagine that you can enjoy such a distinction without responsibilities. In solemn tones Mr. St. Laurent was informed that he must acquaint the authorities if he heard of any plots against the safety and the happiness of Her Majesty the Queen. Not only that but he must at once inform the Lord Mayor of any dirty work on foot to lessen the dignity and authority of the Corporation of the City of London. Mr. St. Laurent's eyes twinkled but his nod indicated that he would be on the lookout for any such rough stuff.

Then he rose to acknowledge the honor and there was a second ovation. Now the test had come. Oratory is not always the attribute of Canadians. R. B. Bennett was sonorous and logical but he lacked the magic of language. Mackenzie King was as shrewd as Mazarin but his voice was thin. I don't know about Sir John A. Macdonald but he must have been an effective speaker to have dominated his generation so successfully.

I never heard Sir Wilfrid Laurier speak but he was undoubtedly an orator of great persuasive quality. Now in the Guildhall the assembly waited to hear the attractive French-Canadian



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adian accent of Monsieur St. Laurent. But there was no such accent. Mr. St. Laurent spoke with what might be called a soft Ontario enunciation. He had no tricks. He had no Churchillian asides. He made no ladder of words on which to climb to glory. Yet he scored neatly when, after describing the long struggle between the French and the British, he said: "After a time they decided on a device not, I believe, unknown in the City of London. They amalgamated."

That could not have been better, for of course the City of London is the centre of the banking, shipping, insurance and finance houses. A roar of appreciative laughter swept the Guildhall.

Soon we began to see why this quiet, sincere man had become the first citizen of Canada without intent or planning. Men of great ability in politics have striven through the arid years for such a prize only to find that their fingers could not reach it. Even Winston Churchill with all his gifts would never have been Prime Minister if Hitler had not bombed him into Downing Street.

Mr. St. Laurent did not want office and never sought it. As a lawyer he had risen to the top of his profession and was looking forward to the autumnal ease of a happy and successful life. But the war was on and the powers of Mackenzie King were waning. No doubt Mr. King said to him: "I need you. Canada needs you. The world needs you."

Therefore the political novice joined the harassed, weary war cabinet. Listening to him at the Guildhall it needed no great gift of imagination to understand how his clear, unsullied mind and his quiet strength of character must have brought a new strength to Mr. King's government. He wanted nothing and therefore he was given everything. Other fine men in that cabinet had taken the brawling of the hustings and the arid heat of a long war but his spirit was untouched by the feuds and the strain of political life.

I do not doubt that there was resentment toward him in the cabinet—unless Canadian politicians are selfless and without personal ambition—but there could never have been personal dislike. The man of character and mind who wants nothing is always a formidable figure.

Thus, although a political novice, he succeeded to the premiership. It is an astonishing story. Perhaps he felt like Bonar Law who, after being made leader of the British Conservative Party, drove to parliament with Lord Beaverbrook. "Now you are a great man," said the Beaver. Bonar Law's eyes twinkled. "If that is so," he said, "then all the great men in history were frauds."

I do not believe that Mr. St. Laurent was the only one who could have led Canada in the closing stages of the war and the stormy years of war's aftermath. George Drew has splendid qualities of leadership, and in Britain we not only believe in him but we like him.

Forgive me for this excursion. At any rate Mr. St. Laurent has now concluded his Guildhall speech to great applause and the gathering duly breaks up because we have to stroll or drive to the Mansion House where the City of London is going to give its new Freeman a bang-up luncheon.

Churchill, who was not at the first function, was present at the luncheon but with commendable delicacy he did not speak. Instead he looked as rubicund as a baby who had illicitly eaten ten lollipops.

Once more Mr. St. Laurent had to enter the oratorical lists, and once more he was excellent. His voice has more notes than we had first thought, and he

was completely at ease. Full as we were of sherry, champagne and port we applauded loudly, but we would have done the same if they had served us water.

With a couple of my parliamentary friends I walked to the House of Commons along the Embankment and we discussed the mysticism of the British who established sway over so many parts of the world by reconciling the irreconcilable. We had been honoring a man of Irish and French background who had come to the Commonwealth Conference as Prime Minister of a

mighty dominion. Yet Ireland's status of a republic had evolved through years of hatred and violence. France and Britain had fought in Europe through the ages, and the battle had spread to Canada. Yet here as the honored guest of the City of London was an Irish-French Canadian as Canada's Prime Minister.

And listening to him was Mr. Nehru who fought for India's independence beside the saintly Gandhi. They won their struggle, and having won, here is Nehru sitting in conference with the other Prime Ministers of the Common-

wealth. Empires rise and fall—but the British Empire, no matter how we change its title, goes on and on.

Nor was I entirely without a local pride in all these doings for I am a Liveryman of a City Company and have been told that within the narrow precincts of the ancient City I cannot be arrested for drunkenness and, if I so desire, I can wear a bayonet.

It may or may not be true, but if I see a bayonet going cheap, and if there are many more luncheons like the one to Mr. St. Laurent, I might put the matter to the test. ★

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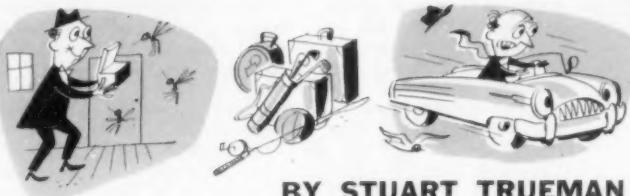
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How to train for your Vacation



BY STUART TRUEMAN

Want a bang-up holiday? Then start getting ready now. There's a good chance the family will get so sick of you they'll leave you home

DO YOU always feel knocked out on vacation trips? Do you get tired, tense and trigger-tempered? Do you still see roads unwinding when you go to bed?

Of course you do; everybody does! That's how silly everybody is. Nobody gets properly into shape for the holiday season.

I'm an exception. I decided to be ready this year. As soon as the road maps began arriving I went into spring training. I didn't tell my wife because that would spoil the surprise of it. I wanted her to see how fresh and nimble I kept on the trip.

She was, I must say, surprised from the start. So were our neighbors the McGillis and the Stackpoles.

First I practiced making quick stops at our corner when I was coming home from work. Those Boston traffic jams can be nerve-racking if you're not prepared for them.

Time after time I pretended I saw a big furniture van looming up at the empty intersection and slammed down the brake so hard my head nearly bumped the windshield, then started again swiftly with a screech of gears.

When I got into the house my wife was furious.

"I've had calls from Amy Stackpole and Hellen McGillis both," she said, "and they think it's disgraceful, at five o'clock in the afternoon, too."

I didn't tell her. I wanted her to be surprised.

Next morning when I started for the garage in the rain without my rubbers she was quite upset. She couldn't seem to grasp that I was preparing myself not to be annoyed by forgetting something on the trip—you know how you always forget a toothbrush or rubbers and it spoils the whole trip. She ran for the closet to get my rubbers.

"Thanks just the same," I said, "but I'm pretending I haven't any rubbers today," and I walked out. Going down the sidewalk I could see her peering at me from the kitchen window.

She didn't say very much that evening when I announced I wanted to sleep in a different bed—you know how strange mattresses will ache your back unless you're used to changes. So I slept in each of our kids' beds the next two nights, as they were away for the week end. In fact, it was about then she stopped speaking to me. All she said when the children asked "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" was, firm-lipped, "That's Goldilocks over there reading the paper."

Nor did she say much the next evening when I turned up the record player to make it play the crash of ocean breakers over and over all night—you know the record, the one with the seagulls mewing—so we'd be accustomed to the noise in case we got a cabin by the seashore. The only thing she said, when she woke up with a start at 3 a.m., was: "Lord! I can't stand much more of living here!"

That encouraged me. It showed she wasn't in any shape to take a trip either.

Well, you've guessed it. My vacation training proved a great success.

The morning we were starting out—the morning after I brought home the three live mosquitoes and let them go in our bedroom (you know how a mosquito singing in a tourist cabin can upset your nerves if you're not used to them)—I woke up and found the family gone.

They had left without me.

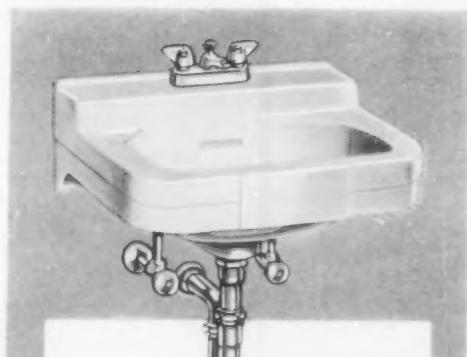
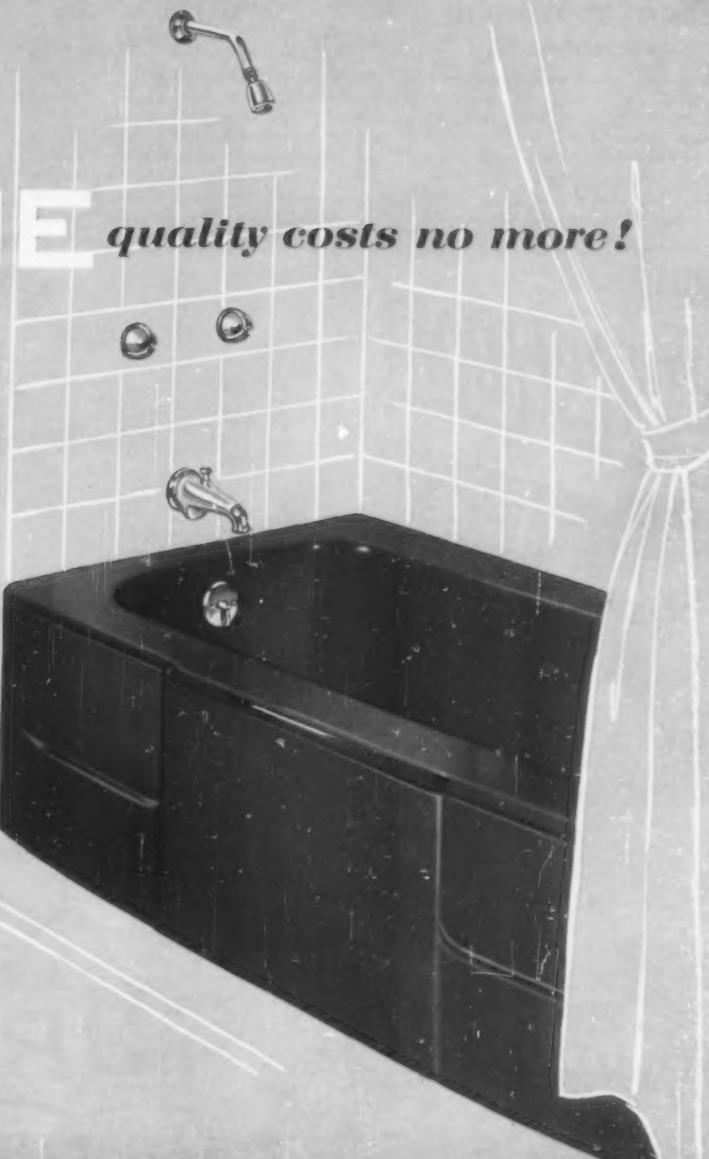
I slept in my own bed for my holidays, had no mosquitoes, heard no breakers, got in no Boston traffic jams.

So if you're interested in a carefree vacation, kindly line up on the right and for the small sum of two dollars you can have my new Happy Holidays Training Kit, complete with informative leaflet, one phonograph record of ocean waves and seagulls (on the opposite side, truck horns honking and a New Year's Eve party in full progress) and three live mosquitoes. ★



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She Wants To Be The World's Strongest Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

become exceedingly strong but it's within her potential to be among the world's top six shot putters and she's even better with the discus."

The shot put and discus throw date back to man's earliest endeavors to

prove the superiority of his strength over that of his fellow man. Homer wrote of the discus throw, which has been immobilized in the finest Greek statuary, and the sport was part of the first Olympic games in 646 BC. The shot put originated with the Irish and is recorded as a major event of the Tailteann games in 632 BC. Both sports have always been linked together, since the final one quarter of the movement in each is identical, and both have always been associated almost entirely with strength and size. One world's champion male shot putter

weighed three hundred and thirty pounds, and several of Russia's best women shot putters weigh more than two hundred pounds.

The shot put and the discus throw involve the ability to throw a weighted object the utmost distance. No sport, except diving, involves such a brief, explosive effort. Races and games require a sustained series of movements during which the athlete can pace himself. The entire motion of the shot put, however, is over in from 1.8 to 4 seconds, depending on the individual's technique. A man may train two years

for the shot put and be eliminated in twelve seconds.

"It's the only sport I know," broods Percival, "where you can be a bum at two o'clock and a world's champion at 2.02."

The conditions of the shot-put competitions require the contestant to stand within a seven-foot circle and throw the shot, which weighs sixteen pounds for men and eight pounds, thirteen and four-fifths ounces for women, within a marked angle of ninety degrees. Each competitor gets three throws in succession and the distance of the farthest shot is marked. The leading six contestants then advance into the finals and each gets three more throws. The discus, a wooden disk with a metal centre and a metal edge, weighs two pounds, two ounces, and is thrown from within a circle measuring eight feet, two and a half inches. The shot is poised above the shoulder and heaved with a hop and a twist of the body; the discus is held behind the back and the athlete spins one and a half times before releasing it.

The technique of throwing the shot varies as much as the technique of hitting a baseball. Jackie, for instance, uses what is called the O'Brien technique for shot put, beginning her movement with her back to the line of flight instead of beginning with her body sideways to the line of flight as many other shot putters do. The shot put gives the appearance of being no more contrived than the art of hurling broken bricks from the back garden into the unsold lot next door, but it is vastly more complicated than it looks.

"It involves eleven co-ordinated actions," Percival has explained to Jackie. "The faster you can perform those eleven movements, the farther the shot will go. The secret is to make all of them flow smoothly, without a block."

She'll Need a Longer Yard

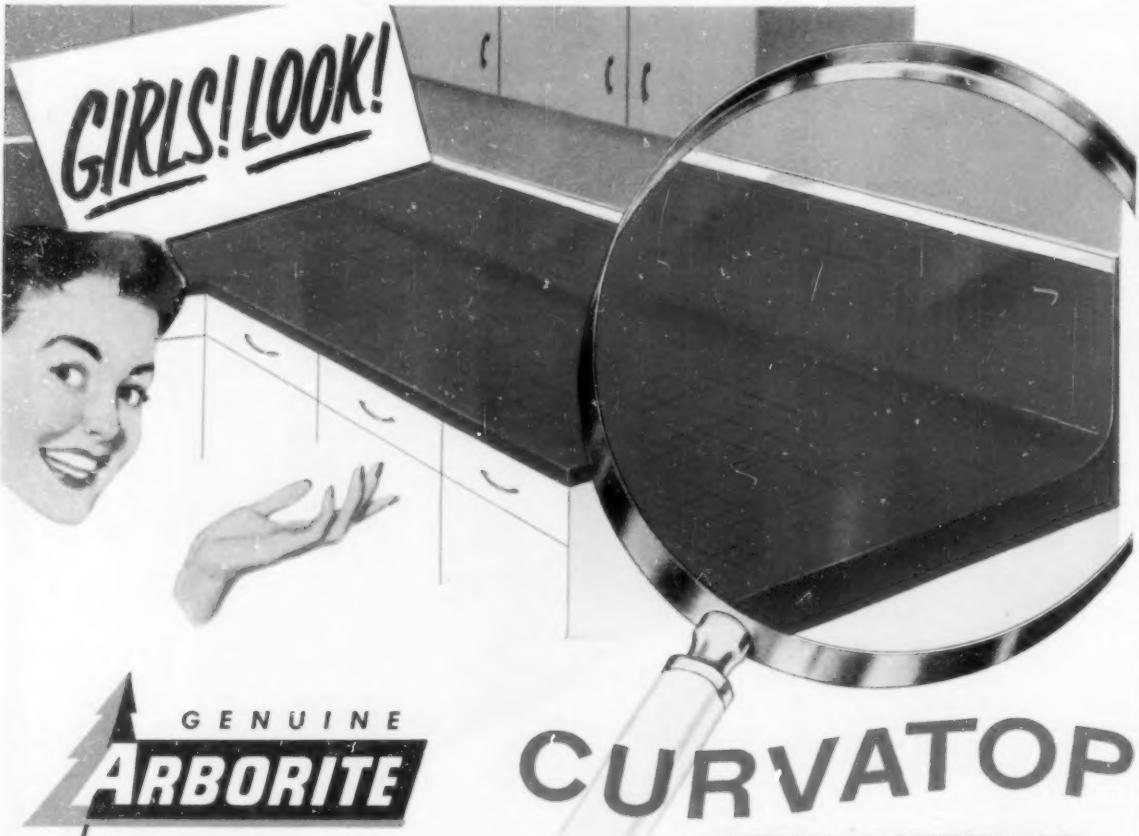
Perfecting the movement, which Percival claims usually takes a shot putter eight to ten years, means constant repetition. Russia's women shot putters practice three hours a day and the world's champion male shot putter, Parry O'Brien of the University of Southern California, threw the shot three hundred to four hundred times a day during his training periods. O'Brien, who weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds, also ran a mile each day crouched over like Groucho Marx in order to strengthen his legs.

Jackie's program, while less severe, is equally determined. In addition to the six hours a week she spends lifting weights, she practices the shot put and discus even in winter. Her father laid out a seven-foot ring of snow in their back yard, pouring water over it until it hardened to a ring of ice. Jackie, in ski pants, two sweaters and fleece-lined gloves, sprinkled the circle with rock salt three nights a week through January and February and gravely threw the shot in the direction of her back fence for an hour.

"If I ever establish a world's record in the shot put," she muttered to herself one night, "the yard won't be long enough."

Some nights last winter Toronto had below-zero weather but Jackie continued to work out while her neighbors watched television. The garden is deeply pitted. Surveying the ruin, her father once asked peevishly, "Can't you throw it in the same hole?"

In order to practice the discus, which Jackie can throw in practice farther than the hundred-and-thirty-one-foot Canadian record, she went during the



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"I hate to be stared at," says Jackie
So only the birds watch her practice

winter to a school yard a few blocks away. One foggy night in February she lost sight of the discus after she had thrown it and a half-hour search failed to find it. The next morning she phoned the school.

"Have you found a discus?" she enquired politely. "I lost mine last night in your yard."

"You lost what?" exclaimed a woman's voice.

"A discus," said Jackie with embarrassment. "Not a good one, mind you. It only cost me nine dollars but I . . ."

"A discus!" gulped the woman. "A discus? Well." It was found by a baffled child and returned later that day.

As the weather warmed, Jackie began working out more regularly in a nearby park. She sets her alarm for six and slips out of the silent house wearing a track suit and carrying her spiked shoes and discus. For an hour, while most of the city is between sleeping and waking, she throws the discus forty, fifty, sixty times. The stillness in the park is broken only by the dawn chirping of birds. Jackie's hoarse breathing and the slap of the discus in the wet grass.

"I hate to be stared at," explains Jackie. "It's distracting."

It's more than that. Jackie's dread that public opinion will label her as unacceptably unwomanly is the chief force in her desire to avoid an audience when she is displaying her strength. As time for a competition draws nearer, in the weeks of her summer vacation from school, and she needs longer work-outs, she hopes for rain.

"When it rains the parks are empty and I can work all afternoon undisturbed," she says. Sopping wet, she goes through the eleven co-ordinated movements she has been taught, seeking swiftness and smoothness enough to defeat a Russian girl named Zybina on a grassy field in Australia.

In spite of her qualms about the muscles she is developing, shot putting and the discus are the two endeavors to which she has been most faithful in an athletic career remarkable equally for achievement and restlessness.

Jackie, born in October 1932, is the only child of Donald N. MacDonald, a salesman for a drug company. Her mother died when Jackie was fifteen and an aunt has taken care of the

household ever since. Always a solidly built child, Jackie had begun to grow tall when she was twelve but since she was already in high school she felt only mildly conspicuous.

To develop grace, Jackie had studied ballet and acrobatic dancing for two years. As a teen-ager, she was strong and lithe; she turned to sport to give her the vital sense of accomplishment. She made the school swimming team her first month in high school and in 1948 was Ontario Junior Diving Champion. At University of Toronto, where she also swam on the school team, she started an honor science course and switched a few months later to physical education. A year later she changed again, to Normal School where she earned a teacher's certificate. Meanwhile she played on a championship basketball team and was a powerful tennis player.

Let's Shoot at the Record

The rapidity with which Jackie in the past switched from one thing to another is illustrated by an incident which began with her enrolling for ballet lessons a few years ago. The dance studio was on the third floor of a building and Jackie was rounding the staircase on the second floor when she happened to look into a long room carpeted with tumbling mats.

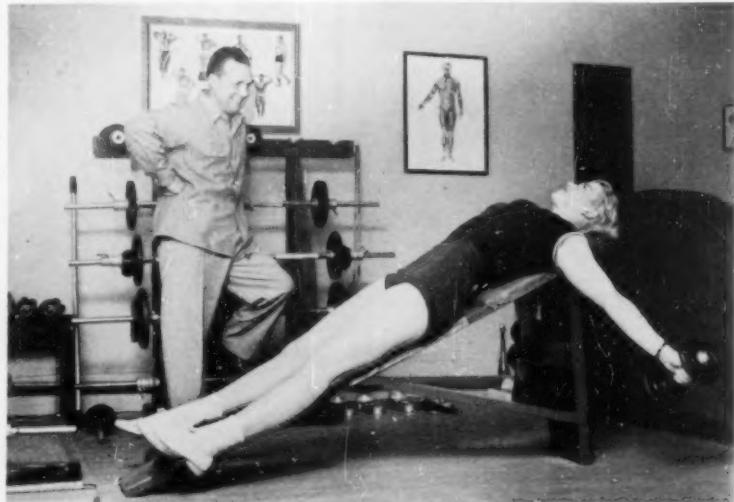
"A man named Bill Underwood was conducting classes in defendo," she said afterward. "It's something like judo. I went in and enrolled. I never did get to the ballet school upstairs."

In the spring of 1952 Jackie phoned Lloyd Percival, who operates a Sports College on CBC radio, supervises the efforts of about two dozen outstanding Canadian athletes and has been a consultant coach for the Detroit Red Wings hockey team. Percival is of the scientific school of coaching, clinically dissecting muscle, motion and motive. Jackie explained to him that she wanted to try some form of track and field and considered herself best suited to discus and shot put.

"How big are you?" Percival asked immediately.

"Five foot ten, a hundred and sixty pounds," Jackie replied. "I'm twenty. I hope I'm not too old."

Percival was interested in coaching her because of her size. Jackie was equally impressed with him. "He



At Jimmy Cooke's gymnasium Jackie MacDonald works out with the dumbbells.

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didn't start by suggesting that if I worked I could beat the girl in the next town," Jackie comments. "He's got a broad outlook. From the beginning he said to me, 'There's the world's record—let's work toward it.'"

Jackie worked for a year with Percival and in the summer of 1953 won the Canadian women's shot-put championship. Percival discovered she could throw five or six feet farther in practice than she could in competition and he prodded her to relax.

"If you're tense you restrict the flow," he insisted. "Your muscles interfere with one another. The biceps get in the way of the triceps."

"It certainly wasn't the crowd that made me nervous," Jackie observed. "At most track-and-field events the competitors easily outnumber the audience."

Jackie was a victim of a bitter misunderstanding during a track-and-field event that attracted an audience of thousands—the British Empire Games last summer in Vancouver. One hour before the discus competition began, officials visited her in the locker room and informed her that she would be withdrawn from the event while her amateur status was investigated. Her photograph had appeared in a newspaper soft-drink advertisement.

Jackie had already placed second in a field of nine women in the shot put and she was expected to take second—and possibly even first—in the discus. This would have made her Canada's only two-medal winner. Huddled over and miserable, she watched the discus throw from the stands.

"They took my picture with a pop bottle in my hand," Jackie wailed. "I didn't know how they were going to use it; I thought it was the usual newspaper picture. I certainly didn't receive any money for it."

"One of the most highhanded operations we've come across in years on the sport beat . . ." fumed Jim Vipond, sports editor of the Toronto Globe and Mail in a bitter column.

Can She Show the Russians?

Three days after the games ended, the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada announced that Jackie hadn't violated the amateur code after all. She was cleared completely, though it came too late. Jackie had spent some of the time in between crying, some more of it staring at the mountains and playing a recording of Tchaikovsky's First Symphony.

Last October, two days before her twenty-second birthday, she took part in an exhibition in Cleveland and put the shot 44 feet, 9 3/4 inches, almost two feet farther than the existing U. S. record. This summer Jackie hopes to throw even farther in an official event.

"Jackie has got to become the strongest woman in the world if she is going to beat those Russian girls," Percival says. "She doesn't like the idea very much, but that's how it is. Strength affects more of the needs of the athlete than any other factor. Power, speed, mobility, flexibility—none of them have a priority over strength. You can even flip cards in a bat better if you are strong."

The weight-training program, begun two years ago when Percival first started coaching Jackie, has already had impressive results. Using a weight-lifting technique known as the press—a slow deliberate lift that uses purely shoulder and arm muscles—Jackie can lift a hundred and thirty-two pounds; using the clean-and-jerk lift, which benefits from an agile shifting of the legs, she can lift a hundred and fifty pounds; lying on her back and bracing her feet against the weight, she can

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press three hundred pounds with her legs. Jimmy Cooke, one-hundred-and-eighty-pound trainer of weight-lifters, can't lift as much.

With her weight training, Jackie carefully does other exercises learned in ballet classes that are designed to stretch her muscles and prevent bulging. She does such manoeuvres as high kicks and back-bends and calls them "compensating" exercises.

"One of the advantages of the weight-training course," explains Percival enthusiastically, "is that Jackie will gain twenty pounds, all muscle. You have to be heavy to put the shot and none of it can be fat. About fifteen percent of Jackie right now is loose tissue. We'll have to strip her—of surplus flesh, that is—before the Olympics."

The prospect plunges Jackie into gloom. "Lloyd tells me that my measurements actually will be smaller with twenty pounds of muscle added," she tells her friends. "You know, muscle is heavier than soft tissue and takes less space."

Meanwhile, her time is feverishly crowded. In addition to teaching school and conducting an after-school tumbling class for the children, she is studying journalism and French at night school. Along with these courses and her training schedule, she also has no shortage of dates with other athletes and men she knew in university. For dances and parties Jackie dresses in simple, torso-clinging clothes, most of which she makes herself. With sparkling earrings and a subtle perfume, she presents an alluring picture of demure womanhood. But the effect is sometimes ruined.

Last January Jackie appeared on a television show and was asked to bring a bar bell with her to demonstrate her strength. A young man was meeting her after the program to take her to a party. Jackie appeared at the studio door, followed by two sheepish stagehands lurching under the dead weight of the bar bell. They loaded it with a clank into the back seat of the young man's car and disappeared just as he found that the bar bell had been so placed that he couldn't close his car door.

He pushed sturdily at the bar bell while Jackie studied her manicure, pushed it fiercely and then pushed it furiously. Finally he stopped.

"Ah . . . Jackie . . ." he began.

She looked at him silently, moved the bar bell a few inches and gently closed the car door.

"Heh heh," said the young man. "Thanks."

The world's strongest woman looked depressed. "You're welcome," she said, weakly. ★



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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the Communist Chinese distrust the British for precisely this reason. On several recent occasions British attempts to convey the U. S. point of view to Peiping have been rudely brushed off.

Canada, so far, seems to stand between these undesirable extremes. Ottawa's contacts with Washington are cordial and candid at all levels. Ot-

tawa's contacts with Peiping are few and somewhat devious but they seem to be reasonably good—better, at any rate, than those of any other confidant of the United States.

Of course Canada has no ambassador in Peiping itself and nobody is suggesting we should appoint one now—the question of diplomatic recognition of Red China is, for the moment, purely academic. Rather, the suggestion is that Canadian diplomats in other capitals, notably Chester Ronning in Norway, who used to be in China, should make a point of passing on

information to their Chinese colleagues in the diplomatic corps.

Americans say they have no objection, nothing but approval of this proposal. Nevertheless, Ottawa has some doubts.

Dag Hammarskjold, United Nations Secretary-General, went to Peiping with Washington's acquiescence to see what he could do to free the U. S. flyers imprisoned in China as "spies." Hammarskjold thought he got on pretty well. He had some useful conversations, made some useful personal contacts, learned some useful

things about Chinese policies and plans. He came back after having opened a new line of communication with the remote and isolated Chinese.

But he found, to his own and others' dismay, that in doing so he had lost his line of communication with Washington. Because he had made some guardedly polite statements in and about Communist China, the Americans concluded he was a naive dupe, if not worse, and seemed to lose all further confidence in him and his opinions.

Ottawa's afraid the same thing might happen to Canada's spokesmen if they were to become messengers across the no man's land of the cold war. If it did, nothing would be gained and one of Canada's most valued assets would be lost, her special *entrée* in Washington.

So the cautious are advising Ottawa to wait, at least, until we have something solid and constructive to put forward, rather than offer to be merely a dispatch rider. Canada and other allied countries have been greatly concerned about the dim prospects for a cease fire in the Formosa Straits. Negotiation seems to be out of the question, since neither side will accept even the preliminary terms of the other, but on the other hand a merely tacit cease-fire agreement—and end to the fighting without any overt statement by either side—is regarded here as a perilous and fragile compromise.

Canada would like something better, something solid in black and white. If it's impossible to get a bilateral agreement by negotiation between China and the U. S., maybe it will be possible to get a more general agreement to "neutralize" Formosa, a sort of open declaration to which any nation could subscribe of its own volition.

If circumstances should favor this or some other positive and definite action toward peace in Formosa, these advisers say, it would be a pity if Canada's usefulness had already been damaged by premature effects as a messenger.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER it was first broached as an international project, and twenty-four years after the first treaty for its construction was signed, the St. Lawrence Seaway comes into being this month as a visible and actual project.

Formal ground breaking took place last fall, but not much more than that. Now, at Montreal and at Cornwall, Ont., the big job is really in progress at last.

Between the Jacques Cartier Bridge over Montreal harbor and Victoria Bridge over the shallows below the Lachine Rapids, about a hundred and fifty men were to be at work before the end of March. They're digging a channel and building a dike along the south side of the river there—actually in the river bed, a thousand feet from the present south shore, but through shallows seldom more than ten feet deep and in some places only two feet. When the twenty-seven-foot channel is completed, and a dike raised another twenty-seven feet against the main stream of the St. Lawrence, it's expected that the stretch between the channel and the present shore will be filled in to make several miles of new ground in front of the city of St. Lambert.

In the Iroquois area, just above Cornwall, another three hundred men start work this month on a canal and lock. Later this spring contracts will be let for locks near Laprairie, across the river from the western suburbs of Montreal, and at the nearby Indian village of Caughnawaga opposite Lachine. Ontario Hydro also begins work on

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its power dams and generators this summer. On seaway and power project combined, probably five thousand men will be working before the 1955 season ends. By next year the on-site employment will be about triple that figure, and is expected to remain at that maximum—fifteen thousand—through the season of 1958.

To some onlookers the employment figures for the St. Lawrence Seaway have been a disappointment and disillusion. Here's Canada with about half a million people out of work, and here's the biggest public work Canada's ever undertaken, bigger than anything else we could possibly think up as a make-work project in a depression. And this gigantic job is going to employ, at its peak, no more than three percent of the present aggregate of unemployed.

Optimists say this is a shortsighted as well as a glum way to look at it. Some hundred million dollars is to be spent by Canada on this great task, under contracts which all stipulate that Canadian labor and materials shall be used whenever consistent with reasonable economy and dispatch. Whether the men employed are shovel operators in Cornwall or tractor makers in Brantford doesn't matter.

Employment figures for the region most affected by the seaway tend to bear out this point.

Last year the textile plants of Cornwall and Iroquois were in sad shape, like the rest of the Canadian textile industry. Their condition hasn't improved—yet the registered unemployment in the Cornwall area is only half what it was in 1954. Total employment in the district hasn't risen—it's off by several index points from last year's level—but apparently the unemployed have been moving away. The big bulges in the 1955 unemployment totals are in such big cities as Montreal and Toronto.

Obviously it would now be twice as easy as it would have been last year to "cure" unemployment in Cornwall—only half as many jobs would be needed. But over all, the spring of 1955 is Canada's worst unemployment season since before the war; a real cure for Cornwall's troubles would have to affect the whole industrial complex of central Canada. That's what the seaway is supposed to do. ★

The Struggle For The Border

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

march across the Niagara River.

The parting in bad blood after the American Revolution, the Americans' lingering distrust of their departed mother, their hunger for Canadian land and furs, their fear of Indians and British power on their flank, the endless haggle over the boundary, the wishful

notion that the Canadians only awaited liberation from their overseas masters, and finally Britain's outrageous seizure of American ships and citizens at sea during its war with Napoleon's France—all this complex of good motives and bad, of anger and ambition, of deliberate design and sheer accident produced the final war for control of North America.

The United States' attack opened in scandalous mismanagement. No nation could have been less prepared for Jackson's pleasant promenade toward the welcoming arms of Canada. The

army, on paper, consisted of thirty-five thousand men but hardly a quarter of them were trained. Before the war's end the United States would raise 575,000—as many soldiers as there were people in Canada—against 125,000 employed by the enemy. But only fifty-six thousand American regulars could be recruited, no general would ever command more than seven thousand in any battle and the state militia would usually go home after a brief term of service.

As they looked to men like Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Clay and Eustis, the

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odds from the beginning were ridiculously, almost pathetically balanced against Canada. The odds, in fact, were what they usually had been—about sixteen to one. Eight million Americans faced half a million Canadians. The Canadian regular soldiers numbered four thousand. There was an equal number of British troops in the colonies. The ill-trained or untrained militia totaled a hundred thousand in theory. A few thousand Indians probably could be raised, in changing and unreliable numbers.

A quarter of the English-speaking Canadians in Upper Canada were newly arrived immigrants from the United States and their sympathies lay mainly with their homeland. Two thirds of all Canadians were of French blood, were only fifty-three years from their conquest by Britain and were still restive under their conquerors. Would these people fight for Britain? No, they would not. But, as Jefferson failed to understand, they would fight for Canada. And in fighting they would answer the question posed by the conquest—whether there could ever be a nation state north of the St. Lawrence.

This war, though it would occupy about seven hundred thousand men at one time or another, could be only a diversion from the United States' continental march; for Canada it was to prove the supreme national watershed.

Loyalists Voted the Funds

And so—lamentable, mismanaged, unnecessary and futile—it began with General Henry Dearborn confined to his headquarters in Greenbush yet promising to "operate with effect, at the same moment, against Niagara, Kingston and Montreal"; the American armies of the west based on Detroit under the hopeless command of General William Hull, who had forgotten what he had learned in the Revolution; and all Canadian forces under Governor-General Sir George Prevost, a professional British soldier who equalled the martial idiocy of the prospective invaders. In all that dim galaxy of talent there was only one general competent in his trade.

Isaac Brock had been born of military folk in 1769, the birth year of Napoleon and Wellington, had fought well in Europe and, with Nelson at Copenhagen, had learned to turn a blind eye to the signals of stupid superiors. Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1811, he had tried desperately to prepare his little colony for defense but was unable, against the opposition of recent American immigrants, to get a military appropriation from his Assembly at York until two months after war had been declared.

The United Empire Loyalist majority finally carried the vote, proclaiming with excessive hope that "By unanimity and dispatch in our councils and by vigor in operations we may teach the enemy this lesson: that a country defended by free men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, can never be conquered."

As a piece of literature this was a poor substitute for the Declaration of Independence, but as a statement of fact it was just as true. At all events, it must serve Brock as he learned that Hull had crossed from Detroit into Canada on July 11 and had issued to the Canadian people another declaration, somewhat inferior to the original, in these terms:

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of an army of Friends must be hailed by you with a cordial welcome. You will be emancipated from Tyranny and Oppression and restored to the dignified station of Freemen . . . If contrary to your interest and the just expectations of my country, you should take part in the approaching contest you will be considered and treated as enemies and the horrors and calamities of war will stalk before you. If the barbarous and Savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the savages let loose to murder our Citizens and butcher our women and children, this war will be a war of extermination. The first stroke with the Tomahawk, the first attempt with the Scalping Knife, will be the Signal for one indiscriminate Scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the Side of an Indian will be taken prisoner. Instant destruction will be his lot.

This lofty language was designed to impress the Canadians with their weakness; Hull was not much impressed with his own strength.

He might be incompetent himself but he realized that Eustis, the Secretary of War, was a fool, that Dearborn had failed to concert any useful strategy, that the first obvious step was to gain control of Lakes Erie and Ontario, thus cutting Canada in two, and that nothing of the sort had been attempted. Moreover, the daring Provincial Marines of Upper Canada had managed to seize near Detroit an American schooner bearing Hull's secret campaign plans. He had never sought this military command, he was tired of it already and the Canadians, against all the promises of the statesmen in Washington, refused to embrace the invader.

Nevertheless, he ferried twenty-five hundred men from Detroit to the Canadian village of Sandwich and found only six hundred Canadians, most of them raw militia and Indians, at Fort Malden nearby. He tried to take the fort but was stopped by a few Indians under an abler general, Tecumseh, at a creek called Rivière aux Canards. These, then, were the savages who must bring down the full horrors of the "war of extermination." Poor Hull was in no position to exterminate even the tiny Canadian force before him.

Now he learned of a disaster in his rear. On Brock's orders the garrison at St. Joseph's Island, between Huron and Superior, forty-five regulars and a hundred and eighty French-Canadian *voyageurs*, with four hundred Indians, had taken the American post of Mackinac without a drop of blood shed. This was a small but highly significant affair. It had carried the Canadians across the border, rallied the Indians as of old, showed that French Canadians were willing to fight and given Canada command of the main lanes of travel to the far west.

The second item of news was equally depressing. Hull had ordered the evacuation of Fort Dearborn (Chicago) and half its garrison of sixty-one had been massacred by

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Indians, drunk with the fort's liquor, which should have been destroyed. The tomahawk and the scalping knife were loose again. Hull forgot his declaration to the Canadian people and retreated to Detroit after a month's wasted promenade.

A few hours after he had pushed his war budget through the York legislature, Brock hurried by water to Amherstburg, at the western end of Lake Erie. He arrived just after midnight on Aug. 14 with three hundred reinforcements. His operations were small, even in Canadian terms, but they marked him at once as a soldier of imagination. Studying Hull's captured plans by candlelight, he ordered an immediate attack on Detroit. Upper Canada, a colony of a hundred thousand people, proposed to invade a nation of eight million.

Among those at the midnight council was Tecumseh, of whom Brock remarked later that "A more sagacious or a more gallant warrior does not, I believe, exist." The great Shawnee was nearly six feet tall, hard, lithe and as

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TELLS THIS TALE IN PART FIVE OF HIS ENTHRALLING NEW BOOK THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MACLEAN'S. ON SALE APRIL 19.

nervous as a woods animal. His skin was "light copper, his countenance oval, with bright hazel eyes beaming cheerfulness, energy and decision. Three small crowns or coronets were suspended from the lower cartilage of his aquiline nose."

The blond English general and the dark master of wilderness war met and instantly became as brothers. Tecumseh turned to his thirty followers and pronounced his verdict: "Ho-o-o-e, this is a man!" The chief then unrolled a strip of elm bark and, with his much-used scalping knife, drew a detailed map of the country surrounding Detroit. On this map a plan of attack was quickly devised.

Next day Brock surveyed his fifteen hundred troops and demanded Detroit's surrender. Hull refused. He had twenty-five hundred men altogether but about five hundred of them had been foolishly ordered out of the fort into the country, a march of two or three days. Still, Detroit should be easily defended.

That night Tecumseh—whose name had begun to rally the tribes—silently crossed the river with six hundred followers and encircled Hull's fort without alerting him. Brock crossed in the morning with seven hundred men,

half of them raw militia, while his battery of five field guns pounded Detroit from the Canadian side.

He now learned for the first time that the absent American troops were returning from the south. He was caught between them and the fort. A lesser general would have retreated. Brock ordered an instant advance. Resplendent in scarlet, he rode his grey charger with Tecumseh beside him on a pony. At this reckless show of strength Hull's martial courage oozed out. He raised a white flag and surrendered not only Detroit but the territory of Michigan.

As the Union Jack was raised over the fort Brock presented his sash and pistols to Tecumseh, who gave a gaudy Indian sash spangled with arrows to his new friend. Brock wore it for the remainder of his short span. Tecumseh bestowed Brock's present on Roundhead, chief of the Wyandots, "an older and more valiant chief."

The news from Detroit sobered the politicians at Washington. Apparently the wrongheaded Canadians had no appetite for liberation and would fight their liberators. The contest was not to be a mere matter of marching after all. Hull had not launched a war of liberation. He had conducted a comedy.

Brock moved to Niagara, where he rightly expected the main American blow to fall, attempted to forestall it with an attack on Sackett's Harbor but found that the wavering Governor-General Prevost had arranged an armistice with Dearborn in the hope that the war somehow might be called off. Thus protected from Brock, the Americans rapidly massed along the Niagara and when the armistice ended on Sept. 7 nearly seven thousand of them faced seventeen hundred Canadians across the border.

As a soldier Brock knew the strategy the enemy must follow if he were to conquer Canada. Had he the brains to use it?

The essential strategy was as old as the first wars of America. Britain, lacking an army in Canada, must rely on its old weapon, the navy, to blockade the United States' commerce. The United States, lacking a navy, must move by land and move fast before British reinforcements could cross the Atlantic.

In order of priority the historic American objectives were, or should be, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Niagara and the Detroit River. Quebec could not be taken, had never been taken without naval power, but Montreal was vulnerable by the old Champlain corridor. Its capture, or the capture of the Niagara Peninsula, would split Canada, cutting off its French from its English-speaking people. Yet the Americans made no serious attempt on Montreal, the central objective, throughout the war. They aimed at Niagara, a second-best strategy, but for the most part wasted their strength in bungling raids on the Canadian perimeter.

Brock could hardly credit the enemy with such ignorance of the first principles of North American war. It was an enemy that had recently beaten the British Empire but now found no successors to Washington, or even to Wayne. Sure of early attack, not knowing where he must meet it and outnumbered four to one, Brock waited impatiently in Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara River and directly opposite the American Fort Niagara.

An American council of war decided to attack simultaneously Fort George and Queenston Heights, a hill rising three hundred and forty-five feet above the river, seven miles to the southward. General Smyth, commanding above

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Niagara Falls, refused to participate. Lacking his support, General Stephen Van Rensselaer proposed to feint at Fort George and take the Heights. On Oct. 10 his attack failed even to cross the river. The first boats, carrying all the available oars, were seized by the Canadians. The American army waited all night in the rain and returned to camp for breakfast.

Van Rensselaer was in despair. A rich and honorable Federalist, he had doubted the wisdom of the war, he had no wish for a command but had been placed at the head of the New York

State militia by the Democratic Governor Tompkins, so that possible defeat could not be laid to the Democratic Party. Fortunately the American general's cousin, Solomon Van Rensselaer, a trained soldier, was on his staff. After the opening fiasco, Solomon concentrated the army at Lewiston, opposite Queenston, under the cover of the woods, and prepared another assault. This time, taking no chances, he resolved to lead the advance himself.

At half past three in the chilly morning of Oct. 13 he landed at Queenston village with two hundred and twenty-

five regulars. The rest of the four thousand American troops were to follow him before dawn. Only three hundred Canadians held Queenston but they poured a well-aimed volley at the first invaders and gravely wounded Van Rensselaer, who was carried back across the river. The Americans had lost their only experienced leader. His successor, Captain Wool, proved an ingenious substitute. He abandoned the frontal attack on Queenston and led a party of three hundred by an obscure path up the river to approach the Heights from the rear.

Brock, at Fort George, had heard no word of the American landing. He heard only the American guns of Lewiston firing at Queenston. Soon the guns of Fort Niagara started to bombard his own fort. Which target did the enemy intend to attack? Perhaps both at once? Brock could hope to defend only one point. So he waited, husbanding his scanty reserves.

A messenger rode into Fort George with the news that the Americans had crossed the river in force. Still Brock would not be sure that the attack was aimed at Queenston. It might be feint to draw him out of his fort. He called for his charger, Alfred, and galloped up the river road.

Ahead, through a drenching rain, he could see the flash of cannon fire—two Canadian guns against twenty-four American—then a figure of a horseman approaching hell-for-leather from the south. Brock did not even slacken his pace as this man, wheeling and riding beside Alfred, shouted that the Americans were swarming on the Heights. Brock ordered the messenger on to Fort George. He was to bring all the soldiers to Queenston.

Thus after the comedy of Detroit, after all the distant quarrels of Europe, the duel at sea, the whole long history of struggle on the Canadian border, the continental issue was joined at last. And for Canada the issue that day was nothing less than survival.

On those flaming autumn Heights Brock could not hope to win the war of survival or decide whether North America was to contain one nation or two. Repulsed now, the Americans would surely return. But, with luck, he might buy time for his people when only a few more minutes were left to him. If Queenston could be held, the first American attack broken, Canadians of both races might be rallied. If Queenston were lost and Canada split, the whole war doubtless would be lost also. The boundary, which the French had surrendered under Montcalm, which the Canadians had saved under Carleton, would be erased forever.

Brock foresaw all the consequences of his seven-mile ride as he leaned over the neck of Alfred, Tecumseh's sash streaming in the wind. Would he reach the Heights in time?

Alfred, nostrils red and flanks heaving, pounded through Queenston village in the first light of dawn. Brock paused only for a moment to order the handful of soldiers there to follow him, then spurred his horse up the Heights. At the summit he found eight Canadian gunners. A single eighteen-pound gun fired on the Americans beside the river.

Apparently Brock had arrived in time. He did not know of Wool's de-

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Brock spurred Alfred to the Heights.

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tour around the Heights. Suddenly he heard shouts behind him and beheld three hundred Americans charging straight at the gun pit. Defense, with only eight men, was hopeless. Brock had just told his gunners to "try a longer fuse." He added in the same breath, "Spike the guns and follow me!" The gunners drove in their spike and scrambled down the hill. Brock had no chance to mount. He led his horse behind him as he ran.

Back at Queenston, he gathered a hundred men and, not daring to await reinforcements, prepared to retake the Heights before the Americans could dig in. The Canadians were led out of the village at a run but halted at the foot of the hill. "Take breath, boys," Brock cried, "you'll need it presently!" He stroked Alfred's quivering neck and apologized for pushing him so hard. It was the last farewell between soldier and horse.

After a moment's pause, Brock drew his sword and started up the Heights on foot, by a curve inland, to take the Americans in the rear. Wool was ready for him on the crest. A hundred panting Canadians faced a solid American line three times their number. It was no time to measure the odds. Brock's sword led the charge at the American centre. It gave way and the Canadians leaped into the gun pit.

A few yards off, in the woods, a cool American took careful aim at an easy target. As he fired, Brock dropped without a sound. An instant later a dead soldier sprawled across his



The sniper fired and Brock fell.

general's body. Nerves shattered by their leader's death, the Canadians fled. They carried Brock with them and laid him in a Queenston cottage.

The Heights had been lost for the second time. There seemed to be no chance of retaking them.

Colonel John Macdonell, who succeeded Brock, was a man of the same mold. He resolved to avenge his dead commander. Two hundred men were collected and Macdonell led them up the Heights. Again the Americans were driven back, the gun recaptured. Again the Canadian commander fell, mortally wounded. And again the Americans drove the Canadians down the hill.

Now the Stars and Stripes floated confidently over the gun pit. About sixteen hundred Americans had crossed the river. Canada's lifeline apparently was severed. General Van Rensselaer sent mounted messengers to Albany announcing the decisive victory, and made ready to accept the Canadian surrender. In this moment of triumph everything went wrong.

The garrison of Fort George, having silenced the guns of Niagara, at last had reached Queenston. A party of a hundred and fifty Canadians, with a few Indians, was marching down the river from the Falls. This outnumbered force scaled the Heights from the south into what should have been a baited trap. But at the sound of Indian war whoops the Americans fell into panic. Some of them ran down to the river and rowed across. Van Rensselaer stamped through his disordered ranks on the Canadian side, ordering, cursing, pleading. It was no use. His army melted before his eyes.

The Americans across the river

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BASIC FRUIT DOUGH

Prepare

1 1/2 cups bleached or sultana raisins, washed and dried

1/2 cup finely-cut candied citron
1/2 cup broken walnuts or pecans

Scald

2 cups milk

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a small bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Sift together three times

4 cups once-sifted bread flour

1 tablespoon salt

4 teaspoons ground cinnamon

1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg

1/4 teaspoon ground cloves
1/4 teaspoon ground mace

Cream in a large bowl

1/2 cup butter or margarine

3/4 cup lightly-packed brown sugar

Gradually beat in

1 well-beaten egg

Stir in lukewarm milk, dissolved yeast and sifted dry ingredients; beat until smooth and elastic. Mix in prepared fruits and nuts.

Work in

3 1/2 cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:



1. Chop Suey Loaf

Knead 1/4 cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries into one portion of the dough. Shape into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 40 minutes. Brush top of hot loaf with soft butter or margarine.

2. Butterscotch Fruit Buns

Cream together 3/4 cup butter or margarine, 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1/4 cup corn syrup and

1 cup lightly-packed brown sugar.

Spread about a quarter of this mixture in a greased 9-inch square cake pan; sprinkle with 1/2 cup pecan halves. Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 9-inch square. Spread almost to the edges with remaining brown sugar mixture; roll up loosely, jelly-roll fashion, and cut into 9 slices. Place each piece, a cut side up, in prepared pan.

Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 30 minutes. Stand pan of buns on a cake cooler for 5 minutes before turning out.

3. Frosted Fruit Buns

Cut one portion of dough into 18 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball. Place, well apart, on a greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 15 minutes. Immediately after baking, spread buns with a frosting made by combining 1 cup once-sifted icing sugar, 4 teaspoons milk and a few drops almond extract.

The republic must pay more than brief humiliation and a few casualties as the price of rout on the Heights. The larger and longer price was its neighbor's hatred, first lit in the Loyalists, now corroborated, inflamed and deepened by invasion. Perhaps that mattered little to a nation that no foreign hatred could ever quench. It meant more to Canada, not yet a nation, than any foreigner would ever understand. To North America it meant that the continental boundary was permanent—if the Canadians could hold it. The Americans had assaulted the boundary and by their assault confirmed it in the mind of Canada. And Canada, after its baptism of fire, went on to win the War of 1812; for if that war changed nothing on the boundary and apparently left America exactly as before, in fact it saved Canada from the extinction planned by the bunglers of Washington.

Military historians might call it a stalemate. American history books might present it as an American victory. The British and American governments might be glad to call it quits. But to Canada, overwhelmingly outnumbered by the invaders, it was not only an almost unbelievable victory in military terms but national salvation in terms much more important.

Brock died young, by a casual bullet, on a little hill beside the Niagara. He left the kind of myth on which all nations are built. ★

NEXT ISSUE: PART FIVE

When a Canadian Ruled Oregon

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Will the Guards Idea Go Over Here?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

disowned, cut off without a bob. All protested to Ottawa in vain. Especially hurt were the Queen's Own, in pre-Guards days the No. 1 infantry regiment. "We don't want to be soreheads," Lieut.-Col. John I. Mills, of Toronto, said, "but it wasn't quite cricket."

It might have been expected that Canada's two militia Guards regiments—the Governor-General's Footguards of Ottawa and the Grenadier Guards of Montreal—would ally themselves with the new outfit. Not so. Both felt, and told Ottawa, that if active Guards were needed, then they would go active. "After all," declared Lieut.-Col. Thomas Bowie, CO of the eighty-three-year-old Footguards, "those Guards have no history, no tradition, no nothing."

Ex-soldiers were still more miffed. At its convention last year the Canadian Legion branded the Guards' seniority as "an affront and disgrace" to other famous units.

"Precedence Given Baby Regiment," cried the Windsor Star, and in messes from coast to coast unglorified, unglamorous infantrymen grumbled into their soda pop. In the House of Commons last June, Julian Ferguson (PC-Simcoe North), a Military Cross winner of World War I, attacked the Guards as "never fought and never defeated," shook his finger at the then defense minister, Brooke Claxton, and yelled, "Shame on you!"

A Scrap About a Badge

The Guards' cause was helped not at all by a recruiting advertisement the army put out:

Applications now being accepted for the new Regiment of Canadian Guards. Second to none on the parade square. Incorporating the color and smartness of military tradition at its finest, the Canadian Guards ranks first among the Army's regular infantry regiments. Right now there is a requirement for young men who would like to share in the colorful dress and ceremonial activities of the new Canadian Guards.

At this Judith Robinson, caustic Ottawa columnist of the Toronto Telegram, saw crimson. "Color and smartness," she wrote, ". . . the hell with battle honors." From Col. Gordon Churchill (PC-Winnipeg South Centre) came backhanded sympathy for the Guards. "It will be difficult," he said, ". . . when they come in contact with some other regiment to rest on their laurels as a great parade-ground regiment . . . They are being placed in an awkward position."

Certainly no regiment recruited in peacetime has ever had a more hectic start. Its position is all the more awkward because there is a touch of truth to all the charges against it.

As a regiment, Canada's Guards don't have any battle honors. Formed in peacetime, their only action—unrecorded in army annals—occurred in Pembroke, Ont., near Petawawa. Several months ago, before the Guards were issued with their own distinctive cap badge—a ten-pointed star—they wore a brass maple leaf, previously issued only to war correspondents and "Zombies," those soldiers of World War II who refused overseas service. Unkindly, imprudently, men of another unit stationed at Petawawa ridiculed a group of Guards about the badge. A scrap broke out. "Our boys were outnumbered," says RSM Lee, an ex-boxer



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who personally claims no part in the fray, "but we clobbered them. Then I knew we had regimental spirit."

But while the regiment itself has been nowhere to fight nobody, it would be hard to find an outfit anywhere in Canada whose individual members have seen more action. Lee, for example, was a member of the Special Service, the air-borne commandos formed jointly by Canada and the United States in World War II. He wears two rows of ribbons, mementos of visits to Italy, northwest Europe, Korea and other troubled parts. His commanding

officer in the 2nd Battalion of the Guards, Lieut.-Col. M. F. (Tony) MacLachlan, of Great Village, N.S., served with the colorful Cape Breton Highlanders in World War II and commanded the 3rd Battalion of the Princess Pat's in Korea. All of his officers have seen action in Europe, Africa or Korea and one of them, Capt. Marcel Marchessault, of Quebec City, has been decorated not only by Canada but also by France and Belgium for service as a Special Service agent with their undergrounds.

The presence in the untried Guards

of so many campaign ribbons is because when they were formed the army invited one battalion from the Princess Pat's and one from the Royal Canadian Regiment, both then in Korea, to join the new regiment. The majority of officers and men in both units accepted. "Most of us had seen Guards in action," says MacLachlan. "We may have laughed at some of their peculiar traditions but there are no finer soldiers in the world. Besides, it's not often in the army that you get any choice. So any of us who are in the Guards asked for it."

The 1st and 2nd battalions of the Guards—former RCRs and Princess Pat's, plus new recruits—are in training at Petawawa. The 3rd and 4th—formerly two training battalions of replacements for the 27th Brigade, Canada's NATO force in Germany—are at Valcartier, Que., and Camp Ipperwash, near Forest, Ont. The ultimate strength of the regiment will be between four thousand and five thousand men.

But even if every Guards officer and private had more combat medals than Field Marshal Montgomery, other units would still find it difficult to comprehend why the youngest outfit in Canada should be called the senior regiment. The army's explanation is simple, if not overpowering. "There was no other choice," Gen. Simonds has said. "Once we'd decided to have a regiment of Guards they had to rank first. Guards always do. It's tradition, you know."

Specifically, it's a British tradition, which accounts in part for the charge that the Canadian Guards are aiming at a slavish imitation of the British Guards. Simonds and the Guards officers themselves say it just isn't so.

"When the Queen agreed to be the regiment's colonel-in-chief," says the general, "she particularly asked that it be kept typically Canadian. And it will be. Of course, we're taking a few ideas from the British Brigade—and why not?—they've been in business more than three hundred years. Personally, I'm not ashamed to borrow ideas. That's why we study military campaigns. To turn something down just because we didn't think of it first would be foolish, a sign of national immaturity."

In some respects the Canadian Guards will be much like those of the British Brigade—the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards. They are now being issued the same red and blue forage caps that set British Guards apart from ordinary soldiers on the street. Full-dress uniforms—scarlet tunics, red-striped blue trousers and towering bearskins—have been ordered for the regiment's three martial bands and already many Canadian Guards officers have been measured, by tailors sent here from England, for dress blues. Before long the army hopes to acquire enough brilliant dress uniforms to turn out an honor guard for the opening of parliament and possibly to mount a daily guard at vice-regal Rideau Hall.

The similarities are more than sartorial. The Canadian Guards have adopted the precise marching style of the British Guardsmen—a hundred and sixteen paces a minute, four slower than the standard infantry clip—and they halt with the same exaggerated stamping of feet, a sort of tantrum at attention that has been known, according to British medical journals, to cause disabilities and even fractures.

As in other infantry units, the

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

Guards recruit is well schooled in the art of killing with rifle, bayonet, grenade and rocket, but he puts in more time than most soldiers on "shine parade" and parade-square drill. For it is an old Guards belief that spit and polish and snappy turnout give the recruit pride in himself and his unit and that long hours of parade-ground discipline produce a soldier who will quick-march into a brick wall if so ordered.

Above all, the Canadian recruit has dinned into him the same credo that British Guards have been absorbing for several centuries—"A Guardsman: graceful and manly in appearance; mild in bearing; a gentleman in quarters; a lion in the field."

In this belief that a warrior should combine the best qualities of a Noel Coward hero with those of a Rocky Marciano, the Canadian Guardsman may be much like his British model. But in other respects they are poles apart. When the army sent a team of fact-finders to spend some time with the British Guards last summer their orders were clear. "Our job," says Major Murray MacDonald, of Goderich, Ont., who headed the mission, "was to find out how the Guards get that way. Anything about their training or traditions that didn't seem like a good idea for Canadian soldiers was to be left in England."

His Father Doesn't Count

Many ideas were left behind. Among these is the British Guards' method of selecting officers, a matter, chiefly, of blood lines and old school tie. British Labour MP Woodrow Wyatt, a former under-secretary of state and a persistent critic of the Guards, calls them "the only government-subsidized social club in the country."

As a group, Guards officers are the most socially correct and eligible young men in Britain. They come from only the best families and the best private schools. Often they are entered for enlistment as infants, as Prince Charles was three years ago with the Grenadiers. A coal miner's son may become prime minister but he has scant chance of becoming a Guards officer. In recent history, which includes World War II, no Guards officers save lieutenant-quartermasters have come up from the ranks or from ordinary grammar schools.

Not long ago when Wyatt suggested that Guards officers should be chosen by competitive exams, without an eye to social background, a Grenadier major was horrified. "The officers' mess," he explained, "is a club. It's not only the right but the duty of the commanding officer to see that no one is admitted with whom the other members can't get on. Team spirit, you know. Fortunately, most grammar-school boys recognize this and don't apply to join."

Clearly this is not as typically Canadian as the Queen would want it. Hence, Canadian Guards officers are not hand-picked by the regiment. As in the case of all other units, they are assigned by the army, usually at the request of the officers themselves. Col. MacLachlan, CO of the 2nd Guards says, "If an officer knows his stuff, he sticks with us. If he doesn't, he goes—no matter who his father was."

no matter who his father was." Thus the Canadian Guards hope to eschew the British Guards' well deserved reputation for social and military snobbery. The latter is tacitly acknowledged in a booklet of instructions issued to all Coldstream officers: "It is not in keeping with the Coldstream spirit to suggest in any way to officers of other branches of Her Majesty's Forces that their corps or



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regiments are inferior to the Coldstream."

Last summer Lieut. Maurice Barret, of Nanaimo, B.C., a member of a Canadian mission attached to the Irish Guards, overheard a mess conversation in which one officer spoke glowingly of the Royal Air Force.

"Well," cut in an older officer, "I'll admit they did a good job during the war. But that's no reason we should talk about them now!"

To the British Guards officer life is bounded by a strict code of social and military dos and don'ts. He must

belong to a saddle club, to the select Guards Club in Mayfair and the Guards Boat Club at Maidstone. If a bachelor, he is expected to escort debutantes to the dozens of parties that take place between March, when fox hunting ends, and August, when grouse shooting begins, and to volunteer willingly if a hostess calls on his commanding officer to reinforce the stag line.

In his mess an officer is forbidden to say "mess" when he means "dinner." He may wear his hat while eating but not while having coffee in the ante-

room. He never toasts the Queen, on the theory that his loyalty is beyond question. In the mess he must address all officers, except the CO, by their first names.

He never goes "to town" like other men, but always "to London"—unless, of course, he is really bound for Oswaldtwistle. He can't order "a beer" it must be "a glass of beer," even if served in a silver tankard. He never wears "mufti" or "civvies"—always "plain clothes." His suits must be dark, well tailored and cut from cloth selected by his mess committee. His

tie is in the Guards colors of red and blue. His hat is usually a bowler and over his arm, though the sun may be wilting his stiff collar, he carries a rolled umbrella.

Until World War II, the bowler and umbrella were a compulsory part of off-duty garb; today they are merely custom. Indeed, there have been signs that the Guards' traditions are mellowing. An officer may now marry an actress or be named the third party in a divorce action and, unless scandal ensues, he is no longer obliged to surrender his commission. And today—ah, democracy!—he may even ride in a public vehicle.

By comparison, an officer in the Canadian Guards is a carefree boy, if a bit boorish. He may take the social life or leave it, but if he wears his hat in the mess he'll be stuck for a round of beers. He may travel about on a pogo stick if he can do so without losing his graceful and manly appearance, toast the Queen without impugning his own loyalty thereby and, once off duty, wear what he pleases. When walking out, officers are encouraged to dress like conservative businessmen but they are not expected to wear bowlers and tote umbrellas.

Worse Than the Front Line

Last summer a reporter from the London Daily Mirror learned that, after some junior Guards officers complained that Guardsmen on sentry duty had failed to recognize them in plain clothes and to salute, an order was issued to "salute the bowler." So the reporter got a derby and an umbrella and had his picture taken outside Whitehall, accepting salutes from a Guards sentry there.

This prompted a Canadian Press reporter in Ottawa to phone army headquarters and ask if Canadian Guards would be obliged to salute bowlers.

"Hell no," he was told by an officer. "We've got just one saluting regulation concerning officers in civvies. They may be saluted if recognized. If an officer isn't recognized and isn't saluted by a private and tries to bawl him out, the private can tell the officer where to get off." (This was substantially correct, but the free wording so troubled the army's top brass that all officers at headquarters—about a thousand—were summoned before a brigadier and asked if they had said it. One fibbed.)

As unthinkable as officers from Glace Bay or Medicine Hat masquerading as Neville Chamberlain is the prospect of Canadian troops being trained in the strictest Guards manner. Not even the English condone it. The old Guards' theory is that drill and discipline, ruthlessly administered, produce a maximum of pride, courage and fortitude. But critics in the British House of Commons have called it "a supreme example of Blimpism" and "more stupid and brutal than anything ever devised by the Prussians."

The scene of this unpleasantness is the Guards' training depot at Caterham, in the mellow Surrey countryside about twenty miles south of London. What happens to the recruit at the spotlessly clean, geometrically neat arrangement of barracks, drill sheds, parade squares and playing fields has been described by an ex-captain in the Grenadiers as "worse than anything that ever occurs on a battlefield."

For sixteen weeks, sixteen hours a day, the recruit's life is a steady grind of drill, spit-and-polish and then drill again. For the first three weeks he seldom gets off the parade square except to eat and tumble into bed. On the parade square he has to march as fast as possible without breaking into a



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"Gladly," said the friendly lion, "I'd say it has a golden *brilliance*, is *lighter*, and that it flows *smoothly* over the delighted tongue."

"Tell me more!" exclaimed his fascinated friend.

Molson's GOLDEN ALE



trot. His walking pace, even off duty, must be maintained at a hundred and sixty paces to the minute—a hundred is a good clip.

On parade his steps are timed by a metronome and measured by a pace stick. His ears ring to the cries of the "drill pig," a sergeant: "Double! Double! Heels! Heels! I want to hear those heels!" and "Hit that rifle!—hit it till you bleed!"

If the British recruit, or "rook," is a split second behind the rest of his squad he is booked for punishment parade. While being bawled out by a sergeant he can answer only "Sir." If he says "Yes, sir," he is certain to draw punishment for unnecessary chattering. A Guardsman's punishment is often a unique torture. Last autumn a group of Guards who had been confined to barracks were put to clearing fallen leaves from the parade square. The men were required to march out, bend down from the waist, pick up one leaf and march away with it, repeating the operation until the square was bare.

One drill pig explained his brutality to recruits with, "I've got to break your hearts—otherwise I won't know if you have any, will I?"

A Scots Guards sergeant at Caterham is so rigid in his discipline, even of himself, that each morning when he calls his adjutant officer on the telephone, he first salutes the instrument.

If Drill and Discipline are the Guardsman's gods, the trinity is completed by Dress. He must look at all times as though he is going to call on the Queen. Montreal-born author Tom Firbank, a wartime Guards officer, once returned to barracks after spending the night in an air-raid shelter. As he was hurrying in to get cleaned up he was stopped by a sergeant. "What is the name of your servant, sir?" the sergeant said. "I must tell him that he is not turning you out properly." Firbank explained where he had been. The sergeant replied: "Bombs should not stop a Guardsman from shining his buttons, sir."

Neither bombs nor battle. Seven rearguard actions across Belgium did not stop a battalion of Grenadiers from whitening their belts and leggings. One man who failed to do so was court-martialed when he reached Dover from Dunkirk.

There is scant likelihood that Canadian Guards will be subjected to such unbending discipline. According to Major Peter Acland, a big ruddy-faced son of Kelowna, B.C., who survived the Guards training at Caterham, went on to serve thirteen years with the Indian Army and now is in the Canadian Guards, "The British idea seems to be to tear down a recruit till he's nothing and then rebuild him in the Guards' mold. We don't think that's necessary. You can treat a man like a human being and still make him a good soldier."

If the Canadian gets more humane treatment than the British Guardsman,

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Hearken to this sad lament
That shirt designers regiment
The helpless male. All men alive,
They say, have arms of 35
To 32, despite the fix
Of guys who take sleeves 36.
And let me tell you, it's no fun
To go through life a 31.

WALTER APPEL

no less is expected of him. Maj.-Gen. J. M. Rockingham, CO of Canada's new 1st Division, has said, "Nothing short of perfection will be acceptable in the Canadian Guards."

A recruit in the Canadian Guards spends more than twenty-five percent of his waking hours on the parade square learning not only correct drill but, more important, instant obedience to command. Before he can call himself a Guardsman, he must put in five months of intensive training. For the first six weeks, spent at the Guards depot at Petawawa, he isn't allowed out

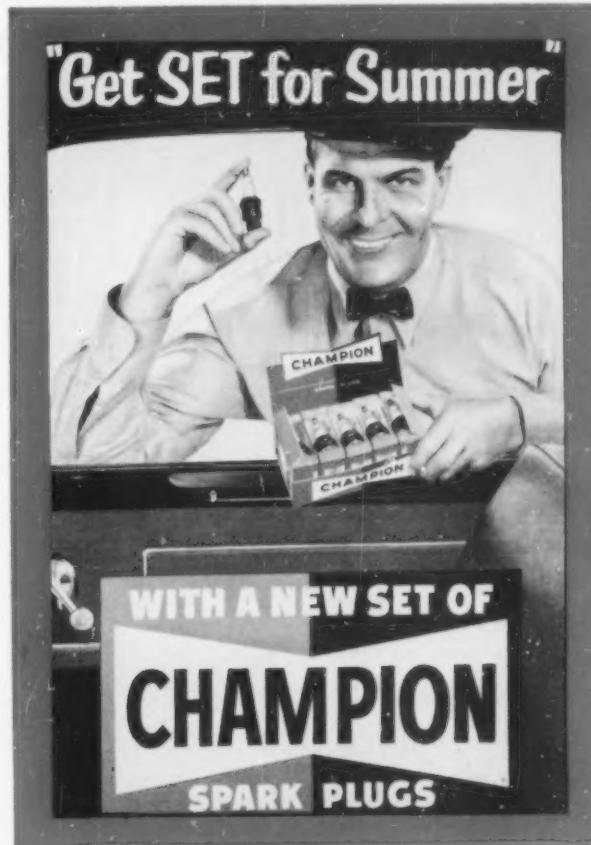
of the camp. Here, on the parade squares and firing ranges, in classrooms and drill sheds, he learns the infantryman's facts of life.

Here, too, he is given indoctrination lectures—"brainwashings," recruits call them. These consist of talks on military law and custom, badges of rank, regimental history and honors. The last poses a problem, inasmuch as the Canadian Guards' history is notable chiefly for its brevity. Currently it could be stated in a single sentence: "The regiment was formed in October 1953, and has been on the defensive

ever since." But the depot adjutant, Capt. Donald Brochu, of Quebec City, is equal to the test. A brisk little man who formerly soldiered with the "Vandees," he now manages to convey some of his own fierce pride in the Guards to new recruits.

"All regiments started once without battle honors," he tells them. "An outfit is good, not because of its past but because of its present. A regiment that lives on its past honors—there is nothing worse."

After several indoctrination lectures the recruits are given an oral examina-



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TIME WILL TELL

tion that runs something like this:

Q—"What is a Guardsman?"

A—"Sir, one of the best soldiers in the world, sir."

Q—"Why?"

A—"Because he's the best disciplined, sir."

All recruits are required to memorize the slogan by which they must live: "Training makes the soldier, but only *spirit* can produce a Guardsman." At first the recruits must take this on faith. "We all have religions," Brochu tells them, "and we all believe at times in things we don't understand. Think of this. And, one day, you will believe in it."

When his basic training is over, the recruit is farmed out to one of the regiment's four battalions for another fourteen weeks of more advanced infantry training. In addition to the hours that he spends learning everything from how to butcher a dummy with a bayonet to how to stay alive under atomic attack, the Guards recruit acquires, from nightly barracks spit-and-polish sessions, a reverential regard for his equipment. Everything issued to him, from rifle to regimental flashes, must be kept like new. This is a Guards fetish. British Guards take such loving care of their gear that, in this respect, they boast that they cost the taxpayers less money than any other group of servicemen—even in wartime.

"If it Moves, Salute it!"

In 1940, at Dunkirk, routed and demoralized troops awaiting evacuation were amazed to see a wounded and decimated company of the Coldstream Guards march in perfect formation to the blazing beach, carrying their own weapons, plus many abandoned in retreat by less dedicated men. After seventeen desperate days of fighting at Knightsbridge in Libya, a battalion of Grenadiers withdrew in perfect formation, taking all its equipment but the following, noted meticulously in a report to the regimental lieutenant-colonel: 1 six-pounder (destroyed); 1 carrier (wrecked); 1 seven-pound tin of Oxford marmalade (drained in the sand and ground in).

No less sacred to the Guardsman than his equipment is the parade square. At all times it must be kept spotless, free of anything that does not belong. "If you see anything on the parade square," says an ancient Guards maxim, "bend down and pick it up. If you can't move it, blancho it. And if it moves by itself, salute it!"

Already there are signs that this reverence for the parade ground is catching on among Canada's Guards. Not long ago RSM Lee was barking orders at a marching squad of his 2nd Guards when they were startled to see smoke pouring from the windows of the nearby quartermaster's stores. Those on the parade square had no way of knowing that it came from a smoke bomb planted secretly a few hours before by army engineers as part of a fire drill.

An alarm was rung in. The camp firemen arrived, hooked up their hoses and started across the parade square. Beneath the visor of his cap, Lee's eyes popped like those of a man witnessing sacrilege. Forthwith he marched smartly up to the firemen, halted and delivered a few bristling words, the effect of which was, "Please leave, or I will eat you in front of all these young men."

The firemen retreated. And while they made a flanking attack on the smoke bomb, carefully laying their hoses around the perimeter of the parade square, the Guardsmen went on with their drill. ★

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The Bitter Battle Over Fluoridation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

them suffer with what Dr. W. L. Hutton, of Brantford, Ont., describes as "fluorophobia." They publicize their cause by writing letters to the newspapers, speaking out at public meetings, running advertisements on radio and in the newspapers, buttonholing civic officials and distributing their literature to editors, radio broadcasters, columnists and to private residences.

Dr. Don Gullett, the secretary of the Canadian Dental Association, has observed, "Pro-fluoridation spokesmen, for the most part, have been reputable health authorities. As for the anti-fluoridationist, he's generally unknown and unqualified."

In Toronto, for example, the Board of Health recommendation in favor of fluoridation was turned down in 1952, 1953 and 1954. This year, the City Council has suggested that the Toronto Metropolitan area conduct a plebiscite on the issue. A major factor in this virtual failure has been the fear created in the public mind by the Citizens' Fluoridation Investigating Committee and its successor, the Pure Water Committee of the Better Living Society. As far as can be learned no more than thirty people are active in both these committees.

Posters With Half-truths

The organizer of this latter group is George MacMillan, a man of about forty who conducts a store which sells unrefined sugar and flour and vegetable juices—all recommended as preventives of tooth decay. Another leader is an elderly physician, Dr. W. J. McCormick. Neither of these men has engaged in extensive scientific research regarding water fluoridation. One of the activities of this group has been distributing thousands of cards showing statistically that since fluoridation was introduced in the city of Newburgh, N.Y., in 1942, the death rates from cancer and heart disease have gone up while in the neighboring non-fluoridated city of Kingston, these same diseases have remained constant. A comparison of these figures with the official statistics issued by the New York State Department of Health shows that they have been grossly distorted. The death rates in Kingston and Newburgh between 1942-1953 show little difference, certainly no variation that could be scientifically attributed to fluoridation.

Another piece of literature used by the Pure Water Committee was written by McCormick. In this article, McCormick quotes Dr. Harold K. Box, of the University of Toronto faculty of dentistry, as saying that he found an "appalling" amount of disease of the gums among people who drank fluoridated water for long periods of time. It is true that Box is not enthusiastic about fluoridated water. But when I interviewed him he told me that at the time he was consulted by McCormick he had done no research relating to fluoridation and periodontal (gum) disease; furthermore, he is in no way authorized McCormick to publicize what were, at the best, his clinical impressions. Yet Box's name has been used to support the anti-fluoridationist cause in letters-to-the-editor and pamphlets in practically every town and city in Canada.

In Vancouver, one of the outspoken opponents of fluoridation is the Rev. Herbert Robinson, the forty-eight-year-old pastor of Covenant Taber-

nacle, located at 112 West Broadway. Besides preaching sermons against fluoridation, Robinson is the author of a mimeographed pamphlet entitled Fluorides—The Poisoning of A Whole Race. This curious conglomeration of misinformation contains the surprising news that fluoridation is a Communist plot to wipe out Canada and the United States by poisoning our water supplies. Among the literature Robinson sends out is a rabid anti-fluoridationist tract by Dr. E. H. Bonner, of Ohio. When the American Medical Association looked into Bonner's past

they could find no record of his educational and professional background. What they did learn though, was that he was wanted by the FBI: he had escaped from the Elgin (Illinois) State Mental Hospital, where he had been a patient for a year.

Robinson states that much of his information about fluoridation comes from friends who are chiropractors, herbalists and naturopaths. This latter group has struck some effective blows against fluorine. Harold Weir, a Vancouver Sun columnist who opposes fluoridation, told me that at the be-

ginning of his campaign against fluoridation, he quoted freely from material supplied him by naturopaths. "Later I had reason to suspect that some of their . . . disease statistics may have been slanted . . . some of their facts obsolete and a few of them downright dishonest." Weir is still opposed to fluoridation.

In Regina, fluoridation has been bitterly debated for some years and finally defeated in a plebiscite last fall. The leader of the anti-fluoridationist forces was Lulu Barr, an ex-nurse who works as a stenographer. Miss Barr



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Some "anti's" blame fluoridation for sex crimes, idiocy, holes in the head

is a vegetarian, an exponent of the discredited "Koch treatment" for cancer, and an opponent of vaccination. She and her followers swung into action when the city council called for tenders for the necessary fluoridation equipment. Council had already voted in favor of the measure on the recommendation of the Board of Health, the local medical and dental societies and the provincial minister of health. Members of council were suddenly besieged with phone calls and presented with petitions. Posters containing half-truths and falsehoods appeared throughout the city.

Regina homes were flooded with anti-fluoridationist tracts, particularly those of Dr. Charles Betts, an American dentist from Ohio who received his degree in 1900. Betts for many years has made a business of selling unscientific pamphlets on medical topics. He has set himself up as an expert on the alleged poisonous qualities of aluminum cooking utensils. He takes pride in his membership in the American Association of Medico-Physical Research—an organization which, according to the American Medical Association bureau of investigation, is made up of "quacks, cultists and faddists." According to Dr. A. E. Chegwin, the director of dental services for Saskatchewan, the anti-fluoridationists kept feeding the Regina public with false morbidity and mortality statistics. Regina is still without fluoridation.

In Yorkton, Sask., fluoridation has been delayed as the result of vigorous campaigning on the part of various

citizens, none of them scientific or medical authorities. The fatal blow was delivered at a town council meeting in April 1953. Lawrence Ball, president of the Ball Cartage Company and former head of the local board of trade, delivered an impassioned address claiming that fluoridation is a first attempt at socialized medicine; that socialism is just one step from communism and that "hundreds and thousands of people died fighting for democracy." Another spokesman, businessman Art Mills, stated, "In Grand Rapids, Michigan, where they've had fluoridation for the past number of years, heart disease has been increased by fifty percent." This figure has been repeatedly denied by Dr. W. B. Prothro, director of public health in that city. The correct figures are easy to get.

The anti-fluoridationists have shown a remarkable lack of restraint in espousing their cause. Myrtle Gooch, head of the anti-fluoridationists in Winnipeg, speaks of this measure as "a mass brainwashing. This thing is evil—in the full Satanic sense of the word." In various other communities, fluoridation has been held responsible for killing pet birds and fish, crimes of a sexual nature, idiocy, infant mortality, ruined plumbing and "holes in the head." In Saskatoon, it was argued in anti-fluoridationist literature that fluoridation is not a fit subject for a plebiscite because "We don't vote on things like murder, theft, rape, atheism, communism or abortion." Saskatoon's Mayor John McAskill, after studying anti-fluoridation literature and claims,

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remarked, "It's like something out of the Dark Ages."

Westview, B.C., eighty miles north of Vancouver, is a village of 3,700 people, mostly employees of the Powell River Company paper mill. A few years ago the Powell River District Fluoridation Committee was set up with the aim of fluoridating the water supplies in that district. It appeared that they were moving toward the achievement of their purpose. The measure had the backing of local health officials. But last December the proposal was turned down by a vote of 669 to 238. How did this happen?

Beaten by a Press Agent

Fluoridation was defeated in Westview largely through the efforts of one man, G. E. Smith, a forty-three-year-old paper-mill worker. Originally a member of the fluoridation committee, Smith changed his mind and withdrew. Between February and December he devoted several hours a week fighting fluoridation. He gave speeches, wrote letters to the paper and distributed hundreds of pamphlets. Much of the literature was unadulterated unscientific trash.

One booklet bears the name of Charles Elliot Perkins who claims to be a biochemist, physiologist and to be "internationally known for his original discoveries in cancer research." Perkins' name does not appear in the membership rolls of any recognized professional association of biochemists or physiologists. No degrees follow his name. His writings on cancer have never appeared in any reputable cancer journal. What he has written on cancer has been described by the American Cancer Society as "a mass of undocumented theories." About the only thing that is definitely known about

Perkins, who is also president of the Fluoridation Education Society, Washington, is that he once served as the press agent for a Washington hotel. By enlisting such means, Westview's Smith is able to boast that "The entire expense of my anti-fluoridation campaign was thirty-three dollars."

The fact that the public finds it difficult, if not impossible, to differentiate between the pronouncements of reputable scientific authorities on the one hand and pseudo-scientists on the other makes the task of the anti-fluoridationist relatively simple. The experiences of Yarmouth, N.S., make a case in point. Here, too, fluoridation has been defeated largely through the efforts of one man—Mayor Willard Allen.

In Yarmouth, the fight for fluoridation was started in 1952 by a group of dentists. Medical groups in the region gave their approval and individual doctors and dentists gave talks to various clubs about the advantages of fluoridation. It was at this time that Mayor Allen declared himself opposed to fluoridation. "I made a very exhaustive study of all the angles involved," he explains, "and then turned it down."

Allen's "exhaustive study" consisted chiefly of sending away to various American sources for an assortment of leaflets and booklets. He rubber-stamped these "Yarmouth Citizens' Anti-Fluoridation Committee" and distributed them widely. His efforts were successful. In February 1953, with the town council divided evenly, the mayor cast the deciding ballot against fluoridation. Since that time, Allen has kept up his campaign.

What is the literature that Allen has been earnestly recommending? Prominent in his list are the publications of the Lee Foundation for Nutritional

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Research, Milwaukee. This organization is headed by a Dr. Royal Lee, a dentist who has never practiced. One of his main activities is the distribution and sale of anti-fluoridation literature. To anyone interested, he will send a thick catalogue listing hundreds of pamphlets, give-away sheets and books selling anywhere from five cents to \$3.50. This latter volume describes how fluorine decimated the stock of a chinchilla breeder in Oregon.

Lee himself has an interesting history. In 1940 the U. S. Federal Drug Administration charged him with mak-

ing false claims for "Catalyn," a vitamin preparation which he promised would remedy goitre, Bright's disease, falling hair, "restless sleep," St. Vitus's dance and other ailments. He was convicted and fined. What was not mentioned on the label was that Catalyn contained aluminum—a product branded in many of Lee's pamphlets as a deadly poison. In 1945 U. S. health authorities ordered Lee's firm, Vitamin Products Company, to go out of business. Again, in 1951, a federal court restrained certain food stores in Los Angeles from distributing his litera-

ture because of its misleading nature. The arguments most frequently used by the anti-fluoridationists are simple ones. They are easily understood and calculated to strike fear deep in the hearts of the average man and woman. Recently, the American Dental Association published Fluoridation Facts, a compendium of the forty-one false assertions most commonly made by the opponents of fluoridation. They also gave the facts, as revealed by the countless studies conducted by the doctors, dentists, biochemists, physiologists, specialists in public health and

medical statisticians. Some of these assertions, along with the scientific comment, are reprinted below:

Fluorine is a poison used to kill rats and insects. It is, but not in the minute concentrations recommended for human consumption—one part chemical to one million parts water. Many substances used by humans are beneficial when used in proper amounts and harmful when used improperly—including ordinary table salt and cortisone. Prof. Joslyn Rogers, an Ontario medico-legal expert, estimates, "A lethal dose of fluoridated water would be ten thousand glasses at one sitting."

Consumed over a long period of time, fluorine produces harmful effects on the human body. For several generations, about three to four million Americans have been drinking water which is naturally fluoridated. No one has been able to find that it has affected their bodies adversely.

Fluorine causes unsightly mottled teeth. Consumed in the recommended quantity, only a very mild degree of mottling occurs in less than ten percent of children. This mottling is so slight that it can only be recognized by dentists with special training. It is not medically harmful.

Fluorine causes or accelerates the growth of cancer and other diseases. Dr. Charles S. Cameron, president of the American Cancer Society, says this claim is sheer nonsense. "Comparing death rates from cancer and heart disease in twenty-eight fluoride cities and sixty non-fluoride cities has shown no difference in the rates."

Fluoridation endangers the lives of the chronically ill. After extensive surveys the authoritative U. S. Commission on Chronic Illness reported: "There is no definite evidence that the continued consumption of drinking water containing 1 p.p.m. sodium fluoride is in any way harmful to the health of adults or those suffering from chronic illness of any kind."

Fluoridation Facts, citing the most authoritative scientific sources, goes on to affirm that properly fluoridated water does not harm the kidneys or other internal organs; does not cause diseases of the gums; does not make the bones brittle; does not ruin plumbing; does not cause skin disease. Furthermore, as the more rabid anti-fluoridationists have asserted, it would not be possible for an enemy with one twist of the wrist to flood an entire city with poisonous fluorides and kill off the entire population. To pollute a million gallons of water to the point where it would produce serious symptoms in the people consuming it would require no

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less than four tons of sodium fluoride. Since an area like Metropolitan Toronto uses about 150 million gallons of water on a hot summer day, it would take 600 tons of sodium fluoride to contaminate it. It seems hardly possible that saboteurs would attempt to rely on tons of bulky sodium fluoride when an ounce of deadly botulinus toxin would have a much more lethal effect.

Another point is established by the American Dental Association—fluoridation does not constitute mass medication. When dentists and physicians speak of medication they refer to the administration of remedies to treat or cure a given condition. Fluorine does not constitute a remedy; it does not treat an existing disease. Fluoridation supplies a normal constituent found in human teeth and makes fluorine conveniently and safely available in the proper amounts for the development of decay-resistant teeth.

Just how a handful of zealous and energetic people can create public confusion and fear about fluoridation is well illustrated by what has been happening in Toronto. There, probably a dozen men and women have withheld the benefits of fluoridation from more than one million people for the last two years or more.

Whose Survey Was Accurate?

The leader of the Toronto anti-fluoridationists, George MacMillan, is a friendly wholesome-looking man in his late thirties, of average height and build. At work his customary attire is an immaculate white short-sleeved jersey, carefully pressed white trousers and black sandals. One cannot but be impressed by the sincerity of his convictions about fluoridation. "The only way to prevent tooth decay is through proper nutrition," he says. He recommends the kind of foods sold in his store—unrefined flour, sugar and honey; fruit and vegetable juices; and various vitamin and mineral compounds. He is the founder of the Better Living Society—an organization dedicated to the promotion of "unadulterated food and pure water." The Pure Water Committee of this organization concerns itself with fighting fluoridation.

MacMillan claims that in opposing fluoridation he represents fifty percent or more of the people of Toronto. A Gallup Poll recently showed that in seventy-one Canadian and American cities seventy percent of the people favored fluoridation. MacMillan's polling methods are less scientific than Gallup's. He told me, "Dr. McCormick and I phoned up a whole bunch of people. More than fifty percent of them said they were opposed to fluoridation."

As a rule anti-fluoridationists prefer to conduct their own public-opinion studies. One such survey was described in a newsletter, *The Nationwide Campaigner Against the Fluoridation Fraud*, published in the United States, which McCormick supplied to Maclean's. In this survey, ninety-nine percent of the people were said to be opposed to adding fluorides to the water supply. The question might be described as a loaded one: "Do you favor dumping rat poison in your drinking water supply?"

MacMillan says he started his fight against fluoridation in Toronto in 1953. He and his associates circulated leaflets and postcards to individual houses and left piles of them in beauty parlors and barber shops. They paid particular attention to civic officials, editors and radio broadcasters. In 1953, the group hired a lawyer, supplied him with anti-fluoridationist tracts and had him plead

their case with the Board of Control. The lawyer was eloquent enough to have the controllers turn down a Board of Health recommendation in favor of the measure. The anti-fluoridationists have kept up a hard-hitting campaign. Each year since, the Board of Health has unsuccessfully tried to sell Toronto civic legislators on fluoridation.

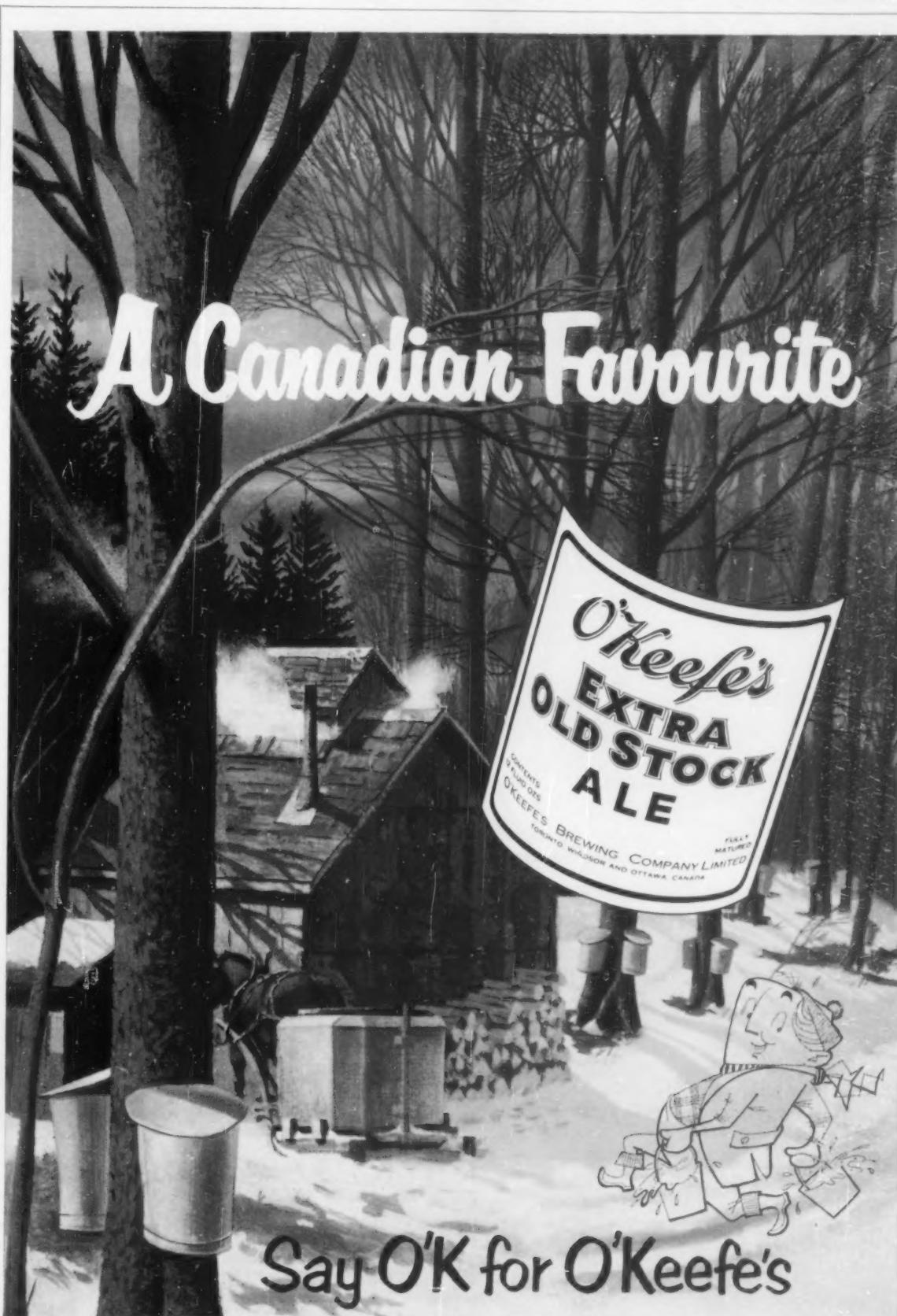
Some of the material presented to the public by the Toronto anti-fluoridationists was misleading. Some was entirely false. One of the most widely distributed pieces was the postcard referred to earlier, containing the twisted

statistics on cancer and heart disease in Newburgh, N.Y., and Kingston, N.Y. The correct figures are easily obtainable from the New York State Department of Health, but MacMillan admits he received his information from an anti-fluoridation group in Passaic, N.J., and didn't bother to verify them.

The letters-to-the-editor written by anti-fluoridationists are often studded with misinformation. Both Dr. McCormick and Clarence Boyle, a Toronto druggist, wrote letters to the papers to the effect that between 1945 and 1950 Brantford, Ont., with flu-

ridation, only managed to cut down tooth decay among school children by thirty-one percent. Toronto, they said, by improving school dental services and perhaps by observing good food rules, reduced teeth decay by forty-five percent. Hence, they claimed, the Brantford program was a failure.

These facts and figures have been used by anti-fluoridationists in scores of American and Canadian cities and towns. Only two comments are necessary. No scientific study comparing dental caries among Toronto and Brantford school children has ever been



dentists. Dr. L. A. Piquagnet, Medical Officer of Health, Toronto, has never heard of one. Neither has Dr. W. Harton, Medical Officer of Health, Beauharnois, nor Dr. F. Kahl, Ontario's Director of Dental Services. Furthermore, such a study would have been impossible to conduct. In a reply since 1948, says Piquagnet, that annual surveys have been kept of dental caries among Toronto's school population. "What evidence is available indicates exactly the opposite of the claims made by the anti-fluoridationists. In 1948, the mean percentage of children

in Toronto schools exhibiting one or more dental defects was 36.5 percent; in 1950 it had increased to 40.2 percent. In fluoridated Beauharnois, dental caries have been reduced by approximately 30 percent in children aged six to eight years between 1948-54, with smaller reductions in the older age groups.

But the dentists do hear. When the issue was hotly debated by the Toronto City Council last February, Controller Fred Bond repeated several of the discredited claims.

The anti-fluoridationists extend their influence by feeding their material to

radio and newspaper people. In Toronto, there is a frequent contact between MacMillan and his group and Gordon Sinclair, who broadcasts daily to a large Ontario audience over Toronto's CFBR. Sinclair has repeatedly swallowed anti-fluoridationist claims. He has repeated the completely false statement that cancer and heart disease has jumped in fluoridated Newburgh, N.Y. He has passed on the results of the unauthoritative and probably nonexistent study comparing school children's teeth in Toronto and Beauharnois.

On one occasion, MacMillan de-

livered a can of sodium fluoride to Sinclair's studio just before broadcast time. Sinclair read the contents of the label over the air, to the effect that sodium fluoride was poison and that it was used to kill cockroaches and rats. He omitted saying that it was harmless when diluted with a million parts of water. In one broadcast Sinclair referred to the seventy-five-year-old director of the Health League of Canada, Dr. Gordon Bates, a staunch advocate of fluoridation, as "a tired and ageing doctor who is not too well . . . whose ideas haven't changed in forty years."

Commenting on Sinclair's emotional outbursts against fluoridation, Dr. Wesley Dunn, editor of the Canadian Dental Association Journal, says, "A radio announcer with the means at his disposal may in less than two minutes insult the integrity and sincerity of our most scientific group by accusing them of condoning the 'shoveling of rat poison into our water supply.'"

Sinclair is not the only publicist who accepts the charges of the anti-fluoridationists without cavil. A typical column written by Harold Weir, columnist of the Vancouver Sun, states that in certain cities fluoridation has been abandoned after "the incidence of heart disease, kidney disease, goitre, ulcers, anemia, abortion and various other ailments showed an alarming increase." No places are named, no statistics are given because these charges cannot be authoritatively substantiated. Similarly, Harold Horwood, who writes a regular feature called Political Notebook for the largest newspaper in Newfoundland, the St. John's Evening Telegram, recently warned his readers that "if you don't wake up and do something about it, within a few months you may be getting poison from the water tap of your kitchen . . .".

Apart from describing fluoridated water as a poison (which it isn't) Horwood leaves the reader in doubt as to whether fluoridated water really does prevent tooth decay. But there are scores of carefully documented studies showing how fluoridation has saved the teeth of thousands of children in towns and cities in Canada and the United States.

Some of the hardest blows against fluoridation have been struck by the reputable Toronto Globe and Mail. Late in 1953 this influential daily, with a circulation then of 239,000, published a series of eight articles by Betty Lee, a staff reporter. These were later widely distributed in booklet form under the title, Fluoridation—Boon or Blunder? According to a spokesman for the paper, the purpose was to present fairly all the facts to the public before Toronto went ahead with fluoridation of its water supply. But the evidence suggests that, at least on this one occasion, the usually reliable Globe and Mail failed to achieve impartiality. Today, copies of the booklet can be found in the proselytizing kits of anti-fluoridationists all over Canada and the United States. The reason is that all eight articles add up to a one-sided argument against fluoridation. If they were fairly researched, this could hardly have been the result.

The vast majority of published studies in the field favor fluoridation; so do the vast majority of doctors, dentists, biochemists, physiologists and other specialists who have worked on the problem. Yet the Globe and Mail series chose to ignore the large number of qualified scientists who were pro-fluoridationist and concentrate on the few who were anti-fluoridationist.

The objectivity of Betty Lee's articles was evidently doomed from the beginning. Miss Lee's adviser in this project was the sixty-five-year-old Prof. Box, of the University of Toronto fac-



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ulty of dentistry. At the time Miss Lee was preparing her articles, Box had engaged in no research in the field of fluoridation. Among his professional colleagues, he had the reputation of being strongly opposed to this measure. But he supervised her research and supplied her with much of her material.

Among the authorities used to lend scientific weight to Boom or Blunder? the name of Dr. Charles Dillon appears no fewer than sixteen times. Dillon is introduced to the readers as an experienced Scottish research dentist and a distinguished biochemist whose studies were centred in the English town of South Shields which has naturally fluoridated water. According to Dillon, the residents of South Shields suffer with an unsightly mottling of their teeth and they suffer a great tooth loss between the ages of thirty-one and forty because of periodontal diseases brought on by fluorine.

British health authorities don't share the *Globe and Mail's* enthusiasm for Dillon or his results. Dr. I. D. Leitch, Medical Officer of Health for the County Borough of Shields, writes, "I don't know of any Dr. Dillon practicing dentistry hereabouts." Dr. J. R. Forrest, dental officer of the British Ministry of Health, writes, "Unfortunate importance is being attached to his views. He is not a biochemist, neither has he any qualifications in medicine or chemistry. He is only a practicing dentist in Fort William in the north of Scotland. His only connection with South Shields is a study he made, at most, of forty-two teeth extracted in that town."

Witnesses Were Neglected

Actually there is a vast amount of authoritative material available about dental health in South Shields. A certain Dr. Robert Weaver, known as "the research dentist of South Shields," studied the teeth of four thousand children in South Shields and later reported his results in the *British Dental Journal*. Mottling presented no serious problem, he found. As for periodontal disease, Prof. Angus M. Thomson, of Aberdeen University, describes Dillon's observations as "absolute rubbish." He writes, "Radiographs of teeth in fluoride and controlled areas have been made by the thousands, and hundreds of extracted teeth have been examined in that section. No charges, such as he describes, have been noted." Regarding tooth loss, Dr. J. R. Forrest found that nine percent of adults (up to 35) in fluoridated South Shields wore dentures; in non-fluoridated North Shields thirty-five percent required dentures.

The other authorities most frequently quoted by the *Globe and Mail* were Professors Margaret and H. V. Smith, chemists from the University of Arizona; Dr. Alfred Taylor, a biochemist from the University of Texas; Gustav W. Rapp, an American pharmacist; and Dr. V. O. Hurme, a Boston dentist. All these people have one thing in common. They were members of a small group of scientific witnesses who appeared before a congressional committee in 1952—the so-called Delaney Committee—and offered testimony which was either anti-fluoridationist or could be used as such by anyone wishing to do so. A much larger group of reputable scientists, representing the most important medical and dental societies, have testified strongly in favor of fluoridation. The newspaper virtually neglected these witnesses.

Regarding the anti-fluoridationist witnesses, the American Dental Association has commented, "They acknowledged that they spoke only for

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themselves . . . and they personally carried out no experiments that could disprove the beliefs of those who had performed fluoridation research. Several of these witnesses had not made studies of significant magnitude dealing with fluoridation and did not appear to have adequate background or relevant experience as experts in this matter."

Who were some of these witnesses who have later been quoted by the anti-fluoridationists? Dr. Alfred Taylor, of the University of Texas, undertook a study with mice comparing the role of

cancer growth and fluoridated water. Before he reviewed his own data carefully or published them in a scientific journal, he leaked out the news to Miss Marion Lyon, of Geneva, N.Y., a noted opponent of fluoridation, that fluoridated water accelerated cancer growth. A U.S. Public Health Research team went over Taylor's work and sharply ruled out the possibility that fluoridated water in a concentration of one in ten parts per million concentration was a factor in cancer growth. So did the Texas State dental officer in an article in the Texas Dental Journal.

Dr. Chauncey Leake, vice-president of the University of Texas and himself a highly respected scientist, wrote publicly expressing regret over the incident and making it plain that there is no danger from cancer through drinking fluoridated water.

Dr. Gustav W. Rapp, of the Loyola University school of dentistry, Chicago, has been repeatedly quoted as offering evidence against fluoridated water. Rapp did no such thing. In a paper he prepared for the dental profession he made certain observations as a biochemist on the toxic qualities

of the chemical. This did not refer specifically to water at the concentration of one part per million. Rapp has recently written to a colleague, "My article written in 1950 did not take sides in the domestic water fluoridation argument." Regarding the use made of his work by many anti-fluoridationists, he comments, "It is typical that such people quote out of context when they refer to another person's work."

Commenting on the expressed views of Dr. V. O. Burne, the Missouri State Medical Association, which conducted an extensive review of all the published literature in fluoridation, observer: ". . . His use of such terms as 'mass medication' and 'compulsory procedures reveals an emotional bias which casts doubt on his objectivity. He produces no evidence that fluoridation is either dangerous or effective . . ."

Another name that frequently appears in *Boon or Blunder?* is that of Dr. A. L. Miller, a U.S. Congressman who was a member of the Delaney Committee. A former Nebraska state health officer, Miller achieved notoriety in 1952 by a certain speech he made on the floor of the Congress. He began by stating that in 1944 there were 585 deaths from heart disease in the city of Grand Rapids, Mich. In 1945, Grand Rapids introduced fluoridation; by 1949, he stated, there were 1,059 deaths due to heart disease to say nothing of a fifty percent increase in mortality in nephritis and intra-cranial lesions. What Miller failed to explain was that his 1944 figures related to the city of Grand Rapids while his 1949 figures included all of Kent County, of which Grand Rapids is only a part. This false statement has been repeated all over the world. It still crops up in letters-to-the-editor columns in Canadian newspapers, although Dr. W. B. Prothro, director of public health, Grand Rapids, has repeatedly labeled it as "phony" for the last three years and has made available official health statistics. These show, for instance, that in the city of Grand Rapids deaths from heart disease dropped by nearly thirteen percent between 1944 and 1949.

Copies of the *Globe and Mail* series of articles, *Boon or Blunder?*, have been used effectively in Winnipeg, Yorkton, and Regina where fluoridation has been bitterly contested. Quotations from *Globe and Mail* editorials appear in the rabid publications of the Rodale Press, of Emmaus, Pa.—an organization that has made a business of selling anti-fluoridation literature. *Globe and Mail* material has appeared in Halifax and Dartmouth, N.S., where fluoridation has either been blocked completely or held up. Yarmouth, N.S., defeated fluoridation by a single vote of its town council. It is significant that the local paper, the *Yarmouth Light*, has made use of *Globe and Mail* editorials and cartoons opposing fluoridation.

In Toronto the small hard core of anti-fluoridationists receives support from various groups and individuals in

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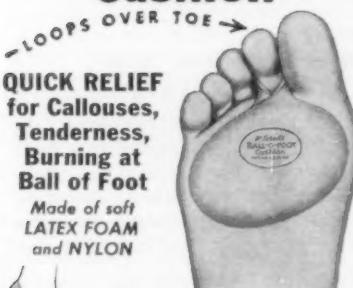
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the community when the issue becomes alive. The chiropractors, for example, are willing allies. Dr. Fred Wertheimer, chief of the dental section, Michigan Department of Public Health, has stated that opposing fluoridation offers the chiropractors "a golden opportunity" to publicize themselves and their services. Members of that profession have helped the cause in Toronto by writing letters-to-the-editor. For example, D. C. Sutherland, a Toronto chiropractor, recently wrote to a local paper that "hardening of the tooth enamel is pathological and the first symptom of mild poisoning."

Fantastic and ludicrous anti-fluoridation charges often appear in chiropractic publications. Writing in one such publication for distribution in Ontario, A. E. Homewood, administrative dean of the Canadian Memorial Chiropractic College, Toronto, has repeated the canard that the death rates have jumped in Grand Rapids, Mich. He also repeats a piece of nonsense from Americanism Bulletin, a little-known anti-fluoridation paper published by W. D. Herrstrom, of Faribault, Minn. Herrstrom said that fluoridation of drinking water gives a lethal weapon to saboteurs; that it has been used in several countries to weaken the will of the people; that it makes people susceptible to hypnosis. Homewood urges chiropractors, as a profession, to oppose fluoridation on the basis of such data. "Only by standing up for the things that we are sure are right will we as a profession gain the respect and prestige to which we feel we are entitled."

Millions of New Cavities

At times, the Pure Water Committee of Toronto has attracted various supporters such as the Toronto Covenant Men's Club and The Tree of Fellowship. This latter group is headed by C. H. Schine, who formerly ran a health food shop on Yonge Street. Asked about the membership of his fellowship he replies, "I've got eight hundred people in England behind me."

Alliances of various anti-fluoridation groups take place whenever the local situation requires it. In Vancouver, the Rev. Herbert Robinson's views have been shared by herbalists, naturopaths, and practitioners in mental and spiritual healing. An active worker in the campaign has been John Cullen, of "the Pure Food Guild of B. C. Inc." and author of the booklet, *Don't Eat That—It May Be Poison*. In his book Cullen claims that "there does not appear to be any evidence to show that fluoridated water has ever helped or prevented tooth decay." Cullen's articles and calling cards prominently announce that he was formerly a regional food and drug inspector for the Department of National Health and Welfare. According to a spokesman for the department, his affiliation ended with the department a few years ago. He was employed at a time when little or no academic or professional training was required of inspectors.

The same story of small minority groups blocking fluoridation by laying down a smokescreen of misinformation and half-truths is being repeated in dozens of communities across Canada. Their real victims are Canadian children. Millions of new cavities are being added to children's teeth each year; millions of youngsters are unnecessarily losing permanent teeth each year.

Fluoridation isn't the final answer to tooth decay, but it's the best answer yet. As long as the anti-fluoridationists are able to win over civic leaders by means of false statistics, an expensive and unnecessary dental tragedy will continue. ★

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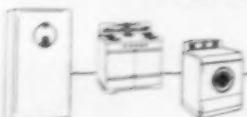
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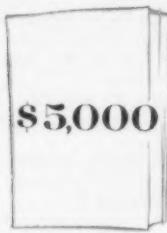
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The man with the coat

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN



Annie fell asleep. Harry kissed her gently, and left.

have fifteen thousand dollars' worth of the stock, trusting him for a few days. If he would the bank might take it as security at the present market price for a very short-term loan. "But, Scotty, wouldn't you have to get the approval of God Almighty for such a loan?" Smiling, Scotty said, "That's right, and it's a good thing," and he thought it over. "Of course, bank loans are made as much on reputation as on security, you know, Harry. I don't know. I'd have to think it over. You have a good reputation. Anyway, it would be up to the head office. Don't let me build you up. But why don't you see if you can get the stock?" And he had said, "I can get the stock all right, Scotty. But for heaven's sake, why don't you go to a broker and buy some for yourself?" Holding up both hands and smiling broadly, Scotty had said, "Don't talk about me now. Very much against the rules, you know, Harry. Anyway, I'm broke. Harry, I'll think it over—yes—no harm in that—I'll see if it's worth while sounding out the head office. If it is, I'll call you." But he hadn't expected to hear from Scotty.

The next day Scotty had telephoned him and asked him to see if he could get the stock. McCance had been willing to wait a few days for payment. A day later Scotty had phoned and asked him to come in again, and he had, and Scotty told him the loan had been approved. So he had paid McCance at once for the shares, and then he had come back and gone out for lunch with Scotty at Drury's. Afterwards when they were crossing the square in the bright crisp sunlight some pigeons had come waddling toward them on the walk and he had thrown an empty cigarette pack at them, and then Scotty had said quietly, "As for me, Harry, I may have been of some service to you, how would you like to let me have five thousand of those shares now the thing's gone through?" "How would I like to?" And he laughed, hiding his embarrassment, as he wondered uneasily if this had been in Scotty's mind from the beginning. Not that he minded him getting the shares. He felt taken in, and he didn't

like it. "Of course, they're yours," he said. "You can pay me for them when you're able to."

After the collapse of the stock, bank officials and then detectives started asking questions. They said Scotty had fraudulently misrepresented the security on the loan to the head office. One night Scotty came to see him and told him he was going to be arrested. "I've heard it said there's a bit of larceny in everybody, Scotty," he said harshly, and he started in to abuse him brutally for getting him involved in the fraud. But Scotty, standing at the door, looked like a beaten old man. When he came in he wouldn't take off his overcoat and when he sat down in the chair by the window there were two little pads of snow on the toes of his rubbers. "All right, Scotty, this is all yours," he said, but he couldn't take his eyes off the toes of those old-fashioned rubbers.

"Harry, listen to me," Scotty pleaded. "I've told them you're not involved at all. I've told them I was trying to be big and do you a favor, and you're blameless. The blame is all mine and I've taken it. All you need to do is tell the truth," he said.

"Why did you do it, Scotty? I'd have bet my life on you."

Looking bewildered Scotty said slowly, "I don't know, Harry. I got thinking it over and for just a few days I lost my head. Money in chunks never seemed to come my way and I was handling it all the time, Harry." And their eyes met and he knew Scotty had been corrupt about the thing from the beginning. Then he looked away. It was a painfully embarrassing moment for they had been friends, and he was sure he knew what had happened to Scotty: in the last two years he had spent too much time in the company of promoters and entertainers who sat in Dorfman's and talked about throwing their money around, and they had made him feel poor. "It seemed to be such a sure thing, Harry," Scotty said. "The kind of thing that always happens to a guy like you and not to me. I believed in your luck and you, Harry, and wanted to

get in on it, don't you see?"

"No I don't," he said, but he did, and it upset him. It was sudden remorse that his own life could charm and seduce a good man like Scotty. He wondered if somewhere along the way he should have lit a candle; there and then he touched wood on the arm of the chair as Scotty watched him with a bitter smile. Then Scotty talked about his wife and children and how he would lose his job and his pension. "There's just one thing, Harry," he said desperately. "About those shares I asked for after the loan. It was after the loan, you know. All they want to know is about getting the loan. If you mention those shares it'll look like a cooked-up deal," and then he patted the top of his grey head nervously. "Anyway, it might look to people—I know that wouldn't stop you—but if you mention it they'll go hard on me. You know my wife, Harry. For the sake of my wife and children."

"Scotty, I've got to tell the truth."

"I know you'll tell the truth, and everybody else knows it. Harry, you don't have to add everything up for them."

"Oh, hell, Scotty," he said, and he was ashamed that a man who had once had so much integrity should be there abjectly pleading with him for the sake of his wife and children. "I'll tell the truth, Scotty, I mean all about getting the loan and where I stood and no more. After all, it's not for me to say what was in your mind."

Facing them all in the witness box he wanted to tell the truth and nothing but the truth as he affirmed he would do taking the oath; then he turned and looked at Scotty, who was watching him with a friendly trusting expression in his eyes, and then he looked to the right of Scotty, under the clock, where his wife was sitting, and he watched her fumbling in her purse for her glasses which she put on, and as she eyed him steadily the fear in her face disturbed him.

Then Henderson asked him who he was and so on. "I want to start right at the beginning with you," and

The man with the coat

he had to tell about the meeting that afternoon on Crescent. He told the whole story as it had happened up until the time he got the loan.

"Now Mr. Lane, I put this to you," Henderson said, hitching at the shoulder of his gown, "when the subject of the loan came up you were sure you were going to make a lot of money, weren't you?"

"Yes, I thought it was a sure thing."

"I put it to you that you and Bowman got together to work out a way of getting this money."

"I don't follow you," he said uneasily.

"Tell us how you got together on it."

"After listening to me it seemed to him that I would be silly if I didn't go after a loan and make some real money."

"Did you hold out any inducement to him to make the loan?"

"I did not."

"And he was only trying to be helpful with business advice in his field."

"Like any other businessman, I suppose, he saw that I ought to be able to make a lot of money."

"You mean like a banker looking for business?"

"No, it was just a businessman's observation, I thought."

"Then he suggested a loan?"

"Well, he smiled and said banks made loans."

"Did you offer him any inducement at all to make such a loan?"

"None at all. He offered to look into it."

"When did he tell you his head office wanted twice the security that you could get?"

"Well, the truth is," Harry said reluctantly, "he never told me."

"You mean you thought you were meeting all the requirements?"

"Well, he had said that reputation was as important as security to a bank. They both added up to the loan."

"Hm," Henderson said, with his dry old smile. "So he didn't tell you about his little difficulty with the head office. A most helpful friend," and then he turned to Ouimet. "Your witness."

Smiling politely Ouimet came close to Harry and he had cold sharp eyes. In one hand he was twisting a little gold knife on a gold chain, and the hand was thin and pale. His hair was clipped tight at the temples to conceal the greyness. They had known each other casually for two years, but Harry had never felt any real friendliness in him, and they had shied away from each other. Ouimet was a strict Catholic, a French-Canadian Jansenist, and in his private life he had a

making six thousand a year, admired you?"

"I knew he liked me, as I liked him."

"And being fond of sport you knew that he had a naïve admiration for champions, sporting figures and great entertainers, the kind of people you ran into every day, and did you ask him why he didn't drop into Dorfman's?"

"I knew he would like sitting around listening to the gossip."

"In this world of easy money, I suppose this bank manager was impressed by these celebrated figures, and Dorfman's is a famous old expensive restaurant catering to the elite, isn't it?" And among the spectators Eddie Adams, Haggerty and Ted Ogilvie in their row looked at each other with a new and grave respect.

"He only came there about once a week, and sometimes he brought his wife."

"Of course," Ouimet agreed sympathetically. "It was a little out of his reach, but he felt at home with you and your friends. It was a big thing for him, wasn't it? In truth, between us, wasn't he a little stage-struck?"

"Well, maybe he had a naïve admiration for some famous visiting firemen who weren't good enough to lace his shoes."

"The methodical banker, twenty years older than you, with a wife and two children, living in the suburbs, was secretly stage-struck, wouldn't you say?"

"Any time I was ever around," Harry said, wondering at how Ouimet had got so close to the truth, "I could see that he was liked and respected for what he was in himself."

"I see," Ouimet said, leaning amiably on the rail of the jury box so he could join with the jurors in watching Harry. "To come back to this rainy day . . ."

"It wasn't raining, it was snowing a little."

"Oh, that's it. You want to be accurate. Good. You had just come from a funeral parlor. No?"

"That's true. Old Professor McLean had died."

"And when you ran into Mr. Bowman what did you say you had been doing in the funeral parlor?"

"You want me to remember the jokes?" Harry asked impatiently, and Henderson rose and said he didn't see the relevancy of the question, and Ouimet protested sharply that it had to do with the character of the witness. "I'm not sure myself where this is leading," the judge said, and he started to cough. His left nostril began to run and he wondered why he had wasted his time trying a preventive like lemon juice and baking soda. "Continue, continue," he said irritably.

he saw the places and did the things Bowman only dreamed about," Ouimet protested.

"Well, only as to his credibility," the judge said. "Never mind these beautiful pictures of the witness."

"Only as to his credibility," Ouimet said, turning to Harry. "You've told your good admiring and stage-struck friend, who happens to be a banker, that you need money, eh?"

"Quite the opposite. I told him I was going to make some money, and he saw how I could make a lot more."

"And finally he mentioned the loan, eh? That is to say, you let him mention it first. That's good salesmanship, isn't it?"

"What was I supposed to be selling?"

"Isn't that the art of letting the customer come to you?" Ouimet asked blandly.

"I wouldn't know. It isn't my style. Naturally, the question of security came up."

"With you raising the obstacles, of course?"

"I saw the objections. Yes."

"You put up the obstacles, and he came leaping over them—should I say eagerly?"

"No, you should be accurate. Let's say there seemed to be no objections to him."

"Let's get the picture straight," Ouimet said with an amused smile. "This banker influenced you to take a loan from him?"

"He didn't influence me. I said it was his suggestion."

"And I suppose it was also his suggestion you go to McCance and McCance would let you have the stock, trusting you?"

"Well, yes, he did," Harry said reluctantly.

"And you would have been shocked if he had told you he hadn't got the loan approved?"

"There wouldn't have been any loan."

"He was afraid to tell you the money was tainted—afraid you'd let him down by not taking it?"

"If that's the way you want to put it."

"Really," Ouimet said softly, and then he turned to the jury and some of them tried not to smile. Harry looked around and saw that they all believed that in trying to protect himself he had gone too far and was willing to blame Scotty for everything. In the last row of spectators his own friend Ted Ogilvie, astonished and disappointed, had leaned close to Eddie Adams to whisper, and Scotty's wife, her mouth trembling, had turned to the elderly man, who held her arm restrainingly. Nobody believed him. Bewildered, he turned half pleading as he looked at Mollie Morris at the press table. Leaning back in her chair she tapped her teeth with her pencil, and as their eyes met she slumped in her chair and let her chin fall on her chest, dejected.

"Mr. Bowman will stand here and tell exactly the same thing," he said angrily.

"Are all your friends anxious to do you favors?"

"I don't go around with my hat in my hand," he said straightening up with his distinguished air. But someone had snickered. There was a little titter and the titter spread and there was a scraping of feet and everybody was smiling. Banging his gavel the judge threatened to have the courtroom cleared. Turning suddenly Harry stared at Scotty, the whole swing of his body angry and challenging. But Ouimet took advantage of this deftly, "Oh, let me reassure you," he said sarcastically, "Mr. Bowman may still believe that all the suggestions came from him, even if he's somewhat bewildered at how it could happen that he found himself doing—shall we call it—this favor?"

"At no time did I ask him to do me a favor."

"Oh, come now, surely by this time you'll have to admit that Bowman was trying to help you out—just a little—be generous."

"As I understood it," Harry said doggedly, "it was a loan to be acceptable to the bank in every way. Who gets loans from the bank by way of a favor? Is that the only way you, yourself, can get a loan?"

"Ah, now, let me ask the questions."

"Well, stop distorting everything I say."

"The witness shouldn't lose his temper," the judge said mildly.

"Let's go on," Ouimet said softly. "You admit you didn't use money as a bait?"

"I certainly didn't. It wasn't at all necessary." Taking out his handkerchief he wiped his mouth. It felt dry, and he moistened his lips, and said truthfully, "I asked if it was to be a regular loan, an approved loan, and it was as far as I was concerned."

"You didn't use money as a bait—but you did use friendship, knowing this stage-struck manager believed completely in his distinguished friend."

"If I'm supposed to be the distinguished friend, that's absurd." And then he added slowly, "Mr. Bowman is a shrewd man—a banker—a much shrewder businessman than I am."



"I don't go around with my hat in my hand,"
Harry said. Then someone snickered

spinsterish aloofness from any kind of self-indulgence and Harry had always felt he disapproved of him.

"What is your occupation, Mr. Lane?" he asked gently.

"I'm the public-relations director for the Sweetman Distillery."

"And your job, I take it, is to promote goodwill," and he smiled, making a joke. "Should I say to soften people up?"

"No, you shouldn't say it."

"Then I apologize. But a man to be successful at your job would have to be affable, know everybody, have a winning personality, be persuasive."

"A man with those qualities would do well even in the legal profession," Harry said, smiling.

"But they are the necessary qualities for your job, I take it. Now how long have you known Mr. Bowman?"

"About three years I think."

"How did you come to meet him?"

"One day I was in the bank with a friend and I was introduced to him and then on and off I would see him at the ball games or at the hockey games and sometimes at the fights."

"He was very fond of sport and you were too. Was that the basis of your friendship?"

"No, I liked him the first time I met him. He had a kind of dignity, a simple integrity, a wonderfully kind open simple friendliness," he said slowly.

"Qualities rarely found in your world, I take it?" Ouimet said dryly.

"Very rare in any world," Harry said simply.

"And you knew that this honest bank manager,

tably. "And speak up, please."

"I joked with Mr. Bowman. I said I was a public-relations man for half the city. About thirty-six old classmates had phoned me, knowing I'd be going to the funeral parlor, and they asked me to sign their names on the book." Everybody snickered. "I hope I wasn't one of those who phoned you," the judge said brightly.

"Not that I recall," he said gravely; then he laughed.

"Your friends are all a bit cynical," Ouimet said.

"No, they knew I'd be at the funeral parlor."

"And they knew you'd go through the cynical performance of making it look to the dead man's family as if they had come to pay their respects."

"Well, I was there, so I wasn't cynical," he said uneasily. Ouimet's little smile and the glitter in his pale-blue eyes made him stiffen. "Well, now you and Mr. Bowman, standing on the street, have joked and you've told your cynical little story. Now how did the subject of the loan come up?"

"Well, I was feeling good. I knew I was going to make some money on the stock. I trusted Mr. Bowman. I told him about it."

"By the way, have you anyone else to support but yourself on your thirteen thousand a year?"

"No, sir."

"A free spender, easy come, easy go, I suppose," Ouimet said indulgently. "You go to New York to see the big fights, and to the world series, and see all the new plays, eh?"

"Now—now—now . . ." the judge warned Ouimet.

"Surely it's important to establish the nature of Bowman's relationship with the witness—the fact that

He couldn't take his eyes off Ouimet's feet. The black and very shiny shoes were very narrow and sharply pointed and Harry despised such shoes.

"A shrewd man," Ouimet said, and his tone changed. Dropping the soft insinuations he came closer, coldly aggressive, and Harry hated him. "If you were a clever man, a little cynical and reckless with money . . ." Ouimet began.

"Now, now," the judge complained. "Counsel should make his speeches to the jury and not to the witness."

"I'm sorry," Ouimet said, bowing deferentially, and then he whirled on Harry. "I put it to you that you were looking for money, that you knew that no bank in town would give you a loan on such security."

"It's not true."

"I suggest to you that you went to work on Bowman and he told you he doubted the head office would approve the loan."

"It's not true."

"And knowing he trusted you completely, didn't you insist that only three or four days were involved and you weren't asking him to take much risk and you wouldn't let him down?"

"It's absolutely untrue," Harry said.

"And didn't you appeal to his friendship and faith in you when he spoke of getting the loan approved by the head office?"

"I did not."

"Don't you see, even now, that you simply took advantage of his strong sense of friendship—that he was a dupe?"

"That he was a dupe—really! Nothing of the kind. There's not a word of truth in it. I tell you I was completely in the dark."

"But now isn't there enough light for you to see that if it could be shown that you collaborated on getting this loan that you'd be here charged with conspiracy?"

"You know why I'm not charged with conspiracy. He'll stand here in his turn and tell you."

"Have you still got that much confidence in your influence over Bowman?" Ouimet asked, smiling as if Harry had said what he wanted him to say. "Well, that's all. Thank you."

But Harry stood there, troubled and yet grim, then half turning to the judge, he hesitated.

"Is there something the witness wishes to say?" the judge asked.

"There is," Harry said, with dignity. "There's one fact that may have been lost sight of and rather deliberately I'm afraid. The root of the whole matter. And it is this: I was not told that this loan did not meet the requirements of the head office and that it had been misrepresented." And as Ouimet got to his feet, protesting, he raised his voice. "And Mr. Bowman will stand here and tell you I was kept absolutely in the dark . . ."

"A speech, this is a speech," Ouimet cried, and in the hubbub the judge pounded his gavel. When Harry stepped down Ouimet, recovering himself, smiled. "I can sympathize with the witness wanting to make a speech to the jury. He seems to think that he and not Mr. Bowman is on trial. Oh, I won't ask that he be recalled," he said, and Harry, after turning belligerently, went to the seat near the door where he had left his overcoat. There he stared at Scotty and waited confidently for him to take the stand.

But Ouimet, having made exactly the impression he wanted to make on the jury, turned blandly to the judge and said almost idly that he wasn't putting Bowman on the stand; he didn't think it was necessary.

Harry half rose, his mouth opened in astonishment; his face turned a dull brick red and he slumped back on the bench while Henderson began his address to the jury.

Reviewing the facts without any harshness, Henderson pointed out that there was no question but that there had been an admission of wrongdoing. The jurors should not be confused in judging the nature of the bank manager's guilt. He had fraudulently misrepresented the loan to the head office. That he might on one particular occasion have been influenced by another man had nothing to do with his guilt or innocence . . . And Harry kept staring at Scotty, despising him. Scotty took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, then his eyes wandered around the room and finally were drawn to Harry. Their eyes met and then it seemed to Harry that Scotty was pleading with him, saying with his eyes, "Please don't be sore. You're established and so well liked and popular. In a little while this won't matter to you." It upset Harry and he waited for Henderson to finish and Ouimet to begin.

Ouimet had a conversational, intimate style. He hardly raised his voice; he took the jurors into his confidence. He talked movingly about Scotty's

family life and how he was respected by everyone who knew him. "Now we come to Harry Lane." Every time he used the name all the spectators turned and looked at Harry thoughtfully. His hands clenched on the seat ahead of him, he kept bending down pressing his chin against his knuckles, his face flushed.

"You saw Harry Lane," Ouimet said. "Of course, he's not the kind of businessman Bowman dealt with every day, a man of charm and grace. Bowman was very fond of this man. If Bowman committed a crime why did he do it? Out of avarice? Oh, no. What was there in it for him? He was very vulnerable to his dashing friend. Now you are men of common sense. At some time in your lives you may have been running around wanting to borrow money. Well, can you really imagine that the idea of a loan came from Bowman, that all the suggestions came from him, that he actually pressed Lane to take the loan when he knew, on the face of it, he was risking his job and his freedom? Does this offend your intelligence? Can't you see him yielding reluctantly to the corrupting pressure of friendship, saying to himself, 'It is only for a few days. He won't let me down.' And why isn't the man who took the advantage here in the dock with Bowman, charged with conspiracy? Because Bowman still retains his pathetic loyalty to him . . . He takes all the blame."

"No," Harry shouted, and he jumped to his feet, his head caught suddenly in the last rays of the sunlight sweating and shining, and crazy anger in his eyes as he glared at Scotty, and he thought Scotty was also going to stand up and protest for he looked ashamed and miserable, but he didn't; he shook his head helplessly. Then Harry turned, his hand up, facing the judge, who had been momentarily startled. And Ouimet, too, had turned indignantly, caught off balance. The words Harry wanted to use were on the tip of his tongue. "I want to be sworn in again. This is a disgrace. I have something more to say. Bowman came to me pleading. He knew he could get shares from me. He asked for them. Let me be sworn in again." But in the moment, the little moment while they were all startled and facing him, his instinct made him aware with a swift frightening clarity of the consequence of such a statement now: it would look as if he had held back through fear of being charged with conspiracy. Ouimet would cry out that Harry Lane should be in the dock too; he had bribed Bowman with the promise of shares; and Bowman still could remain silent, from the beginning he had known if he could get as far as the trial in this way, without being denounced by his friend, free of any resentment or hostility from his friend, his silence could protect him from the sentence he deserved.

While the light suddenly changed in the courtroom as if it were clouding up outside, and the judge cleared his throat angrily and raised his gavel, his face stern, Harry lowered his arm, looking stricken. Swiftly and intelligently he saw his real mistake. His mistake was in the beginning when the police were questioning Scotty, and him too; why didn't I protect myself by denouncing Scotty? I should have been Scotty's accuser. I, as well as the bank, was the victim of his deceit; the police should have had my story. Long before the trial they would have had him face Scotty; as an accuser. Even Ouimet, who was an honorable man, mightn't have tried to pillory him, and Henderson would have been speaking for him as well as for the bank and for justice.

"Order, order," the judge shouted. "I won't have this in my court. You'll be ejected." But Harry, his mouth trembling, hurried toward the door, and the policeman opening it for him watched him go along the corridor where the wet blotches and muddy footprints had all dried, and he saw him stop and wipe his forehead, his hand trembling too.

II

WHEN THE courtroom door opened two hours later three St. Catherine Street businessmen, coming out slowly and putting on their coats, blocked the door, then Mollie came around them hurrying to get ahead of the others. Her beaver coat swung back like a sail and her open goloshes flop-flopped with each long angry stride. She was a very proud woman and she was pale and sick with humiliation because everybody knew she was Harry Lane's girl. She had known him since she was seventeen, although only in the last year had they felt sure they belonged to each other. In the old days he hadn't liked her. Those were the days when her father had spent ten thousand on her coming out at the St. Andrew's Ball. Harry had teased her about her old man being the greatest authority on indecent literature in the city, because the judge used to make speeches on the need of a strong censorship, and he also used to tease her about



"I put it to you that you were looking for money," Ouimet thundered. "It's not true," Harry said.

her mother being a born convener of committees jockeying for social position. In those days they had been very rude to each other.

But when he had come back from the war he had found her working on the Sun, where she had started on the women's page doing society notes, until they had found she had a gift for gay malice and had given her a column, and she had left home and had her own apartment on Bishop, and she seemed like another girl. She could sit with him in the Ritz Bar or in a little joint like Jimmie Aldo's and have her lovely easy laughing tolerance of stockbrokers or old fighters while newspapermen said, "I get a kick out of her. She gives the job a little class, always dressed for high tea."

The flopping of her open goloshes irritated her and she had to stop and bend down to zip them up, but the sound of footsteps behind her coming closer, flustered her and she got up and hurried on. She couldn't bear to hear them talking about Harry. She was really running from her own secret conviction that Harry had the kind of nature that could easily have influenced Scotty, and she tried to hide from this conviction by scolding away at him bitterly in her mind for his jokes about her own sense of prudence, and the way he used to tease her, saying there were two Mollies. There was flighty Mollie, he used to say, the laughing, gay and careless Mollie, very tolerant of everyone, and there was secret, solid, steady Mollie, who always knew exactly what flighty Mollie was doing and let her do all the pretending. Solid steady Mollie watched her bank account carefully, knew the price of everything, never



"I've been framed, Mollie," he said. "Why did you let them do it?" she blurted

had debts and never joked about money and knew how to withdraw and hide at a late party where there was a lot of drinking, and let flighty Mollie drag her home, laughing and protesting, crying, "But I really don't want to go home." She had always had a sneaking respect for the way he saw through her. But not now. The secret solid steady side of her nature was scandalized and angry; yet, with all her heart she wanted to hurry to him.

But when she looked around at the end of the corridor and he wasn't there, she was glad. But then, it wasn't like him to have waited. Outside, the street lights were coming on, the sidewalks were still wet and the air was damp and heavy. It looked like rain. She got a taxi and told the driver to go to the Ritz and she lay back and closed her eyes, thinking, "This could ruin everything for me."

At the Ritz she hurried downstairs to the bar and there he was sitting alone with his Manhattan. It was too early for the cocktail crowd. Both his elbows were on the bar and his chin was cupped in his hands, and she had never seen him look so dejected. Then he turned. "Mollie, what did they do?"

"Gave him four months," she said grimly. "I've been framed, Mollie," he whispered fiercely and he kept clenching and unclenching his fist. His lips were white and the crazy anger in his eyes frightened her. "I've been ruthlessly framed."

"Why did you let them do it?" she blurted out.

"I was on the hook. You saw I was on the hook."

"You could have got right off the hook by telling about those shares Scotty wanted for himself."

"Could I? I stood up there when Ouimet was talking. Even then—well, it was too late. It would look as if I had made a deal with Scotty. All he had to do was keep quiet and who'd believe it wasn't a cooked-up deal, a conspiracy, worse than ever for me. Come on," he said as two strangers came in and sat at the bar. "I'll take you home. People are watching us."

"A fine time to care about anybody watching us," she said, as he took her arm and led her out up to the street. From the hotel to the first corner they were silent and he seemed to think she was sharing his anger; then at the curb he stepped out into six inches of water and slush and as it came up over his ankle he cursed. "I left my goloshes back there in the courtroom."

"Harry, you left more than your goloshes back there."

"Cut it out," he said savagely, but when he had gone on only twenty paces he muttered to himself, "I still can't believe it. For the guy to sit there looking so ashamed. He was hoping for a suspended sentence or what he got, instead of five or seven years he knew he deserved, and he let me be crucified." Then he blurted out, "The cowardly Scotch bastard."

"Harry, from the beginning you were careless."

"How was I careless?"

"I wondered at the time why you didn't do a little more investigating."

"Whoever heard of a man investigating a bank manager who wanted to make him a loan?" he asked angrily. "Am I stupid?"

"Nobody thinks you're stupid."

"Everything I said was absolutely true."

"The truth. Don't you know you can't tell only part of the truth? The thing ends up as a lie. Right at the beginning why didn't you add it up for the judge?"

"At the beginning I was sorry for Scotty. Don't you understand? I was sure he'd go on the stand. An old beat-up friend. Didn't I practically give him a character certificate? I was sure of him. I don't know, his wife was sitting there."

"I was there, too, Harry. Am I not supposed to have any shame?" she asked fiercely. "Why didn't you say to hell with Scotty when he was first arrested?"

"But if Scotty had gone on the stand . . . Look, please stop trying to explain it to me." They kept quiet while they turned down Bishop to her place, an old stone house a half block below Sherbrooke. "It's your optimistic nature, Harry," she said. "It's good and generous, but sometimes I think it blinds you and everybody else, and then it does bad things for everybody."

Following two steps behind her up the stairs he watched the little sway of her hips as he had always done, in spite of his anger, waiting for her to turn and put out her hand as she used to do, and then when her face came into the light on the landing by her door and she fumbled with her key in the lock he saw how thoughtful she was and he felt a sense of dread. Tossing her coat on a chair she went into the kitchen to get him a drink, and as he folded his coat slowly over the same chair a trace of her perfume seemed to be all around him; he could still smell her hair.

The room, done in white with yellow curtains and a black mantel, was spotlessly clean. Everything in the room seemed to join with her to ask him why he hadn't been shrewd and prudent enough to foresee that his compassion for Scotty could only lead to a humiliation. His wet shoes squeaked; his right foot felt icy cold.

"For heaven's sake, Harry," she said, coming from the kitchen with the bottle and glasses. "Why don't you take off those shoes? I suppose it'll help a lot if you get pneumonia."

"I'll keep moving around," he said, and then he turned, stricken. "A man shouldn't go against his own nature, Mollie. That's when he gets hit on the head. It's my nature to be absolutely candid. I've never had to conceal stuff. The trouble was though that it wasn't my nature to kick Scotty any deeper in the gutter than he was. I couldn't. Do you see?" But her back was to him as she poured him a rye on ice. "Well, to faithful old Scotty," he said, taking the glass from her.

"No, to Scotty's faithful friend."

"Oh, cut it out."

"That's right," she said wearily. "Just have a drink." And as she sat down on the chesterfield and lay back with her eyes closed, sighing, her dress tightened across her breasts. He watched her face and it was beautiful. She had a very clear soft skin with a little mole high on her left cheek. He had always liked that little mole. It was a clean well-cut face with a good jaw and chin, but with her eyes closed, and without the laughter that came in them, there was a grimness in it, and he wondered why he had never noticed it before. Then her full red mouth quivered.

"These easy associations," she said wearily. "This fast money. This sticking together. Harry, why should you ever have got involved with Scotty Bowman?"

"Well, he was around. We're people around. We bump against each other. We get to like each other. People."

"People, people. Too many people. It's your business, Harry. All this comes from the rootless kind of life we lead. I do my bright little column and sit around being gay with the boys, and I feel grand, feel I'm not a nobody if some alderman waves at me. I'm twenty-seven, Harry, do you think I want to go on being one of those women no one ever really expects a man to live with, and if she has a husband he darns his own socks and irons his shirts so she can do her work?"

"Well?"

"This can ruin you. How long do you think it's going to take you to live this down?"

"You don't have to live down the truth. What's all this about?"

"It's about you and me," she said fiercely.

"It's Scotty who's going to jail. Not me. They tried to throw some mud on me. Well, I can stand it. Why talk like this to me now?"

"I feel like it now." But she was going to cry and she hated her tears. "A crooked deal, and it looks as if you'd taken advantage of a bank manager and left him in jail. I know what people are like about money. I know what this looks like to respectable people."

"How things look. The appearance of things," he said impatiently. "That's you. Never look under the covers. It's indecent. For heaven's sake, I thought you had left home." And he walked over to the window. It had started to rain. The bare branches of the tree in front of the house were shining in the reflected light from the street lamp. A girl went running down the street holding a newspaper over her head and somewhere a monastery bell was chiming. But he wasn't watching or listening. His head had jerked back, his lips curled a little, then he suddenly rubbed vigorously at the clouded pane.

"What's out there?" she asked impatiently.

"Nothing. It's raining, that's all."

"Then what's on your mind?"

"I don't know. Two weeks ago they were praying for snow in the Laurentians for the skiing. It looked as if the lodges and everybody connected with them were going to be ruined. Then it snowed heavily, didn't it? And they rang the church bells and gave thanks. Now it may rain for a week."

"Harry, what were you thinking?"

"Well," he said, turning to her. "Maybe I was thinking of your people and what they will say."

"I know you never liked them," she said, standing up, "but since you brought them into it I know exactly what my father would say. You won't get sore?"

"No, go on."

"Were you afraid, in the beginning—with the police—of mentioning these shares Scotty asked for, afraid it would look like a deal?" and the pain in her eyes told him she had been trying to hide the doubt in her own mind.

"And you think I was only trying to protect myself? Look, Mollie," and he was hesitant, almost shy. "About the whole thing beginning with Scotty . . ."

"Oh, Harry," she said bitterly. "What does it matter how it began. Who's going to listen now?"

"I see," and he half smiled, wanting to say, "But you, yourself, you don't quite believe me." He didn't say it. Putting his hands in his pockets he walked around the room feeling like a stranger; then he turned, white-faced. "You forgot something. Scotty once had a lot of integrity, and right now he's so ashamed he knows he could never come out and face me. Don't worry. I'll hear from him."

"Harry," she said, the real pity in her eyes hurt his pride painfully and then she came over to him and, half ashamed of her need of him and the sympathy it made her feel, she tried to put her arms around him and it seemed to belittle him more than anything said about him in the courtroom. "No," he said fiercely. Jerking away, he slapped her on the face.

Her hand went up slowly to her cheek, rage in her eyes, for never in her life had she been hit, and then her quivering face shamed him.

"Mollie, I'm sorry. I don't know why . . ."

"Well, I know why," she said breathing hard.

"No, you don't, you don't at all."

"Well, you figure it out, Harry."

"I do."

But he couldn't hold on to his anger. Her wrong understanding of him, in their love, filled him with terrible sadness; he felt stricken; he had to hide his desolation, and he quickly picked up his coat and hat and hurried out.

III

HE LIVED in a neatly remodeled old house just two blocks west of the Ritz on Sherbrooke and across the road were the big apartment houses screening the mountain. He had always liked coming up the streets on the lower slope and seeing the shadows of the trees against the night sky and below, the pattern of street lights. In the old days his family home had been on Clarke Street on the west of the mountain, but one winter in his second year at college when his mother had been in Florida he had roomed with a fellow just a few doors west of where he now lived. On summer nights when all the trees were in bloom and the old stone mansions gleamed with light, he used to think that this one fine street in the city was as fine as any street in Paris or London.

His apartment was on the ground floor, a big high-ceilinged room that had once been a drawing room, and a bedroom and a small kitchen. The big room was done in grey with coral drapes and yellow chairs and on the mantel was a picture of Mollie and one of his mother who had died of cancer only a year ago. In this picture, taken only five years ago, she still had some of her beauty, and it showed in her fine eyes. She was a French Canadian, a Catholic, whose marriage to a Protestant hadn't affected her happiness at all, although at the end she had worried about Harry never going to church as she had worried too about him being killed in battle or dying in a hospital without the last rites of the church, and for her sake he had worn a religious medal around his neck so that he could be identified and prayed for, if he lay dying among strangers.

When he came in, and before he turned on the light, he saw the chair by the window, just touched faintly by the street light, and he seemed to see Scotty sitting there as he sat that night with the snow on the toes of his old-fashioned rubbers. That I should be such an open book to any man, he thought bitterly. Sitting there in the chair, Scotty had counted on being able to touch his heart, just as he had also counted on

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getting the shares from him. His face burning with humiliation he suddenly wondered why his heart hadn't been as open to Mollie as it had been to Scotty, for she had had the advantage of having his love.

Then he felt all mixed up about himself and a little wild and betrayed by both of them. He hurled his hat and coat at the chair. "You ruthless disloyal bastard," he said. "Well, I know something about you too. Your Calvinistic soul will be tormented. Soon you'll know you can't come out and face me."

Switching on the light he sat down, breathing heavily, and listened. From the street came the sound of car wheels licking loudly through pools of water, then a young woman's voice talking baby talk to a little dog on its night walk with her. The front door opened. The old painter and his wife came in and went upstairs. These familiar sounds seemed to make him feel lonely, then his head began to sweat and burn and he jumped up and paced around the room.

But the fact is, he thought, jerking open his collar, the fact is nobody now can know the truth but me and Scotty, and the walls of the room seemed to come against him. Then he thought he would call Ouimet, then he thought he would call the newspapers, then enraged and helpless he said, "To hell with it, that little Judas can't cheapen me."

His mahogany desk in the far corner of the room caught his eye and something he saw there began to bother him. Frowning he walked slowly over to the desk. Opened letters and unpaid bills were scattered on the desk top, all mixed up and pushed aside. Some of them had been there for weeks. He always paid his bills and sooner or later he answered all the letters. But the careless disorder of it worried him and almost furtively he began to straighten out the papers, separating the letters from the bills and putting them in neat piles, which he put in different drawers, getting it done before anybody could come in and get the impression that he was careless in these simple business matters. Then he looked down at his wet shoes and slowly wiggled his cold foot. It felt numb and he went into the bedroom and pulled off the shoes and socks and lay on the bed, feeling exhausted, and was soon asleep.

The sound of the phone ringing on the table beside him woke him up, and he grabbed it. "Hello, Harry," the voice said. Suddenly he was wide awake and worried. It was Sweetman. "Have you seen the morning paper, Harry?"

"No. What time is it?"

"Around midnight. You won't like the story, Harry. What in hell happened?"

"What happened," and then he started to curse Scotty.

"I'm just over here at the Colony with my wife and some friends. If you'd like they can go on home and you run over here. I'd certainly like to hear your story."

"I'd certainly like to tell it," he said, vehemently. "I'll be there in twenty-five minutes." When he put down the phone he stood in his bare feet for a few moments, smiling grimly. The enormous importance of those few words from a man who knew him. "I'd like to hear your story," was wonderfully comforting to his pride.

Outside it had stopped raining. On the short walk along Sherbrooke, he began to tell his story to Sweetman and grew wildly impatient. A taxi passed and he waved and jumped in and was at the Colony in two minutes. Most of the regular patrons knew him, and when he strode in brusquely, he didn't even wonder if any of them had read the morning paper. "Hello, Harry, hello, Harry," he heard the different voices calling to him, but he was looking for Sweetman. He saw him sitting at a little corner table by the window, wearing a jacket of the same cut and color as the one he, himself, had bought a month ago. "Sweetman must have liked that jacket of mine," he thought, and he felt better.

Sweetman was a slim and elegant cultivated Jew of forty who had gone to Oxford and who tried to preserve some of the English mannerisms; he wore his handkerchief in his sleeve, had a soft accent and got his clothes from a London tailor. Yet, somehow, he managed to sound like a remittance man. He had a smooth, slightly sallow skin, a rather heavy British military mustache and a little black curling hair on the top of his head, and he played good tennis and golf. He had a handsome, hard, ambitious wife who wanted him to be a member of the Board of Governors at the university, and he kept giving them large donations without having any luck.

"Sit down, Harry," Sweetman said. "You wanted your rye, didn't you, Harry?" and then he handed him the folded newspaper, and watched him while he read it, for as a businessman he felt involved himself and was worried.

On page two was a simple factual report of the trial,

with a quotation from Ouimet's speech to the jury, and a quotation from the judge, expressing great sympathy for Scotty as he sentenced him so leniently. The name Harry Lane was mentioned only six times but it seemed to Harry to be all over the page, and his face began to burn and he scowled. "You see, Harry, it makes it sound as if you led that little bank manager right down the garden path," Sweetman said. "It doesn't sound like you at all. What in the world happened?"

"I was framed," Harry said, grimly, and he told about Scotty coming to his apartment and asking him for the sake of his wife and children not to mention the shares, and how Scotty had taken advantage of his friendship.

Chatter and laughter coming from the other tables made him raise his voice a little, his blue eyes blazing, and yet he was apologetic that he had been taken in. "You've got to understand that Scotty had been a good man. Probably all his life. Then the itch suddenly got him. I was sorry for him. It's terrible. All that integrity suddenly in ruins."

"It's quite a story," Sweetman said, reflecting. Then he took out his briar pipe, his pouch, and filled the bowl. "Put a little pressure on some of these nice fellows, and, well, there is such a thing as a gentleman, you know," and he smiled. "Harry, it all sounds like you. You go around with your chin stuck out. Take it easy." And he reached over and squeezed his shoulder reassuringly. "People soon forget a little unfavorable publicity."

"Oh, I can stand it."

"Water off a duck's back, old boy."

"Just the same, Max old boy, I appreciate this."

"You're a well-liked man, old boy."

"At least I hope I've got a few friends of my own."

"A well-liked man doesn't have to do too much apologizing, Harry." He lit his pipe; he took a few deep meditative puffs. "You're indignant, of course. Just the same, if I were you, I wouldn't start explaining the thing. Keep away from people for a few days. Let the important ones come to you, Harry. And they will. You've got a good story there. Glad I had the sense to call you," and he got up.

They went out together and stood on the sidewalk talking amiably until a taxi came along. "Can I give you a lift anywhere, Harry?" Sweetman asked. "Thanks, Max. I think I'd just as soon take a little walk." "As you say, old boy," Sweetman said, and he got into the taxi and Harry watched it pull away.

He's all right, he's really all right, Harry thought, feeling ashamed of the amusement he used to get out of Sweetman's British affectations. He stood there pondering over the unexpected ease with which Sweetman had offered his faith in him; a man who had been simply a friend, an employer with whom he had never felt truly intimate; then he contrasted this faith and understanding of his nature with Mollie's doubt and fear and it hurt him painfully. It was hard for him

IV

IN HIS heart he knew Mollie was waiting for him to phone her; he knew that the slap he had given her would torment her unless she could believe it came from some wild struggle within himself against his need of her and his need of being absolutely honest with her, and his shame that he hadn't been. She would be wanting him to need her more than any friend he had. That was like her. In the picture of her that came into his mind next day in the office she had all her silken round firmness, but overnight she had lost her mystery for him and he didn't need her at all.

On the second day at a quarter to five in the afternoon, his secretary came into his office and told him Mr. Sweetman wanted to see him. Sweetman was sitting at his desk, his head in both hands, reading the afternoon newspaper. It was an immense office. It had once been gloomily impressive but Mrs. Sweetman, who often came there, had redecorated it herself. The dark-oak paneling had been bleached, the ceiling done in pale green and the drapes were wine-colored with a thin gold pattern. On the wall behind the big mahogany desk was a painting of Mrs. Sweetman, looking very smooth, golden, intelligent and determined.

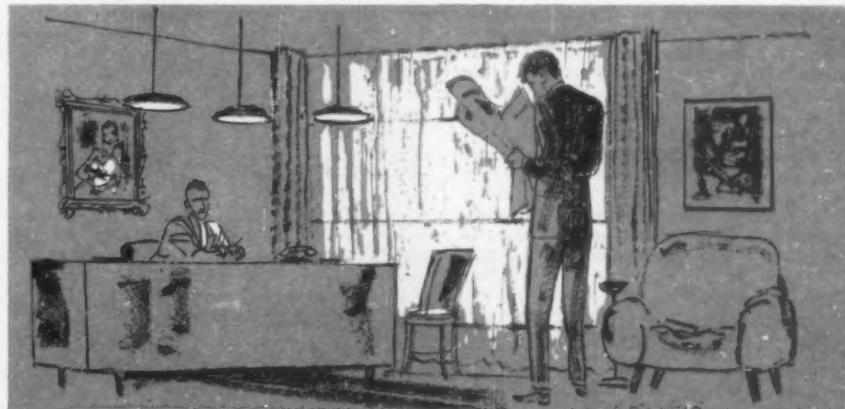
"Have you seen this, Harry?" Sweetman said and he pushed the paper across the desk. "What is it, what's up?" Harry said, sitting down. On the front page was the picture of Scotty Bowman. Scotty had killed himself in his jail cell. It said in the story that he was to have been taken away in the morning to begin his sentence. But last night he had cut his wrist with a razor blade and had lain down and covered himself with a blanket and bled to death. He had been convicted of fraud after letting Harry Lane have an unauthorized loan. There had been general sympathy for him but he had lost his job and his pension. He had a wife and two children.

"God Almighty," Harry whispered. His hand holding the paper began to tremble and he was ashen, and then he was almost apologetic. "I knew—well—I knew the guy was tormented."

"My wife was downtown, saw the paper and phoned me," Sweetman said uneasily. "This is a terrible thing, you know. The other day it didn't worry me so much, but look how it's snowballing."

"I know," and he leaned back in the chair staring blankly at the shiny surface of the desk, and then he looked up, but all he could think of was that he ought to have been nicer to Mrs. Sweetman who had counted on him getting her into the homes of those old families who remained grimly anti-Semitic.

"Harry, old boy, I know this is an awful shock for you. Very poor show. Very poor show for a chap to flake out like that. Probably knew he couldn't face his friends when he came out, couldn't face you. I said



Scotty's suicide was all over the front page. "This is a terrible thing," Sweetman said.

to believe that in their intimacy and desire there was no real knowledge of each other or that the deeper one went into knowledge of the other the less certainty there was. Why should Sweetman be more generous than she is, he thought?

As he looked up the hill the life he had lived in the neighborhood seemed to be all around him, reassuring him. The trickling at the curb of the water from the melting snow flowing down the hill had a peaceful friendly sound. He looked at the rolled-up copy of the morning paper in his hand, then dropped it at the curb and watched it make a little dam in the slush. A pool formed around it, then the dammed-up water suddenly flowed over the paper.

I knew you didn't take advantage of that man, didn't I?"

"It was decent of you to say so."

"Well, we know each other and all that kind of rot," and he cleared his throat, fumbling for his pipe, but he seemed to have forgotten where he had put it, so he leaned back in the chair and let his chin sink glumly on his chest. Neither one said anything for a long time. They seemed to be staring at the same point on the shiny desk and it held them raptly. Then Harry heard his own heart beating, then the loud ticking of the clock on the desk, then he became aware that Sweetman was rubbing the side of his nose and shifting around in the chair uncomfortably, as he waited and

The man with the coat

yet dreaded to break the silence himself. "You're in a poor frame of mind now, Harry," he said uneasily. "Why don't you go home and tomorrow—"

"What do you think this is going to do, Max?"

"I don't know, Harry. You know the public. It's your job to know the public."

"Do you your public relations, Max. Are you thinking I might be an embarrassment?"

"I don't know, Harry. I really don't," he said awkwardly. "I know these things pass off. I said so."

But he drooped heavily in the chair. All his indecision and unhappiness was in his eyes and in the slump of his body.

"What do you think I'd better do, Max?"

"About what, Harry?"

"Well . . ."

"I know you're a sensitive man, Harry. Right now, of course, I know you don't want to appear in public places representing us or anybody," and then half believing the Harry Lane he had known might be able to stand even this scandal he said hesitantly, "Or do you?"

"That's up to you, Max."

"Harry," he said uneasily. "You know what I'd do? I'd take a two-month vacation. Yes, that's it," he added more confidently. "Take two months' pay now. Go to Florida and let this stupid little bank manager be forgotten." Again he waited but the shock of Scotty's death was still with Harry.

Gradually a flush came on Harry's face. "You know, Max," he said angrily. "Nobody's going to pin the disgrace of Scotty's death on me. I'm not running away. I can stand this. You don't think so. All right, have you thought of this? People are rather unpredictable and when they hear you thought it was good business to get rid of me till you saw whether you could afford to take me back—well, you know, loyalties among gentlemen are deeply respected."

"I wish you hadn't said that, Harry. That's damned unfair and you know it. I made the sensible suggestion. I'm not an insensitive man," he muttered, but he was begging him with his eyes to go so he could sit with his head in his hands and wonder if everybody would say he had been no gentleman.

"Well, I also am not an insensitive man," Harry said, and he walked out and went to his own office, cleaned out his desk and looked around the office with his heart taking a sudden painful uneven beat; then he put on his overcoat and hat and got out before his secretary could come in and speak to him.

Why all these blows to me? he wondered uneasily. In a few hours he had been asked to leave his job, and his faith in Mollie had gone. He had always had faith in his own life, yet now he wondered uneasily if somewhere he had pushed his luck too far and taken a little extra risk that was resented; yet all he had done was to try and interfere a little, out of compassion, with the course of justice and the punishment that should have come to Scotty.

Then he remembered how ashamed Sweetman had looked and it suddenly cheered him up. "If I know the Sweetmans, they'll be running after me in a week," he thought. And the shame of the thing had been too much for Scotty, the truth had got to him even in jail. All he had to defend himself with was the truth, he thought, but it could be a grimly satisfactory weapon.

With his head high and his distinguished air he began to go up the hill and along Sherbrooke, and by the time he got to the Ritz he was acting beautifully. He called out cheerfully to the doorman, he stood talking with the hat-check girl, teasing her, and then he hurried down the stairs to the bar for his Manhattan.

V

TRYING stubbornly to get another job at once he talked to advertising executives and financial men on St. James Street. These men had always seemed to like him and he talked to them in his opulent manner without any sense of disgrace at all. Finally their uneasy embarrassment began to worry him. They didn't mention Scotty, nor did he. All week he tried to cope with their apologetic reticence without mentioning Scotty. Then it seemed to him that these men were telling him they couldn't feel free with him unless he discussed his case openly, so he began to say confidentially and quietly, "You know Scotty wanted some of those shares for himself. He knew me. Knew he'd get them. You see how he was working it? Do you see how it clears it all up? The irony of it is that he let people think I was taking advantage of him. My only mistake was in feeling sorry for the guy. But how could you help it?" And it made them all the more uncomfortable. He couldn't see he was offending their sense of justice by denouncing Scotty after he had had his day in court, with Scotty ruined and dead. But he

felt the resentment of these businessmen. It troubled him and he felt compelled to explain the whole case to anyone who would listen. In the M.A.A. Club, where he had always come for his after-dinner drink, and where he had always felt at home among the college men in the paneled room with the tables and the little bar he became aware that his friends had become overly polite and uncomfortable when he sat down with them. To some of them he had talked about a job. When he sat down he tried to brush away their embarrassment with his old candid charm, saying, "You know the notion that I took advantage of Bowman is fantastic. The guy had me on a hook." Only the barman listened to him with the sympathetic tolerance of all bartenders.

One day at five he came downstairs to the Ritz bar, smiling and refusing, with a stubborn splendid courage, to be embarrassed, his cheeks tingling from the icy wind as he rubbed his hands together. "That's the coldest corner in town out there," he called cheerfully to the bartender. "I mean the windiest corner," and he grinned at those who were at the bar, and he sat down beside his old friend Ted Ogilvie.

"Didn't see you at the fights last night, Ted," he said. "Didn't see you either, Harry."

"Johnny Bruno looked very good but he'll never have a punch."

"Why does he need a punch when he's one of Rosso's boys? How do we know when they go into the tank for him?"

"I don't think the kid would believe anyone ever went into the tank for him. He's a very honest boy," and he hesitated. "Look Ted, what goes on? I talk to people. I tell them the facts about Scotty. I have to if I'm to get a job. What else can I do when the general impression is that I took advantage of the guy and broke his heart? I'm entitled to a little justice, you know. Yet people seem to be . . . well, half resentful. What is it?"

"I don't know, Harry," Ted said slowly. He was a professionally unruffled man and his smile behind his tortoise-shell glasses meant nothing. He was feeling very cross. He didn't get along with his wife, and that afternoon he had heard that she was asking his friends, "Don't you notice a great change in Ted?" It was very effective. He had wondered why his friends were looking at him as if he were an alcoholic. It was all so obtuse. Now Harry sounded obtuse too. "Maybe it's the fact that you're here and Scotty's six feet underground. That's an advantage, isn't it, in any league, Harry?"

"But when the guy killed himself he really ran out on me, don't you see?" and then he started to explain that Scotty was tormented; he wasn't cut out to be a fraud. "But he was a coward about his trial. And he was a bigger coward to die without clearing me."

"I don't know, Harry," Ted said, as he got up to go. "But with Scotty not here, as he was in court—well, this thing you say you notice in people . . . maybe they'd like to see what Scotty would say. But who am I to say what people think? Take it easy, Harry. So long," and he got away from him, and Harry watched him resentfully as he stood at the door. Ted had put on his hat. It wasn't the very light grey hat he had given him. It was a brown felt hat. "Why isn't he wearing that hat I gave him?" he thought uneasily.

Then he turned to the man on the stool to the left of him, a grey-haired, grey-mustached man, by the name of Wilf Tremblay, the personnel manager for one of the railroad companies, who called himself an economic adviser. Tremblay had been listening, and so had James, the bartender; they had been smiling at each other thoughtfully. "Well, these are the facts anyway, Tremblay," Harry said.

"Sure," Tremblay said drily. "But I'd like to hear what Bowman would say."

VI

FOR TWO days it snowed and in the railroad stations there were happy singing gaily dressed skiing parties entraining for the mountains, and automobiles with ski racks were always passing him on the street. Only a few weeks ago he had been wondering who would invite him to the Laurentians for skiing

this year; only two months ago he had been putting off invitations from ambitious hostesses in big houses. Now he wasn't being invited anywhere. Nor was he hearing from any of those people who had said they would keep him in mind for a decent job. But there was always Dorfman's with its gleaming white tablecloths, polite waiters, and its warmth after the icy wind blowing down the hill.

In Dorfman's Harry had one very small advantage. Alfred Dorfman's son, John, had been in his air squadron. When he lay dying in the hospital in England John had written some letters to his father about Harry's kindness. So now, Alfred was Harry's friend, and on his side no matter what he did.

He came into Dorfman's at the cocktail hour. He came in proudly as though he still had his good job and was bringing a little distinction to the place. The old crowd was there; Ogilvie, Haggerty, Eddie Adams, the fight promoter, and even Mike Kon, the tailor; they were always there too in the evening after the dinner parties had gone home. But they had found out how to protect themselves if he tried to talk about Scotty Bowman. Laughing and joking they would brush him off and get away from him and he would show no resentment.

That day Mollie was sitting with a lawyer friend named Jay Scott, who had been devoted to her for a long time. He had a calm intelligent face and a little grey in his thick black hair. When Harry passed their table she said quietly, "Hello, Harry."

"Oh, hello," he said with a quick smile, as if a stranger had surprised him by speaking, and he sat down by himself in the chair by the window. A little flush, starting low on her neck, rose to her cheeks, then her whole face burned. Her friend was watching her as she tried to conceal her embarrassment, and couldn't; she couldn't get used to being slighted. She had known Harry, coming in, would rebuff her. And the others there, the old crowd, watching, knew he had deliberately humiliated her. It didn't help his case at all with them, and she was aware of this too. Today at least she had had an excuse for not coming there. It was the day in the month when her father and mother came to her place for dinner, yet she had had to come there, waiting, wearing the dress, the hat, the little touch of perfume Harry had liked, yet knowing she would suffer when he passed her by.

"Why doesn't old Harry go to Europe or South America?" Jay Scott asked idly.

"Because he hasn't got the sense. Because he's too pigheaded," she said, contemptuously, and she looked over at Harry sitting in lonely dignity. "He'll sit there," she said scornfully, "till someone sits down with him, then he'll work his way round to explaining what a coward Scotty Bowman was from the beginning."

Still watching Harry she tried to control her resentment. Alone and indifferent to her presence he waited for someone to sit down and talk to him; somehow it made her remember the slap on the face he had given her and her mouth tightened and her eyes hardened. It's just as important to him to come here to go on talking about Scotty's cowardice, and she wondered if his twisted pride had made him hate her because everything had turned out as she had predicted only more cruelly for him.

"I have to run, Jay," she said, her hand going out to his arm. "Dinner with my people, you know. No, you stay here. I'm late." She stood up in full view of Harry as Jay helped her with her coat, then hurrying out with a pleasant bright smile for everyone who nodded to her, she believed Harry was following her with his eyes.

Outside the cold wind hit her flushed face as she ran toward a taxi, worrying now about her father and mother getting to the apartment before she did and waiting to ask what had delayed her. It put her into a very bad temper. At her place she ran up the stairs, hung up her coat and went into the kitchen. For these monthly dinners she had a caterer provide a maid who cooked the dinner and waited on table. Fussing around in the kitchen she scolded the maid for having put the rolls in the oven too soon. She tasted the soup. She scolded the maid again for having forgotten to

"Go to Florida and let this stupid little bank manager be forgotten"

warm the plates. But when she heard her father and mother coming up the stairs she rushed to the door, looking untroubled and happy. "Hello, hello," she called cheerfully. Her mother in a mink coat, three years out of style, was leading the way, her thin nervous face with the lonely eyes flushed from the climbing, pride and affection in her smile, and behind her was the judge in his black Homburg hat and dark-blue double-breasted coat, and clipped grey mustache, his big nose looking bigger because it was red from the cold. He had never been a brilliant lawyer, but he had a remarkable sense of responsibility and it had got into his manner. She fluttered around them taking their coats and chattering. She got them a drink. "You've got everything so nice, everything so nice," her mother said, sipping her Scotch and soda. The judge was in a jovial mood. Last night he had made a speech to an educational association on the failure of the schools to teach history properly. "I really think I said some good things," he said. "Remember how I used to drum your history into you, Mollie." "That's a fact, Mollie," her mother said, her long thin hand with the big diamond ring going out to her husband's arm. That's my own gesture, Mollie thought, remembering how she had often turned to Harry, her hand going out to his arm. Then the conversation, intimate, easy, lazy and dull, with dinner finished, began to get on her nerves. She said idly, "I saw Harry Lane today."

"You did?" her father asked. "Well, there's a man who must be bent on his own destruction. I hear he's going around town telling the wildest cock-and-bull stories about that dead bank manager framing him."

"If you saw Harry Lane," her mother said, "I hope you didn't let him work on your sympathy."

"I said I saw him. I wasn't talking to him."

"You're well rid of that young man, my dear."

"We shouldn't be surprised that he turned out to be a bit of a bounder," her father said gravely. "I used to be uneasy about his father. Those grandiose schemes of his. Those companies he floated and the money he threw around. He was an unstabilizing influence. It's the promoter's temperament and I distrust it."

"And his mother was a bit showy too, don't you think, James?"

"A good-looking woman, but yes," the judge said, meditating. "Showy. That's a good homely word for it."

"How was she showy?" Mollie asked, a little edge on her voice.

"Well, take the matter of the decoration of a house, or clothes one wears. People of real taste like quiet soft colors, neutral shades, don't they? Nothing about her was ever subdued, was it?"

"What has that to do with Harry now?"

"Your mother is merely saying, Mollie, that these little things in a family shape a boy's attitude to life."

"I don't believe it. Oh, it's absurd," Mollie said vehemently. "Let's drop the matter." Smiling indulgently her father said, "I'd be glad to." But now, in her own mind, she couldn't, feeling that she and her own family had been put in a light that mocked her own unhappiness. They were at home with her, she had always been at ease in the family silences, at ease, too, with the sudden comfortable opinions, but now she seemed to have drawn away. All her life her father had been kind and gentle with her, but afraid to show any warm affection, and the orderliness of his thinking even now, sitting there gossiping, began to irritate her. She had always admired her mother's nervous energy, and her active social life, but now, watching the changing expressions on her sensible face, she was troubled by the loneliness in her eyes, some untouched secret in her heart. And she felt disloyal, then full of affection for them. Finally her mother yawned, then laughed; the judge said he had to sit on the bench in the morning and he always liked to feel fresh, and she got them their coats and kissed them and they left.

Feeling upset she stood by the door, frowning; then, sighing, she went into her own bedroom and kicked off her shoes. She looked around for her slippers, then jerked at the clothes-closet door. It swung back sharply against her big toe. The pain made her limp around on one stocking foot, tears in her eyes. "Oh, damn you, Harry Lane," she said, and suddenly and savagely she kicked at the door, then moaned with the pain. Crying softly she limped over to the bed and held her foot in both hands.

When she got into bed she lay listening for sounds on the street, listening really for the sound of the front door opening, then Harry's step on the stairs; she would let him in, then get back into bed and he would sit on the bed and tell her that he had felt lonely in Dorfman's watching her leave without him and as the hours had passed he had realized that it was her love for him that had prompted her to try to accept the

reality of his disgrace while still needing him. He seemed to be there in the dark, sitting on the bed beside her while they talked intelligently. She told him that she knew his careless impulsive wildly optimistic nature had got the better of him in dealing with Scotty. Agreeing, he told her he hadn't realized how he had been leading Scotty on; he had felt so sure of the huge profit he had thought nothing of letting Scotty feel he was entitled to some of the shares. Oh, Harry, you have that extravagant nature, all your pleasures, your kisses, are extravagant. Well, they are. She heard herself say these things, she heard him answer,

then she began to toss and turn in the bed with the ache in her heart, her body warm and open to him as never before, if he could only be there.

The most extravagant thing of all is his foolish courage in trying to confront people without shame, she thought, and then she sat up suddenly as though hearing him crying out, "I'm a fool, stop me from going on like this." It was so real she turned on the light and got out of bed very worried, and walked into the other room in her nightdress, still limping a little, the nightdress falling off one shoulder, and she looked ardent and shameless. That side of her nature that Harry had called flighty Mollie which had spoiled her evening with her parents and made her feel like a stranger to them was out of hand now and with all her heart she wanted to get dressed in a hurry and go out and find Harry and tell him she believed in the goodness of his nature; all the facts were unimportant and should never have counted with her. Going over to the window she looked out. It had started to snow again. The wind drove hard sleet against the window-pane. Suddenly she shivered and there were little goose-pimples on her bare shoulders, and she began to rub them. The draught from the window, chilling her, seemed to get into her thoughts and calm her and touch her common sense, that secret steady side of her, which gave her all her pride, and she felt herself drawing back in anguish from the shame of going after someone who had rejected her. Whether she was there in her nightdress, or in her fur coat on the street, he didn't want her, she thought. Her face, her hair, the shape of her, her voice, her laugh meant nothing to him; he had rejected everything she was; her honesty, her breeding, her intelligence, her people, and he tried to make this humiliatingly clear every time she spoke to him. Then her fierce pride suddenly revolted. "Oh, you fool, Harry," she whispered fiercely. "Whatever there's left of you to ruin you'll do it, and I won't mind. I won't mind at all. It's you who'll get really slapped." The sleet drove hard at the window but she kept looking out, her firm jaw set and her eyes angry, wondering where he was at that hour.

VII

HE WAS in the Press Club in the hotel, sitting by himself at a corner table instead of standing at the bar with old newspaper friends as he used to do. Engrossed in his news magazine he paid no attention to the others, yet secretly he waited for a newspaperman to come over out of curiosity and get interested in his story; a newspaperman, he had told himself, would be the best of advocates. But they left him alone, and he hardly touched his drink. He was afraid if he started drinking he would go to the bar and start bothering someone with the truth and touch that vague resentment that so exasperated him. He wanted someone else to mention Scotty, the interest to come from someone else, and he looked over at the bar and put down his magazine, wondering at the powerful and baffling advantage Scotty had over him. Then he concentrated on Scotty, not as he had been in the courtroom, taking advantage of him ruthlessly, but as he had been a few months ago, smiling warmly with his air of fine integrity. That was it; he was up against Scotty's monumental reputation for integrity. Again and again the word integrity had come up in the courtroom, but always about Scotty who had built it up as a fundamental public asset with great prudence. Until now he had never wondered if anyone had even thought of him as having integrity, and again he would look over at the bar where the newspapermen talked noisily and forgot that his own integrity had been a private thing of feeling and imagination. The truth seemed to be that he had nothing to put against Scotty's overpowering business reputation; it didn't matter that he, himself, had never cheated anybody and didn't lie. The fact was that no one had ever called him prudent; he was careless with money and lived from day to day like a lily of the field. Everything that was good in his nature suddenly seemed to be bad and he wondered if he had all the qualities that could corrupt a solid prudent man. Suddenly he felt self-conscious sitting alone and got up and went out, and walked east against the wind, his head down, and his collar up. It was snowing, the wind was damp and raw, the snow was wet and turning to heavy sleet.

A priest was coming toward him, the wind flopping his black coat and black soutane around his legs, his nose a little pinched and blue from the cold. He smiled faintly at the priest. It was a city of churches and monasteries and ringing bells, and there were hundreds of priests on the streets. He had called them the Black Hawks and had never bothered smiling at them. Yet a priest on the street reminded him that there was always someone who would regard it as a sacred obligation to listen to him and see the justice of his case. In



"Oh you fool, Harry," Mollie whispered. With all her heart she wanted to go out and look for him.



At Peel, Harry looked down the hill toward the old barouches. "Everything in the same place," he said happily.

a confessional a priest would believe every word he said and give him absolution. But he didn't want to be forgiven; he wanted to be told he deserved a little justice.

He turned the corner to go into the Tahiti Inn, a smoke-filled small place with a gleaming bar. He sat beside a girl called Annie Laurie. He had often seen her around and sometimes he had talked to her. She was a dark soft-eyed girl with a golden skin, a gentle manner, a nice voice and a decent education. She had slim legs, good shoulders and rather large breasts, and looked as if she took a size twelve from the hips down and a sixteen from the waist up. She never wore a hat. Sometimes she worked and sometimes she didn't. She fell in love and men fell briefly in love with her. She followed her heart, though she was shrewd and expensive. She had no reputation and it didn't worry her at all, for everyone conceded she was a very unlucky girl. A boy she had been engaged to had been killed in a motorcycle accident; the man she finally married, a naval officer, had gone down with his ship in the war. She was always there in the well-known places and often someone from out of town was introduced to her and fell in love with her, but was afraid to stay with her too long because of the jinx on her.

Leaning close to him, her hand on his arm, she said suddenly, "Harry, I used to go into Scotty's bank. When I had any money I kept it there. I've spent a lot of time talking to Scotty, and you know, Harry, I never could see you letting him down."

"You couldn't?" he said, startled, then smiling suspiciously. "You don't know me any better than you knew Scotty."

"Yes, I do," she said calmly. "I know something about men. Everybody liked Scotty. He had that smiling straightforward businessman's air. But who do you know who ever could say what went on behind those steady blue eyes of his. Not me. Never. Oh, we used to laugh and kid each other. But, as a matter of fact, I don't think Scotty believed in getting himself into a position where he'd be the one left standing on the barricades. On the other hand," she said smiling, "I knew a lot about you the first time I talked to you. Tell me what really happened, will you?"

"You're sure you want to know?"

"Go ahead."

He told her the whole story, and when he had finished, the belief in her eyes and the way she leaned over and kissed him gently, upset him. He was surprised. In his gratitude he couldn't speak for a while. He had come upon her too quickly and easily. He wanted to go on sitting there beside her, then he grew afraid someone would come in and take her away from him, so he asked her where she lived and if he could go home with her. "Sure. Come on," she said. Outside they couldn't get a taxi. There was a hard driving sleet, the taxis were all moving slowly. It was bitter cold, and they jiggled on their feet, standing on the corner, their heads buried in their coat collars. "We might as well walk," she said. "It's only ten minutes away as the crow flies. The only trouble is a crow couldn't fly straight in this weather. Why don't we all live in Cuba?" "And play the tuba," he said laughing, as they started along Dorchester past the old limestone houses and along by the board fences where there was only a narrow path through the snow. She led the way, her head down against the wind, and he followed five feet behind, and neither could hear half the other said, their words coming from their mouths buried in their collars, carried away on the wind.

She had a small ground-floor apartment, a very clean place in the new building opposite the monastery. At first he felt a little shy with her and very respectful, waiting for her to mention Scotty Bowman again, and then he saw it wasn't necessary. For her the whole

matter had been settled, and he smiled, the look in his eyes making her wonder; then she said she was going to make some spaghetti. Following her around the little kitchen he got in her way till they sat down together. She ate with a wonderful appetite. She was bright and intelligent and she didn't try to be at all seductive. "I'm really very refined, you know, Harry," she said grandly. "My father was a school superintendent, and I spent two years in a convent." While they were talking and laughing the phone rang three times and she answered it impatiently and returned to him grumbling. Suddenly he became aware that he was very happy sitting with her in her kitchen.

"I like being here with you," he said, smiling.

"I always admired you, Harry, so I'm really the lucky one."

"Lucky. I thought you were supposed to be unlucky."

"I am, but I make the best of it now. It's easy too, when you get the hang of it. You just don't care."

"But you look happy, Annie Laurie."

"Why not? I've been happy enough since I stopped using my head. I play strictly by ear now. All the trouble comes for people who are bent on using their heads. They look for angels in people, they always expect people to be better than they are and they have their little schemes. Not me, I don't care. But when there's any good in anybody, don't worry. I can feel it."

"You're wonderful."

"No, I'm just me, now, like a vegetable. Let's go in and see what's on the radio."

She sat in the big soft chair by the steaming rad and it got late and he kept trying to entertain her so he wouldn't have to go home. Finally she yawned and laughed and curled herself up in the chair. With her dress slipping up over her knee, she fell asleep, her mouth open a little and her chest rising and falling. She had a pretty mouth. Then her shoe, which she had undone, fell off her foot, but she didn't waken. Picking up the shoe he went over and stood beside her, looking at her hand hanging near the floor. For the first time in a month he had been with someone who made him feel he was himself and nothing in him was spoiled, so he looked at her for a long time. He didn't want to go home. But he kissed her gently and went out without waking her.

VIII

ATFER that night he had her come to his place as often as she could, although he knew it didn't help his case at all to have a girl like Annie Laurie as his friend and advocate; she had no reputation herself and had too often made it plain that she was indifferent to those who had. She could only make other people believe they could see the way he was going, having her as his only friend.

One night when he had come home alone after eating with her, there was a knock on the door. It had a friendly sound. When he opened the door and saw the plump little woman in the brown coat with a little fur at the neck staring at him, his heart beat heavily. "Oh, Mrs. Bowman, come in," he said, hopefully, for he was sure she had come to tell him that she knew the truth about him and Scotty.

"Thank you, Mr. Lane," she said. It had been snowing out and the snow on her arm had melted and as she brushed against him her wet sleeve touched his hand.

"Sit down, sit down," he said, moved by her resolute manner, and when she sat down in the chair by the window where Scotty had sat, he circled around her, waiting nervously. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Bowman?"

"Mr. Lane," she said, taking off her gloves and

folding them and clutching them with both hands. "It was very painful for me to come here. You're really the last man I want to see, but my bitterness is strong enough to drive me here."

"I thought—I hoped you might know the truth."

"Mr. Lane," she said, and her voice broke with anger. "I know what you're saying all around town. How could I help hear about it?"

"Mrs. Bowman, you don't understand, I'm telling the truth. I've lost my job. I can't get a job. This thing follows me around. I'm entitled to a little justice. I don't lie about people. I don't have to lie about Scotty." But her head had jerked up and the glint in her round brown eyes made it hard for him to go on pounding away at her husband's lack of integrity when her good memory of him was all she had left. "What's the use," he said, wretchedly. "I say I was not to blame."

"I didn't come here to portion out the blame, Mr. Lane."

"Then why do you come here?"

"I come here," she said bitterly, "hoping, as there's a God in heaven, I can show you something. So I can throw at your heart all that's happened to us because my husband was unfortunate enough to like you, and ask if it's fair. No, not to ask! To throw it at you."

"Tell me why you come here."

"Why? Why for the sake of my children, my home. Would anything else drive me here to you?" And then even the strength of her bitterness failed her, and her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears, but her desperate determination, no matter how it humiliated her, was in her wet and shining eyes. "Oh, my God, don't you understand. I have two boys. One is fifteen and one seventeen. Scotty lost his job and his pension. There's a mortgage on our house. In the last two years he's saved nothing. Do you know why? He was attracted to the life of men like you. I can look after myself. I've got a job in a chain-store groceria. My seventeen-year-old boy is to go on with his education. Do you hear? I say he's to go on," she said fiercely. "He's not going to quit school, do you hear that? Not for our home or me or his brother. Neither is his brother if I work my fingers to the bone. Do you hear me? I'll lose the house. I don't care." And she began to weep while he walked up and down helpless and ashamed. "I was driven here by my own sense of justice. Now, my God, I'm pleading with you. My children have to go on with their education. I don't care about me. Scotty is dead. He suffered, he was sentenced, but you escaped scot-free. Is that fair? You're well off. You're somebody. Is it fair you escaped scot-free?"

"I escaped scot-free," he said. "Everybody sore because I escaped scot-free. Well, thanks, thanks very much." But she kept up her sobbing, her voice broke and rose as she repeated herself drearily over and over again, and it made him desolate.

"Please, Mrs. Bowman, please stop," he said, taking her arm and trying to draw her out of the chair. "You won't like yourself for going on like this to me. This is awful for both of us." All he wanted to do was get her out of the room and out of his life. But the feel of her plump arm as he tried to lift her, the weight of her, the anguish and shame in her round motherly face bewildered him; he was stricken by his own crazy painful regret. "Please, please, please," he said, and then he couldn't bear her or her friends to believe he had turned her away. "Oh, Lord," he said, dropping her arm, angrily. "I don't have any money. They made a great point of that at Scotty's trial, didn't they. I'm careless. I'm a spendthrift. What does the injustice of the thing matter to me?" and driven to make one of his reckless gestures he rushed over to his desk and got out his cheque book. "I got two months' salary from Sweetman, sixteen hundred dollars. Here," he said,



writing the cheque rapidly. "Take it for your children." And he got up, holding out the cheque to her. "Now go Mrs. Bowman, please go and leave me alone."

Dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief she stood up and took the cheque, then she looked around his fine apartment and hesitated, half resentful. "You're young, Mr. Lane," she said, putting the cheque in her purse. "This will mean very little to you. Well," and taking a deep breath to recover her grim dignity, she went out.

Trembling, he rushed to the window and watched the plump little woman go along the street in the snow. "No dignity left for anybody," he muttered. For a long time he stood there watching the falling snow, and pondered over what he had done, and what it could mean. He had hurt his case. When people heard that he had given money to Mrs. Bowman they would smile and say he had a bad conscience. But he didn't care. Nobody believed him anyway. No one among the people who knew him was offering him a job, and suddenly he didn't want to talk about his case any more.

In the morning he went to the garage and made arrangements to sell his car. He spent the rest of the week getting a tenant for the apartment, selling all but two of his suits to a secondhand dealer, and he sold his furniture too. At the end of the week, it was the last week in February and very cold, he went down to the Windsor Station late in the afternoon and bought a ticket for Cornwall, seventy-five miles west. He left no forwarding address and told no one where he was going.

IX

WHEN HE got off the train and went to the hotel he registered under the name of Harry Lansing. The next day he got a job at a gasoline service station and he took a room near a church with two elderly spinsters.

His employer, James C. Wilson, a stocky man of forty-five, with a heavy nose and heavy lips and a nice little business, tried to find out something about him. He laughed and told him he had been in many cities. Wilson protested that he wasn't being nosy, he was only wondering where he had learned so much about cars. But Harry couldn't keep to himself. He liked Wilson, who was the manager of a midget hockey team, and he liked Mrs. Wilson, a young, plump, jolly woman, who was always inviting him to dinner. In the evenings he began to go with Wilson to the rink to help coach the kids' hockey team. Everybody in town got to know him.

Wilson used to kid him about wearing gloves working on the cars so his hands wouldn't get too badly soiled and roughened, and he would smile to himself and take off his gloves and look at his hands and know he didn't intend to stay here. He hadn't made any plans, and yet every night before he fell asleep he felt a little better about his case. All his natural good feeling for people had come back to him. At night, listening to the snow sliding from the roof and the cry of a freight train so very lonely in the country hills, he didn't seem to have a case at all. Lying in bed, going over what happened since the trial, he saw that he had made a bad mistake in trying to attack Scotty. These attacks had provoked people to defend him in their own minds and hearts because he wasn't there. Scotty's silence in death had become more effective than his silence in the courtroom. To explain and explain is no good, he thought. It's like a picture, a poem. There the thing is. There we are. Now it seemed all wrong to try and get people to look back on it and consider his explanations. People wanted to

live from day to day in the charm of new things that would destroy all the bad memories. If a man wanted to live he had to be able to forget. Yesterday's resentments and indignations had to go like the snow on the roof melting in the sun. By the lightness of his thoughts he became aware that in his heart he felt sure the whole case had been dropped.

When summer came he began to dream of his own neighborhood, of women going into hotels and the trees heavy with leaves on the mountain and the flood-lit ball park and the sessions afterwards in Dorfman's. He missed the strange, piping whistle of the canal boats and the sound of the church bells. He would lie awake with not a sound outside on the quiet street and the moonlight, broken in patches by the leaves of the tree stretching across his window and touching his bed, and remember that he used to think that no city had as much willingness to live and let live as his own city had, and it was because of the necessary toleration between the French-speaking Catholics and the English-speaking Protestants, the way they got used to each other and learned to live together, and it touched the life of the whole city in all the little ways, and even where it wasn't wanted; the brothels opened and closed and opened again, and the gambling places put up patiently with police raids, and life went on. In such a city people could always tell, he thought, when a man had good will and was willing to live and let live and forget.

X

HE CAME home at the beginning of the heat wave when the city all day had been drenched in sunlight and the thermometer was at ninety-seven degrees. The heat seemed to cling to the pavement and lick at the ankles of people on the street, and the French priests in the sunlight in their long black soutanees looked depressingly hot. At night the city seemed to have held in its oven all the heat of the day and there was no evening breeze. People going out in the trolleys to the ball park for the night game passed the long rows of houses with the outside staircases and balconies jammed with half-naked children, men naked to the waist and women sitting with their legs spread wide, all perched up there as if watching a parade.

Harry took a room on Mountain in a decent house next door to one with a liquor license and girls. A little way up the street in another house a barbotte game had been running all year. It was a mixed-up street, yet it was in his own neighborhood, and he only intended to stay in the front room on the ground floor till he looked around and saw where he stood with his friends. He had saved four hundred dollars. He felt hopeful and prudent and full of good will. His landlady, Mrs. Benoit, a lean stern angular woman, who was determined to keep her place respectable, never read the papers and had never heard of him, and he liked this too. Unpacking his bag, he sweated, wiped his head and felt his pants sticking to his legs. He had two suits, the dark one, which he was hanging up, and which had a tear in the leg from a nail on a chair in his room in Cornwall, and the grey suit he had on, both of a winter weight. He made up his mind to get a lightweight tropical suit in the morning; then he washed, shaved and changed his shirt and went out, thinking of Annie Laurie.

He didn't want to start off with her, but she was the only one he felt sure of, the only one who had really believed him and he felt a fierce loyalty to her. He went down to the Tahiti looking for her. The smoke-filled beer-smelling place depressed him. In his mind now she didn't belong there any more than he did. When he saw her sitting at the bar in a pretty oyster-shade dress, her shoulders bare, her dark curly hair just covering the nape of her neck, laughing loudly with a tired sad-eyed girl, he felt angry; then, in the mirror over the bar she saw him standing behind her and swung around on the stool opening her arms to him. "Harry, is it you, is it really you," she cried. Even in that room reeking of cheap perfume and beer, she seemed to have all her warm prettiness, and his feeling as he laughed and hugged her bewildered him, for he couldn't believe he really loved Annie Laurie. "Let's get out of this dive. Come on," he said. And outside he said, "Let's take a walk, just loaf along. I seem to have been away for ten years."

If he wanted a long walk, she said, he could walk her home; she had a fine new place on University near the campus, a place she had got very reasonably be-

cause she was decorating it herself. Walking along Dorchester he listened eagerly for the sound of the canal boats and the shunting of engines in the station yards, and at Peel, by the hotel, he looked down the hill where the old barouches with their battered horses were lined up by the curb. "Everything in the same place," he said. "Everything looks good." He told her where he had been, and she understood why he had gone away and she said she rarely heard anyone mention Scotty Bowman now. About two weeks ago, passing Scotty's bank, she had heard a man standing at the door say to another man, "Well, about this time Scotty would have been coming out of jail." Both men had laughed. "I hadn't thought of that. I mean I didn't realize he would have been coming out about now," he said uneasily. "You're absurd," she said, giving him a little push. Then she told him that her own luck had been mixed up. When the ball season opened the business manager of the Buffalo ball team, a wonderful guy, amazingly generous, had met her, and he was like an eager boy. He had said she was the kind of girl he used to dream of on fishing and hunting trips, and he had sent her wires from every city on the circuit. The second time his team had come to town he had told her he wanted to marry her, and then he had suddenly dropped out of her life.

"You'll hear from him, Annie," he said consolingly.

"Oh, I'll hear from him, sure."

"Maybe he got amnesia or something," he said, slipping his arm around her waist, for he understood that someone had got to the business manager and told him there was a jinx on her and that like all ball players he was superstitious; she wouldn't hear from him again.

The crowd on St. Catherine Street loafed along in the sultry night under the neon signs. Young fellows, carrying their coats, ogled girls with light print dresses clinging to their legs, who glanced over their shoulders and either slowed down or hurried when a fellow turned. Everybody was lazy, hot and restless. For Harry there was a quiet happiness in loafing along with the crowd. Then they turned up to Sherbrooke and there was the campus with a hot heavy moon throwing a pallid light over the roofs sloping up the mountain with the trees stark and still in that light.

She had the ground-floor apartment, and on the bare living-room floor were two cans of paint on a spread-out newspaper. A stepladder stood near the end wall which she had already painted a shade of pastel green. "I'm doing it all myself," she said proudly, standing with her hands on her hips, a cigarette hanging from her lips. "Who could do it any better? I think I'm a great natural painter, don't you think so?" she asked, turning. "Hey, watch out for that paint." His foot had bumped against one of the cans, and as he looked down, he saw he was standing on an open page of the Sun, and there was Mollie Morris' column with her picture at the top, the chin raised, the smile bright. "I wonder what she'd say if she saw me here tonight?" he thought; yet he didn't care what she would say; whatever happened to him he would never need her, and if he did, he could never have any faith in himself again, and he looked up, smiling, for Annie Laurie was gliding around the room, pointing at cracks in the wall she had mended neatly with plaster of Paris, and he compared her with Mollie. She had a simple truthful nature, and it led her to the truth in other people, but she had had no luck, and now she didn't care what other people thought, and so she was no good; she didn't have the self-respect to get a job and lead a decent life. But Mollie in spite of her beauty and fierce self-respect did not have a simple truthful nature and couldn't respond to one; she was only wonderfully aware of what other people thought. Part of her identity lay in other people, which seemed to him to be a kind of whoring of the mind in the sepulchre of her sense of respectability.

"Annie Laurie," he said gently. "You're a fine honest woman."

"When you say something like that I feel as cold as charity."

"It's the simple truth."

"No, the truth is that when I'm with you I'm always wishing I wasn't such a bum. I've got no guts. You've got courage. I know I'm a bum."

"I say I know you're an honest woman," Harry said, and he knew his words were true; for her shrewd smile and the wisdom in her eyes had creased suddenly the enormous self-possession which sustained her and kept her indifferent to bad fortune, and tough and loyal to her own heart. "There's nothing

"Annie Laurie," he said. "You're a fine honest woman"

The man with the coat

common about her at all, he thought, and stirred by this mystery in her he put his arms around her and drew her close.

At four o'clock in the morning monastery bells tolling woke him up, and he thought, Harry, you haven't got a case any more, you've dropped your case, everybody's satisfied. And he wished Mollie could see him there with the bells ringing all around him.

XI

IT WAS another very hot day and he wanted to get the lightweight summer suit, and he went out intending to go to his own tailor, but on the way along St. Catherine in the strong sunlight making the street look so shabby, he passed Mike Kon's shop, which was on the other side of the street. Stopping, he looked over at the small store with the oaken door and window frames and the bolts of cloth in the window. Mike Kon made sharp clothes for the members of the sporting fraternity. He rarely made a suit for a man like him. But Mike had been Scotty Bowman's good friend, and he had been at Scotty's trial.

Then he crossed the road slowly, wondering why he should not have Mike Kon make him a suit. It would be a legitimate excuse to make a little gesture to a man who had been a friend of Scotty's and see if he was willing to be friendly with him. The more he thought of it the more he liked it.

In the days before the war, when some of the newspapermen had claimed Mike had a chance of winning the title, he used to watch him fight at the Forum and liked his style, a rough, mean, crowding type of fighter, with a broken nose and some scar tissue over his eyes. In those days Mike had been an illiter: a young hoodlum very much respected by other young hoodlums in the east end. He had gone on and done a lot of fighting in the smaller New York clubs; then he had settled down to fight out of Philadelphia for a bad and powerful character named Sleepy Ferraro. After five years, washed up and with his eyes damaged, he came home. But something must have happened to his mind and heart, for around Dorfman's they used to joke about Mike, wondering why he had changed his life and educated himself. He was always reading books. He used big words and talked slowly and deliberately. All his friends called him Mike the Scholar. They joked about him reading books aloud to his father who had had a paralytic stroke and who lived with him in the apartment over the store.

But I really don't know him well, Harry thought, inspecting the cloth in the window. In Dorfman's Mike had never been quite sure of himself, never quite certain he belonged, so they had always greeted each other good-naturedly and that was all. But suddenly he wanted to have Mike Kon, Scotty's friend, put out his hand to him and greet him with pleasure and respect as he would have done in the old days.

It was a smart shop done in limed oak with materials draped over pillars and he was agreeably impressed; then Mike, himself, came from his office, wearing a good worsted jacket.

"Hello, Mike," he said, and he put out his hand, smiling with his old distinguished air.

"Why, hello, Harry," Mike said, squinting with surprise; he refused to wear glasses.

"Thought I'd drop in and try one of your suits, Mike. What about it?" Harry said casually, and turned to some of the bolts of cloth.

"Why, sure," Mike said, a little flustered. There was an awkward moment and neither one of them knew whether it was from embarrassment or because Mike was impressed that he was being asked to make a suit for a man whose clothes he used to admire. As Mike pulled out bolts of cloth and draped the ends over the table, they talked casually. Harry said he had been out of town. Nothing was said about Scotty Bowman. Mike seemed to be concerned only about the suit. When Harry picked out a lightweight tropical very light grey with a fine blue check Mike remonstrated; he said those tropicals didn't keep a press no matter how you watched them. Harry couldn't agree with him. Any suit needed a lot of pressing in the summer, he said, and he asked for a fashion book. While Mike listened respectfully he pointed at a conservative model with natural shoulders and made some suggestions. There were to be real buttonholes on the sleeves and hand-stitching on the lapels. "Fine, fine. I like all this. I do," Mike said. "Now to measure you," and he got a tape measure. Hesitating, he said, "Willie is the real expert, Harry," and he called for his middle-aged English fitter who came from the office, a tape measure around his neck, and wearing the vest he always wore even in the hottest weather. Everything went well. The suit was to be finished in a week. They shook hands. Outside Harry stood in the sun lighting

a cigarette and smiling to himself for he hadn't noticed in Mike that embarrassed vague resentment he used to feel in people who had known both him and Scotty; he hadn't noticed it at all.

He knew Mike Kon would tell everybody he was back but he took his time that week about appearing in the old places. He wanted the word to get around; for a while he wouldn't go to the Ritz bar or the M.A.A. Club, he decided; it would be better to wait until old friends, who heard he was back, came looking for him. When that happened it would be time to start talking about a decent job.

In the middle of the week when he went into Mike's place for a fitting, only Willie was there. That night he went into Dorfman's for the first time. Alfred Dorfman, of course, was glad to see him and bought him drinks and insisted he come out to the house some night and have dinner. When Ted Ogilvie and old Haggerty came in Alfred called them over and bought drinks for them, too, and got them all drunk.

At the end of the week at noontime he got the suit and took it home and tried it on. It looked like one of his own suits, a good-looking piece of cloth, well cut and worth the eighty dollars Mike had charged him for it.

That night he went to Alfred Dorfman's home and had dinner with the family. They welcomed him warmly but Alfred would have seen to this, he knew. Alfred would have welcomed him affectionately if he had just come out of the penitentiary. He was also very encouraging. "I'm telling some important people you're back, Harry, and I see them all," he said. Never at any time since the trial in the winter had Alfred mentioned Scotty Bowman, and he didn't now.

XII

NEXT DAY in the afternoon sunlight Harry walked over to Annie Laurie's place, wondering if she had finished with the painting.

The door was open and she called, "Come in," and he found her in her living room, kneeling in the corner painting the last of the woodwork white. "I'll be right with you in just a minute," she said. "Just this little corner to do."

"You could paint a three-story house," he said, admiringly. "How are you on the high ladders?"

"Harry, look out," she called, for he had come around her, close to the window trim shining white; he had brushed against the paint. "Oh, Lord," she cried. "I should have told you it was wet. I just painted it this morning. Your new suit."

On his shoulder and sleeve there was a smear of paint a foot long, and as he cursed she rushed into the kitchen and came back with a rag soaked in some cleaning fluid and she rubbed at the smear fiercely. The paint came off but there was a faint stain discolored the cloth right down the arm. His wondering expression as he stared at it made her feel stricken. "Oh, don't take it so seriously," he said, smiling. "All I have to do is take it right down to the cleaners before it really dries. There's one right down on St. Catherine there. They can clean that coat in an hour."

"Yes, maybe if you take it at once before it dries," she said, and he gave her a kiss and went out, carrying his coat.

In the cleaning establishment the young fellow, a Greek with long sideburns, looked at the coat and shrugged and said it would clean up without a blemish and to come back in an hour. He went out, bought Time and the New Yorker from a newsstand, then entered a restaurant and had some coffee and read. In an hour and a half he went back to the cleaners.

When the young Greek saw him coming in he glanced at him nervously, hesitated, then went back to the office, and returned to the counter with an older man, bald, in a white shirt with a black bow tie, who was carrying the coat. "My friend," said the older man, shaking his head solemnly. "This you won't like," and he opened the coat and spread it out on the counter. The lining seemed to have light crisscrossing veins running through it, but these veins were really thin fine tears. "See, I do this," the young one with the sideburns said, and he nicked one of the cuts with his finger and it fell open. "You see?" he asked.

"Good God," Harry said, staring at the lining blankly. "What are you going to do? I bring the coat in to you and you tear it to pieces. It's that rotten stuff you use."

"Wait. Now wait. Look at the cloth, the rest of the coat. Is it all right?" the older man said, spreading it out on the counter. Getting excited, both cleaners grabbed at the coats on hangers that had been cleaned that morning. They showed him the linings. "That's a faulty piece of material you got there, mister," they said. "Look, every part of the lining. Now look at the cloth. If it was the cleaning fluid it would have hurt the cloth. No? Take it back. Where did you get it?—Mike Kon. It's a gyp. Make him put a new lining in it. Tell him to come to us," and they both pounded the counter belligerently as they gesticulated to each other, and grabbed at other coats, showing him how these linings couldn't be torn. They convinced him and he put on the coat and went out slowly, looking troubled.

XIII

AFTER HE had had his lunch next day Mike Kon came loafing along the street in the sunlight, saying hello to any shopkeeper standing at a door and waving to clerks at the windows. He liked greeting these businessmen at noontime. He liked to think that in a few years' time he might be asked to be president of the neighborhood business association, and then be asked to run for alderman. These hopes helped him to feel secure and established and confident that in a year's time his business would be a success and the loan he had got from Scotty Bowman's bank would be paid off. He liked selling suits to young fellows of the sporting fraternity, but he also dreamed of being accepted as a tailor by people who wanted fine suits and wouldn't care whether or not he was an old fighter. He still wasn't quite sure whether he was accepted as a solid businessman.

Just to the right of the entrance to his shop was the



"Don't take it so seriously," Harry said. "I'll take the coat to the cleaners before the paint dries."

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door and the stairs that led to the upstairs apartment, and after lunch, before going into the store, he always climbed these stairs to see his father and spend a few minutes with him and the nurse, Mrs. McManus. The remodeling of the old apartment, which he had paid for himself, had been costly; he had wall-to-wall broadloom on the floors; there was a smart modern living room and three bedrooms, one for himself, and one for his father, and one for the nurse. He could not be sure that his father, now that he had had a stroke, appreciated how different this place was from the old one, and it always saddened him.

His father was in the living room in his wheel chair, the light glistening on his bald head, his big nose shining too. On the right arm of the chair they had rigged up a board about a foot wide, and on this board there was a pad and a pencil on a string. Old Mr. Kon had been paralyzed on the left side; he couldn't speak, but sometimes, two fingers on his right hand seemed to have a little life in them. Every morning the nurse, Mrs. McManus, would stick the pencil between these two fingers and urge him to scratch on the pad. Often there were lines scratched on the pad but whether they were made by a nerve twitching in the finger or by the old man trying to write they didn't know. "Hello, papa," Mike said, cheerfully, as if he believed his father heard and understood every word he said. Every day he tried to have a little more faith in this, and he talked to him sometimes for an hour about everything going on in the city. "How are you doing today, papa?" he asked. The one good eye, the right one, glittered at him fiercely till he pressed the hand gently. It was always hard for him to do this. He couldn't bear the touch of the inert, watery and swollen hand.

"Mrs. McManus," he called.

"Is that you, Mr. Kon?" she said, coming from the kitchen in her white smock. She was a grey-haired jolly Scotswoman who seemed to have some affection for the helpless old man. "He seems to be pretty much himself today," she said, looking at the old man reflectively. "Don't you think so?"

"Look at those scratches on the pad," Mike said. "I think they're getting firmer all the time." And he sat down, smiling at his father, as he always did, and began to talk to him about what was happening in the world, then about a book he had read last night as if he believed his father understood and had unspoken opinions of his own and showed it with that one lively blinking grey eye.

Years ago he couldn't have sat beside his father as he did now, feeling at ease and with speech unnecessary between them. In those early days he had had no understanding at all of his father. As a boy he had been ashamed that the old man had sold newspapers and had a bad accent and wore ill-fitting clothes, and that in the winter, at his corner newsstand, his red nose had been always running. His father used to wear a cap and ear muffs and had called out hoarsely the names of his papers while he danced around to keep his feet warm; this middle-aged newsboy used to come home and waste his time trying to read high-school poems aloud in a heavy accent. In those days just being near his father had offended him.

"Michael," his father had said, looking up, his finger on a sentence on the page. "This I don't get. Make it clear, please."

"Why don't you call me Mike like everybody else does?"

"Because with you and me it is not like it is with everybody else," he said mildly.

"Aw, hell, why don't you lay off those kids' books. Just be what you are. Everybody knows what we are anyway."

"What is it you say we are, Michael?" he asked gravely, as he closed the book, his finger between the pages, and looking down over his glasses.

"We don't rate. Why does a newsboy want to use big words? Who the hell cares?"

Closing the book, his father let it rest on his knee, and stared at the cover, and then he stood up and turned on the gas to heat the kettle and make himself a cup of tea. It was his only dissipation, the only one he could afford, the drinking of too many cups of tea. Mike had waited, hating the silence, his own uneasiness, and his father's familiar movements as he bent over the stove. "To insult your father, Michael, is not good," he said finally. "I'm a poor man, okay . . . The way it is with me there are no big jobs for me. But you are very wrong. Nobody knows what we are in this place, but you and me. Maybe nobody but you knows what I would want to be . . . what we should be. The books—yes. Money—no . . . A poor man can have some dignity. If I'm rich, can I buy it? No, it has to be here," and he tapped his head, "and here," and he tapped his heart. "Someday, see this . . . then you are my son."



"Don't try and push me around," Mike growled. Harry waited, white-faced

"And then I go peddle the papers too," he said, contemptuously, for he hated the religious streak in him. But his father sat down again and picked up the book. The kettle began to boil. Waiting stiffly, Mike hoped his father would get up and pour the water in the teapot. The expression in the steady grey eyes began to bother him; he tried to outstare him, feeling big and belligerent. Then the very calm, innocent, steady eyes began to insult him, and he trembled. "Have a cup of tea with me, Michael," his father said mildly.

"I don't drink tea. To hell with it," he said, and he swaggered into the bedroom and got undressed quickly. Yet the sounds of his father making the tea, the cup going down on the table, then the silence, then the knowledge that he was sitting out there, patient and untroubled, reading the grammar, the high-school poems, became an even deeper insult. At the end of the week he had left home, left that little room and his father and the few books and the silly, lofty, biblical talk.

After the years in the ring when he had hurt the optic nerve in his right eye and wondered what would become of him he found that he often thought of his father. On train trips and in cheap hotel rooms he began to read as if his father were beside him encouraging him to become an educated man. The more he read the more he was impressed by all the things his father had wanted. He had saved a little money and he came home and met his father, that is, he seemed to know him for the first time. Even now, when he thought of that day and how he had impressed his father, he would smile to himself. He had told Scotty Bowman all about it. At the time he had applied for the loan he had had to tell Scotty a great many things about himself.

On his lunch hour now he said the things he might have said if the stroke hadn't cheated them of the satisfaction of interesting conversation. It was a monologue, of course, but by this time he had learned to handle it naturally. Smoking his cigar, he would talk a little, look out the window reflectively, then turn feeling pleased when the one shining eye was on him, and sometimes sit for a long time saying nothing as he would have done with a man who could share the silence of his thoughts.

A buzzer in the room was connected with the store and whenever anyone came in at this hour wanting to see him personally, Willie, his fitter, rang this buzzer. Today he had been only ten minutes with his father when the buzzer rang. "Well, so long for now, papa," he said amiably and he went down the stairs to the store.

Harry Lane, his arms folded, leaning against the long oaken table, was wearing the new lightweight grey tropical with the fine blue check.

"Hello, Harry," he said.

"Hello, Mike," Harry said, straightening up.

"Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, there is," Harry said coolly. "Something I thought I'd show you," and taking off the coat he spread it out on the table and showed him the torn lining. "What do you make of that, Mike?" he asked crisply.

"My God, what did you do to that coat already, Harry?" Mike said, and he looked indignant.

"I took it to the cleaners. That's all."

"But you just got it a few days ago."

"I got some paint on it."

"Paint."

"Yes, paint. What does it matter what I got on it," he said impatiently. "I took it into the cleaners and they cleaned it at once. The Acme cleaners, about five blocks along the street. It came out like this."

"And what did they say?"

"They said it was a rotten lining."

"Of all the nerve," Mike said fiercely, but his face began to burn, for he could see that the cleaners had convinced Harry. He grew afraid that Harry, who had always patronized only the best tailors, was only too willing to look down on a piece of material from him; all his prestige seemed to be involved. "You know what did this lousy job?" he said quickly. "That stinking cleaning fluid they're using. Why, it's happening all the time with these cleaners. They're always getting sued. Who are they trying to kid?"

"Look here, Mike," Harry began; then he wouldn't go on; he was sure Mike was bluffing him; all he could think of then was that in the old days, before his disgrace, Mike wouldn't have been arguing with him; he would have had too much respect, but now he felt he didn't have to care. "If it had been the cleaning fluid," he said, trying to hold his temper, "it would have damaged the cloth as well as the lining, and you know it."

"Harry, I know what a hot iron can do to a lining."

"I don't know anything about hot irons. Are you going to put another lining in that coat?" Harry asked, losing his temper.

"Well, all right, I'll put a lining in the coat."

"You're damn right you will."

"Wait a minute," Mike said, also losing his temper. "If I put a lining in this coat I do it as a favor," and he straightened up and they faced each other. They were both the same height, though Harry was slimmer. But something in Harry's peremptory tone had reminded Mike of Scotty Bowman and of his own conviction that Harry had taken advantage of Bowman and escaped scot-free. When Harry had come into his store to order the suit he hadn't held this against him at all, but now some hidden resentment flared up. "Don't try and push me around," he said. "You can't get away with it with me."

"With you? What do you mean?" Harry asked, waiting white-faced. But Mike didn't answer. His eyes shifted; he wasn't sure what he meant; it just came out. "I'm not asking any favors," Harry said angrily. "Just cut out all this cheap bluffing."

"Cheap bluffing. You insult me. Don't insult me. You can't make me do anything by walking on me. I'm not dirt. To hell with the coat."

"Okay," Harry said, and his hand trembled as he grabbed the coat and hurried out.

Mike took a few steps after him, bewildered by his own unreasonable resentment. Although he was sure he was right about the cleaning fluid having damaged the lining, he wished he hadn't thought of Scotty Bowman. Angry and ashamed, he turned and walked slowly back toward the office where Willie, the fitter, had been standing at the door, listening. "That was the highhanded Harry Lane, Willie. Thinks he was slumming when he got a suit from me," he said bitterly.

Taking off his glasses and rubbing them with his handkerchief as he held them up to the light, Willie said sympathetically, "A little thing like that and you and a customer lose your tempers. Why, Mike? It isn't like you."

"He was snotty with me, Willie. Trying to look down on me. You heard him."

"Think about it a little, Mike. It could have been the pressing, yes, but if it had been the fluid it would have damaged the cloth too. You know that, Mike. Once in a blue moon we get a piece of defective lining, don't we? It's not our fault. Why should you feel it's such a disgrace this time, with him?"

"I don't know. It's the guy. That guy," Mike said uneasily. "I guess I was wrong, Willie," and then he cursed and the more he cursed the more humiliated he looked. "I'll have to get the coat back," he muttered bitterly. "I'll have to go after him and apologize. Why does it gripe me so? I don't even know where he's living now. Well, he'll come into Dorfman's. I'll see him in Dorfman's," and then he sighed. "Why did he have to come to my store?"

XIV

HURRYING away with the coat on his arm Harry looked like a man with a fine new suit finding the weather too hot for comfort. When he stopped at the corner to put the coat on it still looked like a handsome garment, although now he didn't care how he looked. He was blind with anger. His rage was deepened by a secret lonely desolation coming from his knowledge that he had sought from Mike Kon some reconciliation. He felt rejected.

Back in his room he sat down by the window and pondered, wondering if he mightn't have been a little on edge and oversuspicious with Mike. With all his heart he longed to believe that he might have mis-



"What do you make of that?" Harry showed Mike the lining. "It's that stinking cleaning fluid."

interpreted some of Mike's remarks. Granted that Mike had been bluffing about the lining it was possible that he hadn't been thinking of Scotty at all. In fact Mike might be astonished to hear that he was suspected of being capable of such a gesture, and laugh and say, "Oh, I see, I see. Now look here, Harry . . ." This seemed to him to be the natural and human explanation. The little things that make the world go round, he thought, and he lay down on the bed feeling tired, and soon fell sound asleep.

A knock on his door woke him up. It was dark in the room, and outside the street lights were lit. "Just a minute," he called, groping his way to the door. Annie Laurie was there in the hall light. "What time is it?" he asked.

"About ten," she said, coming in. "Why don't you turn on the light?"

"I forgot," he said, turning it on. "Have a drink."

"You were going to let me know what Mike did about the coat."

"Well, it was embarrassing," he said awkwardly. "We got off on the wrong foot. Maybe it was my fault. I don't know. He blamed the cleaners, and of course I knew it wasn't the cleaners, then he said I wasn't going to take advantage of him, and of course I thought he had Scotty Bowman in mind."

"Oh, Harry."

"I'm sure I was mistaken. But, well, you know, he was Scotty's good friend and all. That was in my mind. That was the trouble, see?"

"I know, but over a little thing like a coat lining, Harry."

"You don't think Scotty was in his mind at all, do you?"

"I'd certainly be surprised. If I thought . . . Why I'd go over and break his store windows. Oh, Harry, you're wrong about the guy. He knows he has to fix that coat. Are you coming to Dorfman's?"

"I don't know. I've got to put on a shirt, and shave," he said, rubbing his hand over his face. "I guess no one will see the lining of that coat, eh?"

"Who's going to look at a coat lining?"

"That's right," he said, grinning. "I'll see you later in Dorfman's."

"Okay," she said, then hesitating, she bent down and kissed him gently on the forehead.

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said awkwardly, and then she laughed, and he laughed, and she left him sitting on the bed.

XV

MIKE WAS going up the street toward the big cool shadow across the sky which was the mountain slope with its pattern of lights, and leading up to it was the big glow of light at the hotel entrance, the lighted window of the exclusive little women's shop, then the single hanging wrought-iron light over the steps to Dorfman's, whose roof was touched with the pallid light from a hot red moon.

Mike had never felt that he was really established in the old expensive restaurant. Patrons who sat around at night in the paneled barroom had substance, they had families, even the sporting editors who came there were the ones who had wives who had gone to college. It seemed to Mike that these people, welcoming him freely, encouraged him to talk out of a half-amused curiosity, although he was never sure of this. He liked to talk about what was going on in

Indo-China, or Germany, or about the atom bomb, and he always got a hearing, but if a visitor from out of town sat down with them he would hear someone say, "He's Mike the Scholar, an old fighter, but you should listen to the guy. Go on, talk to him. He's got an angle—fresh," and Mike would feel embarrassed.

Standing by the bar he looked around to see who was there. At the table by the window Mollie Morris was sitting with Ted Ogilvie, and Eddie Adams, the fight promoter, and old Haggerty, the sporting editor. Mike always felt at ease with Haggerty, though the sporting editor had a son at college and a very dignified wife; and, of course, he was sure of himself, too, with Eddie Adams, who was a very rich man, owning two apartment houses even if he didn't have much education. With Mollie Morris, though, Mike was never quite sure of himself; it was her kind of prettiness, her kind of style, and her cultivated voice; her friendly smile, too, always seemed to him to be good-naturedly indulgent. Yet he was glad Mollie was there for he was sure she would understand his difficulty with Harry. He was sure she was disgusted with Harry herself, not only because he had taken advantage of Scotty Bowman and got away with it, but because of his lofty manner of avoiding her, as if she ought to have approved of him for being a heel.

A little man with oily black hair, beady eyes and a small heavily tanned face, who didn't belong in Dorfman's at all and knew it, was standing behind Eddie Adams. He was Ray Conlin, who called himself the manager of Johnny Bruno, the fighter, and thought he was big enough for Dorfman's because his picture had appeared in a photo magazine as one of Rosso's handmen, riding around in Cadillacs and controlling the boxing industry. Everybody who knew the facts had laughed when they read this story. Conlin was merely Bruno's trainer.

Even with the air conditioning, it was hot in the bar and Adams and Haggerty and Ogilvie were in their shirt sleeves with their coats draped over the backs of their chairs.

"Good evening, Miss Morris," Mike said.

"Hi, Mike."

"Sit down, Mike."

"How are you, Mike?" Haggerty said, pushing out a chair to him with his foot. Tilting back in his chair, Mike saw Annie Laurie coming in, coming over to their table and he glanced at Mollie; maybe because Harry Lane was in his mind. Mollie's mouth twisted a little as though the sight of Annie Laurie cheapened her intolerably, yet she didn't get up and go, for Annie didn't sit down at her table. She took a chair from the nearest table and pulled it over so she was on the fringe of the group, and Adams and Haggerty, who liked her, pushed back their chairs so their backs wouldn't be to her and Adams called the waiter. As far as Adams was concerned if he wanted to buy Annie Laurie a drink he would buy her a drink and if Mollie didn't like it she could go home.

"Hey Mike," Annie Laurie said bluntly. "What did you do to Harry's coat?"

"What do you mean, what did I do?" and he was startled.

"I saw the lining."

"You mean already you've seen that lining?" he asked angrily. "You mean to say already he's showing that coat all around. What's he trying to do?"

"I said I saw it, Mike."

"What lining?" Ogilvie asked. "What's this, anyway?"

"The lining of the coat, a suit Harry got from Mike."

"When did you become Harry Lane's tailor, Mike?" Haggerty asked.

"I made the guy a suit last week."

"I heard he was broke," Adams said, teasing Mike.

"But was he afraid no one else would make him a suit?"

"What does Harry say?" Mike asked uneasily.

"He said you blame the cleaners."

"Why not?" he asked. "All over town people have got claims against cleaners. Would I gyp the guy?"

"Oh, come on, Mike," Annie Laurie said. "Never mind the explanations. Why don't you simply put another lining in the coat?"

"Who said I wouldn't put a lining in his coat?"

"Why don't you tell him you will?"

"All right. I'll tell him. Give me a chance."

Little Ray Conlin, who had been hovering around the table, waiting for a chance to get into the conversation, suddenly saw his opportunity. "Maybe he won't want you to put in another lining," he said suddenly; his small, dark, narrow-eyed and shifty face all screwed up in happy surprise; he had thought of something remarkably bright to say. He rarely had a witty flash. This was right out of his own life, and Mike's too. "Maybe Harry Lane will be too smart to let you touch that coat again, Mike." His eyes were mocking. "Maybe he'll be afraid this time you'll try your own special lining—yellow. You always had a yellow lining, eh, Mike?" And he slapped his knee and danced around, his hard little face full of happiness. It was the only time in his life he had ever been quicker than anyone else with a clever remark. "Ah, ha, aw, aw, aw ha," he snickered and they all laughed and waited.

"Yellow was never my color, Conlin," Mike said quietly.

"You mean to say those trunks you used to wear in the ring didn't have a yellow lining?"

"That's right," Mike said, smiling disdainfully.

"What about that night in Philadelphia ten years ago. Remember?" he jeered, trying doggedly to hold his audience. "The night you went into the tank for Walters. Wasn't the yellow lining showing then? Ho, ho, ho, ho," and again he looked around for approval, as Mike eyed him steadily. It was true Mike had gone into the tank for young Walters who was on the way up; he had been told to do it; it was part of the life he had lived then; but he hated Ray for reminding them now of the days when he had been an illiterate unprincipled washed-up young hoodlum, when they were accusing him of gyping Harry Lane. His smile slow and patient, he said, "When it comes to tanks, Ray, you'd know all about them. You and the Rosso mob."

"Come on outside," Ray blustered fiercely. "Come on and I'll show you the color of the lining in your own coat." And then he jerked away as though expecting Mike to smack him. Keeping his voice and his anger buried under a vast superior calmness and a slow lazy smile, Mike said, "Oh, go and peddle your papers, Ray." He found it easy to be quiet and patient with the others smiling approvingly. Feeling unwanted, Ray moved over to the bar.

"Nice guy, Mike," Ogilvie said. "Conlin can't help being a poor little rat."

"Ray's just another rubber mouth," Mike said, shrugging.

Then they all saw Harry Lane come in carrying the coat over his arm. When he saw them all together, he stopped; he looked at Mike, then at Mollie, and then at Mike again; the two of them being there together seemed to distract him. Turning away abruptly, he sat down at another table.

"Harry, old boy," Haggerty called, chuckling to himself, and he rose and went over to Harry with a fine judicial air. "I'm an old newspaperman. I'm trained to look into things before I make up my mind." His grey-haired solemnity and plump white face fooled Harry, who looked up blankly. "What's it this time, Haggerty?" he asked. "How can we have any opinion on the merits of the deal unless we see what you got for your money?" Haggerty said, and he picked up the coat and held it open so they could all see the lining. "Why the moths certainly got into it, that's a fact," he said innocently. "Moths in the cleaning fluid. Never heard of it."

"Come on, come on," Harry said, very embarrassed.

"Haggerty, cut it out," Mike called. "What are you trying to do? Sit down."

"What is this?" Harry asked, rising with a blank, incredulous expression. He had always been a neat fastidious man, and wherever he was, drunk or sober, he always dressed with immaculate correctness and now his coat was being waved around as if it belonged to a buffoon. He looked over at Mike, knowing he must have been talking about the coat, for all the



He saw Annie talking to a stranger. "Who's the guy?" he asked. "Utterly harmless," she said.

will, by the innocence of heart that had led him to go to Mike Kon. It seemed to him that Scotty's ghost was using Mike Kon to pursue him and drive him out of town again, or force him to go on defending himself against his accuser, to nag away, protesting till the boring insistence of his innocence finally destroyed him. All he had to defend himself with was the coat, he thought, but it could tell his story. Others now could do the explaining and interpreting.

He began to wear the coat everywhere, and when he had it on his back it looked like a well-cut handsome garment, but the story of what had happened in Dorfman's got around town much faster than he did, and people who used to be embarrassed by his presence and prefer to hold aloof would smile, seeing him wearing this coat they had heard about, and out of curiosity, ask to see the lining. When they tried to question him he kept his untroubled dignity and refused to give an explanation. As the story spread more people laughed at him and wanted to see the coat, and in Dorfman's especially he became a figure of fun. People, clowning with him, tried to get him to talk about the coat and defend himself. He wouldn't. Unprovoked by their amusement, he hung onto his unruffled good humor. When really pressed for an explanation by someone who didn't know the story, all he would say was, "Why don't you ask Mike Kon?" and let it go at that, smiling when a questioner who had been laughing grew reflective.

He used to come into Dorfman's with his easy opulent manner. He didn't care who laughed at him. The only one who bothered him was Annie Laurie and he had found that he could never locate her at the hours when he went to Dorfman's.

On his way there late one afternoon he went into the hotel barbershop for a haircut and coming out he saw Annie Laurie in a yellow dress talking to a well-dressed grey-haired man who was buying some magazines at the newsstand. Feeling lonely, he turned away. But she had seen him, and caught up to him at the hotel entrance.

"What's the matter with you, Harry? You saw me," she said.

"Who's the guy?"

"Oh, him. I used to work for him ten years ago when I was a model. An utterly harmless man. He always sends me a Christmas card."

"Oh," he said, relieved.

"I know a girl has to live, Harry, but I don't want any guy near me while you're around, don't you believe me?"

"I do," and smiling, he took her arm and said, "Come on into Dorfman's with me."

"No, Harry," she said. "I'm not going into Dorfman's with you, I don't like it in there when you're wearing that damned coat. I can't bear the clowning that goes on in there, people looking at the lining and you refusing to say anything. I feel lonely, Harry, all the loneliness in the world seems to hit me right on the head." He looked worried for he couldn't bear hurting people who had all his affection, and he couldn't clown with Annie Laurie about the coat. "I respect you, Annie Laurie," he said, turning her toward him. "But can't you see I'm trapped around here. Scotty Bowman is on my back again. Old Mike Kon put him there. I didn't want it. I'm trapped around here because I won't go away again. I won't. This is my town. They think I can't get up off the floor. Annie Laurie," he said, quietly. "There's the principle of the thing. This coat," and he touched his shoulder, "well, I trust my own imagination. This is the Scotty Bowman coat—so presentable on the outside and rotten underneath. For what it is, Mike Kon put it on me when he accused me."

"Oh, Harry, now nobody has a chance to forget."

"So much the better," and he shrugged. "They'll laugh the pair of them, the ghost and his friend, right out of this town." But the way she was looking at him made him falter a little and he waited, ready to resist her stubbornly. Her dark head and the yellow dress suddenly looked lovely to him. "You're a stubborn man, Harry. But God knows, about the right things. I wish I could have been as stubborn myself. It's all in the imagination, all imagination; but sometimes what else is there?" she said with a hurt and strange respect. "You've a right to fight in your own way, Harry. I don't care as long as you know I'm with you," and he laughed a little, satisfied.

"Coming with me?" he said.

"Not this time. Some other time," and she watched him go up the street alone and turn into Dorfman's to go on making his last fight.

XVII

HE ALWAYS sat at the bar joking and paying no attention to Mike at all. At first Mike didn't mind being questioned about the coat even with Harry at the bar only twenty feet away. He was sure he had public support; he was sure public opinion had long ago condemned Harry Lane, so he explained patiently that he had offered to fix the coat lining and that Harry had insulted him. "But why did you have Conlin try to steal the coat?" someone would ask, and with patience and dignity he would explain that he hadn't offered to pay Conlin fifty dollars to get the coat. It had been only a joking remark. They always laughed knowingly when he repeated Conlin hadn't been acting for him. They enjoyed hearing him defending himself. In a few days he began to see that they didn't believe him, or at least they pretended not to believe him; he wasn't sure, and he couldn't understand it.

Late one afternoon Ray Conlin, who had met Eddie Adams on the street, and who had attached himself to him so he could get back into Dorfman's, came in, hoping Alfred wouldn't notice him. Even the cigars smell better in Dorfman's, Ray thought as he looked around. Mike was sitting by himself near the window, the shaft of late sunlight touching his ear and heavy jaw as he watched people passing on the street with a very affected untroubled air. Anyone could see that he was determinedly there at that hour.

And at the end of the bar was Harry Lane wearing the coat and smiling peacefully, with his back to the table where Mollie Morris was sitting with Ted Ogilvie. People who came in glanced at the coat, smiled, made little jokes with him while he laughed good-naturedly, and then these same people would look over at Mike and smile.

Everybody was smiling at Mike and Harry, and Harry didn't mind, but Mike couldn't stand it.

Ray was afraid to follow Eddie to the bar and invite attention from Harry, who hadn't noticed him come in, so he hurried over to Mike's table. When Mike paid no attention to him he said sympathetically, "You see the item in Mallon's column, *The Man With The Coat*? You see it?"

"I saw it," he said bitterly. "And tomorrow my lawyer'll see it too."

"So what do you do, Mike?"

"I have rights, and I know what that item means. People read that item and then they ask Lane about it and he laughs and refuses to say anything. I get slandered." His face white, he looked over at Harry who didn't seem to be aware that he was in the room; reaching out with his eyes to the coat, he longed to get his hands on it for only a few minutes.

"No. How can I sue?" he said, half to himself, with an embarrassing despair. "I think he'd like to get it in the papers." Then as Ray eased himself into the chair beside him, he said quickly, "No, Ray. Not here with me. There's been trouble with you here. Alfred told you to keep away. Please."

Just then Alfred Dorfman passed by Ray and looked right through him. I'm not here, Ray thought resentfully. I'm a ghost. He and his waiters walk right through me. Staring at Harry shrewdly, Ray thought he saw something, a real weakness in him; the man had too much imagination. Any fighter he had ever known who had too much imagination was no good, and what he liked about his own boy Bruno was that he had no imagination at all.

It seemed to him to be such a shrewd and interesting observation that he leaned closer to the next table where Ogilvie and Miss Morris were sitting, but he had to wait to get a word in.

"For Harry to sit there and take it," she was saying, her voice breaking. "No shame at all left. Not a scrap."

"If he's able to keep on laughing long enough," Ted said, "he's apt to laugh the ghost of Scotty Bowman right out of town. Why should you feel ashamed now, Mollie?"

"Because . . . because . . ." and her voice was low and resentful. "I'm sure he thinks that somehow he's humiliating me. I'm not crazy, Ted. I know it's so. Why do you think he's always bringing that pushover, Annie Laurie, around?"

"Ah, now there, that's interesting," Ted said philosophically. "I've thought about that. Any guy who stays with Annie Laurie knows his number's up." And when they both became reflective, Ray, leaning closer and putting his hand on the back of Ted's chair with professional firmness, said, "Look, I get paid to watch for a fighter's weakness. I spot it in Harry. It's his big imagination."

"Shut up, Conlin," Ogilvie said sourly.

"Run along, little man, you're annoying me," Miss Morris said, looking around impatiently for Alfred.

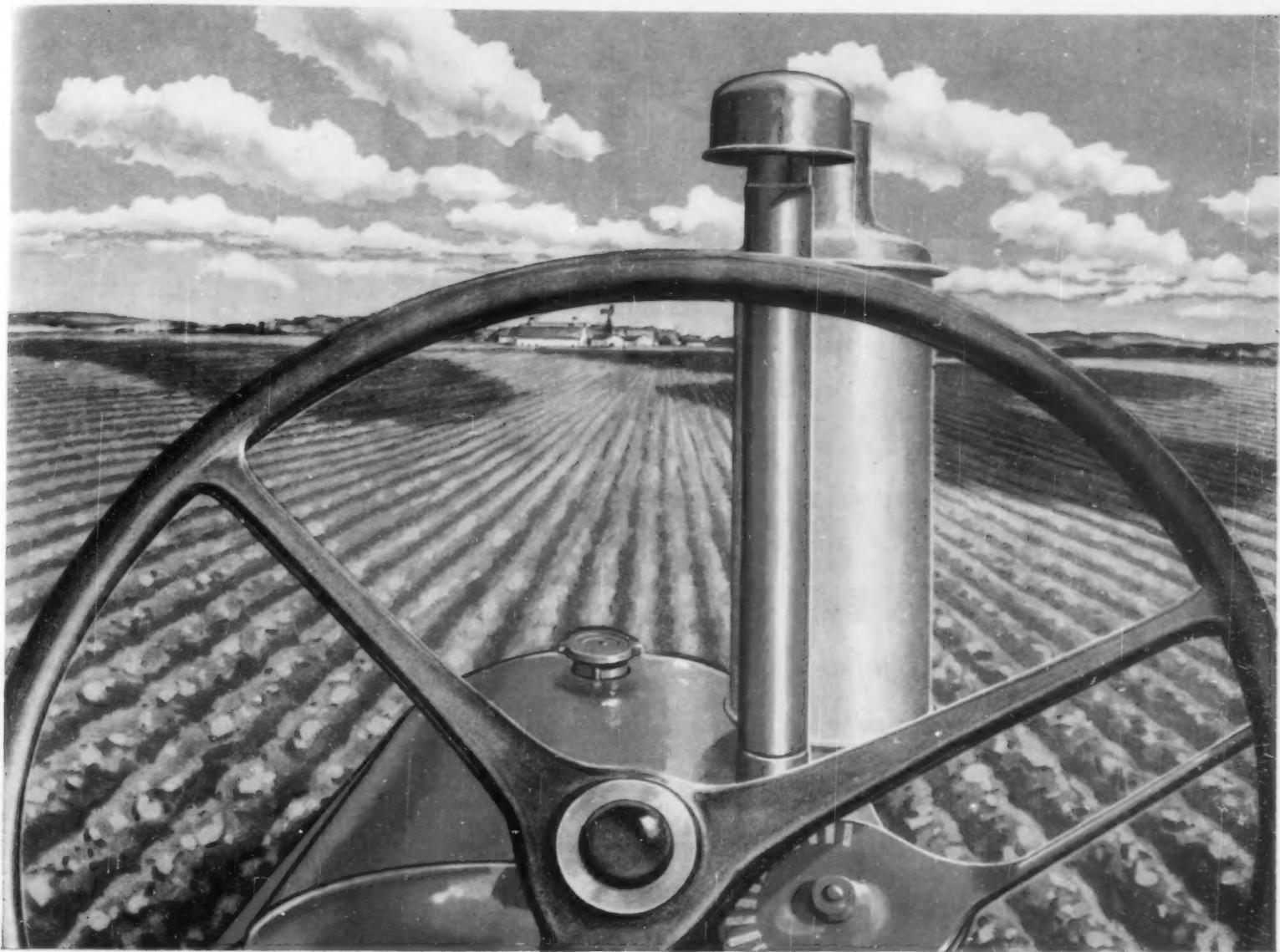
"Excuse me," Ray said, getting up quickly and hurrying out. Little man. I annoy them, he thought fiercely, as he went on gloomily down the hill to his hotel opposite the railroad station.

With all his heart he wanted to get back to the clean cool oasis of Dorfman's, and he sighed and wiped his forehead and cursed his luck. Maybe he wasn't very high-toned, he thought, but he was a human being and he had a right to some justice. His only crime was in trying to show he had a sense of humor. He had had no ill will toward Harry. Yet he was the one who was now the outcast. The injustice of it made tears come to his eyes. No one cared about Harry knocking him down; the only thing that registered on them was that he had taken it. That was it, he thought, pondering. He had done nothing and so people despised him. And Mike Kon was making the same mistake, sitting by the window and trying to tell his silly tiresome story with dignity, a thing no man would do who had a real case. I won't go on making that stupid mistake, he thought grimly.

XVIII

EVEN WHEN Ray was doing road work with Bruno next day, pedaling slowly on the bicycle while Bruno, in beautiful condition, his breathing rhythmical and effortless, his eyes clear and happy, trotted along beside him, he went on making his plan. He was sure he could afford to show a little audacity in dealing with Harry; public opinion was so much against Harry that everybody would see the justice of having him slapped down and view it with an amused and vast satisfaction. The thing to do, he thought, would be to have him punished so everybody in Dorfman's, where he still hung on the ropes, could see it and make their enjoyment of the rightness of it so plain that Lane might never want to put his nose in the place again.

That night he went down to St. Lawrence in the east end to a neighborhood where Johnny Bruno was really a great hero and where he himself was an important figure. When he climbed the long stairs to the Coq d'Or he took care to carry himself with dignity. It was a big crowded garish hall with a dance floor and a string quartet. The tables were crowded with young punks in sharp suits, most of them speaking French and they laughed noisily and clowned for each other and paid no attention to Josette, the singer, but when he, Ray Conlin, made his way through the tables, leaning well back, his hands in his pockets, his head high, taking his time, he heard some young fellow say, "Hey, look, Bruno's manager," and he smiled slightly but didn't even turn. All around the dance floor he went toward a table *Continued on page 100*



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- Lawn Rakes
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- Pruning Shears
- Grass or Hedge Shears
- Wire Fencing
- Garden Spades
- Watering Cans
- Lawn Rollers
- Lawn Furniture
- Grass Catchers
- Gardening Gloves
- Chain Saws

SPORTING GOODS

- Casting Reel
- Casting Rod
- Soft Ball
- Baseball Gloves
- Baseball and Bat
- Bicycles
- Shotguns and Rifles
- Tackle Boxes
- Golf Equipment
- Roller Skates
- Ammunition
- Sleeping Bags
- Vacuum Bottles

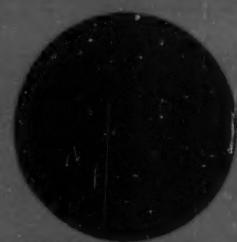
GIFTWARES

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- Barbecue Supplies
- Serving Trays
- Hostess Tables
- Picnic Supplies
- Cups and Saucers
- Table Lamps
- Silverware
- Electric Coffee Maker
- Steam Irons
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- Clocks
- Food Blenders
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- Galvanized Pails
- Cellulose Sponges
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- Electric Motors
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*now turn
the page—*

*In the pages that
follow you'll find
more detailed infor-
mation on specific
Hardware Week items.*

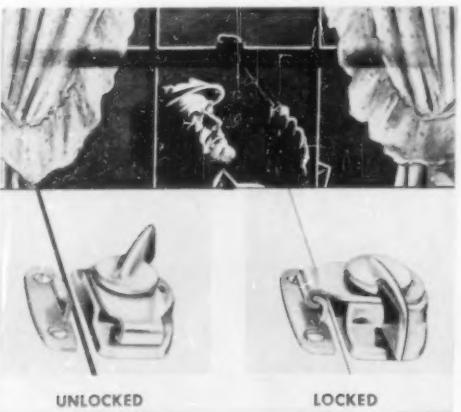


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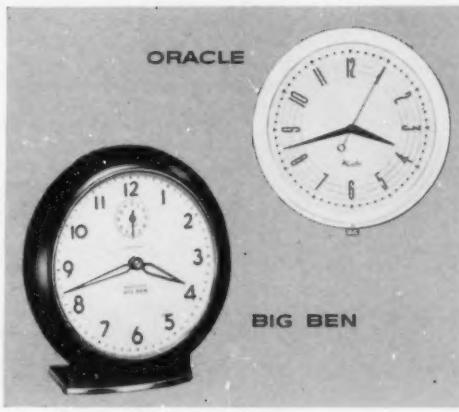
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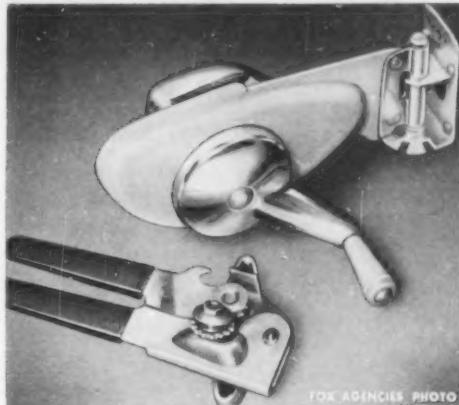
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You'll enjoy cooking with this new matching line of aluminum utensils. Look at the features: finest quality pure aluminum—highly polished finish and rounded corners for easier cleaning—perfect grip handle shaped for maximum safety and comfort—hang-up hooks—easy lift lid knobs—Bakelite handles and lift knobs stay cool. Quality made—medium priced.

GENERAL STAMPINGS MFG. LTD.
Oakville Ontario



BERNZ-O-MATIC SOLDERING KIT

A "must" for mechanics and do-it-yourself home-makers—and a wonderful value! Bernz-O-Matic Propane Torch—soldering tip—box, Kester solder—only \$8.95 (\$12.00 value). Torch has dozens of other uses! Lights instantly! Portable, weighing only 3 lbs.—fits in tool box or pocket. Disposable gas cylinders—no filling, no spilling. Supply limited—get your kit today!

John A. Huston Co. Limited
Canadian Sales Agents



MAKE THAT GOOD COFFEE . . . AUTOMATICALLY

Happy the housewife who always serves friend husband his idea of a good cup of coffee. With the full range control of the new Westinghouse Percolator she can select any strength he prefers from mild to strong. And there's a special control to keep coffee always at perfect serving temperature for hours! Features the new seamless spout that doesn't drip! You Can Be Sure . . . If It's Westinghouse



KLEENWIRE Plastic Coated STEEL CLOTHESLINE

KLEENWIRE is the revolutionary clothesline. An attractive green colour, to harmonize with your garden. KLEENWIRE is strong, resists sagging, is easy to clean. This clothesline has been tested under Canadian weather conditions. KLEENWIRE comes in two diameters: heavy (3/16") for lines 75 feet or more between pulleys, and light (5/32") for shorter lines. Be sure—get KLEENWIRE.

The B. Greening Wire Co., Limited
Hamilton Ontario

Your local **IRHA** hardware man
is a good man to know



He knows your problems—and he has a complete stock of the hardware items you require. His knowledge and experience qualifies him to help you select wisely and to buy economically. He realizes that his success depends on the quality service he gives you—so you can depend on him to take a keen and

personal interest in your hardware and housewares problems. Call on him for all the supplies you need. His store displays the red, white and blue IRHA symbol of service that signifies dependable merchandise, trustworthy service, fair prices and guaranteed dealing.

IRHA "Hardware Week" advertising continues...

Here it comes

everything you want in a power mower

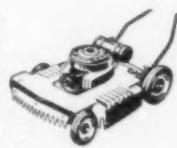


Four Models to Choose from

LAWN-BOY Deluxe 18" \$89.95
2 h.p. Iron-Horse (illustrated above)



LAWN-BOY Original 18" \$84.50. The original Lawn-Boy deluxe with staggered wheels 1.2 H.P. Iron-Horse engine—rope starter.



LAWN-BOY Economy 18" \$74.50. A stripped-for-action 18" Lawn-Boy. Front trim 1.2 H.P. Iron-Horse engine—rope starter.

LEAF PULVERATOR available for all models at slight extra cost.

Outboard, Marine & Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Peterborough Canada

Also manufacturers of Johnson, Evinrude and Elto outboard motors, Iron-Horse gasoline engines.

See and try this new Deluxe Lawn-Boy available in both 18" and 21" models. Ask your local Lawn-Boy dealer for complete details or write for FREE literature.

SERVICE is important too

The Lawn-Boy and Iron-Horse unit is made in Canada, with service and parts immediately available in your community.



The man with the coat

Continued from page 94

where a huge smiling grey-haired man sat alone. "A little business, a little monkey business," Ray said casually, and he sat down. They tried to hold the conversation in whispers. Ray gave the details about Harry Lane, handed over twenty-five dollars, and left his phone number for further details.

When he was outside he began to feel great pride in his resourcefulness. On the hot summer night St. Catherine was crowded. The girls drifted by with linked arms, trailed by pimply faced boys. The middle-aged couples looked in store windows. It was Bruno's neighborhood. So Ray swaggered and brushed through these little people who were trying to brighten their lives looking in shop windows on a hot night.

He didn't need Mike at all, he thought. The nice part of it was that by this time everybody would be figuring that Mike ought to have had Harry beaten up long ago, and he smiled.

Now he could see that all the trouble for him at Dorfman's had begun because he had associated himself with Mike Kon, a mistake he wouldn't make again. Last night Mike had looked worried and old. He remembered hearing Oscar Strauss, the promoter at the Garden, saying, "There's a rule for getting along. Never associate with people on the downgrade." Mike Kon was definitely on the downgrade.

XIX

THAT DAY in Mike's store business had been slow and at five o'clock he went into his office and took out his books so he could compare this week with the week of a year ago. The comparison told him nothing. A year ago the business had only been building.

Yet aside from the comparison it had been a dull week. I'm a fool, he thought. I sit here waiting for lightning to hit me. From the back room came the sound of Willie moving around and Mike went to the door and looked in, wanting to talk to him about the Man With The Coat item, yet balding Willie's impassive face as he stood there, the tape measure around his neck, now seemed alien; in the beginning Willie had said bluntly, "What's the matter with you, Mike? It couldn't have been the cleaning fluid." And even now, as their eyes met, it seemed to him Willie was pretending, in his wooden British manner, to be unaware that there had been any further trouble.

At noontime next day I. L. Singerman, himself, a short broad man with a paunch and glasses, came into the store and said he had just dropped in, being in the neighborhood, and he talked about the hot weather, the textile strike and the damned union agitators.

Looking out the window Mr. Singerman asked what was this story he had heard at the Variety Club where he had been lunching with some movie exhibitor, about a coat for Harry Lane that had fallen to pieces.

"Mr. Singerman, I told your man about that piece of lining," Mike said.

"Mike, I've got money in this business."

"So have I, Mr. Singerman. All I have in the world."

"So why didn't you fix the man's coat . . . like that?" he said, snapping his fingers.

"I asked him to let me fix the coat."

"So?"

"He wouldn't. It's just spite."

"You asked him and he wouldn't."

Spite. Is it possible? Does it make sense? A man everybody talked about for months."

"What could I do, Mr. Singerman? I offered to fix the coat," Mike said, and he leaned wearily against the long oaken table.

He knew he couldn't explain his resentment of Harry to Mr. Singerman. The man had never read a good book. His knowledge of Mr. Singerman's basic illiteracy suddenly helped him, it made him feel sane and patient. "It's a complicated story," he said. "A story that has to be figured out."

Singerman said irritably, "So why should we hear any more about the damned coat? Go to his place, speak to him in a nice way as one substantial man to another. Make him a new suit, if he wants it, with an extra pair of pants. Hand-stitching on the lapels. Make it three pair of pants. But get that coat back from him. Well, go to it," he said grimly on the way out, and Mike moved over to the window and watched him get into his car. How quick he is to push me around, he thought, trembling. How quickly he'd drop me if he thought I had a bad name. As he watched the people hurrying by his window he longed with all his heart to get the coat back so he could fix it.

When he tried to concentrate on making a plan he thought his head would burst, then suddenly he seemed to know what he could do; he could go to Harry and say, I was wrong in throwing up Scotty's death at you. I've thought about it and I've come to the conclusion I've no real knowledge of the facts. You could be blameless.

Then he actually felt himself blushing. To say these things against all his conviction would be intolerably unworthy of his self-respect, he thought, and what was worse, anyone who heard of him doing it would despise him. All I need to do is to hold out in Dorfman's till he cracks, he thought.

XX

AT THAT hour Harry was in his room waiting in the chair by the window, the morning paper on his knee, and the radio his landlady, Mrs. Benoit, had loaned him, playing softly. It was hot and he kept dabbing restlessly with his handkerchief at the little beads of moisture on his forehead.

He stayed in his room because he didn't want to go to the Ritz bar, or the M.A.A. Club or to any of the old places until the issue had been settled in Dorfman's. Every day at noontime he waited in his lonely room for two hours, and he was there for the same time after dinner, but not really according to any plan; he didn't admit to himself that he was waiting. Yet all his faith in himself prompted him to keep on believing that someone would come soon and tell him the stand he had taken had made people realize he must have been wronged. The power of his own imagination, the truth he was sure was in everybody's imagination seemed to him to compel someone to take this step. Someone soon would have to come. Back in his mind he hoped Mike Kon would be the one. So far nobody had come.

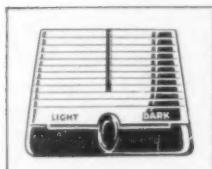
A knock at the door made him turn hopefully. Any step in the hall, someone outside his door, always quickened him. It was only Mrs. Benoit. "Why, come in, Mrs. Benoit," he said, graciously. His unaffected simple good will always made her feel she was a dignified and interesting person. Her grey hair was curled and she was dressed to go out, and she smiled apologetically. It had been so hot last night, she said, and she wondered if he had been able to sleep. While she

Live the modern, electrical way with G-E APPLIANCES

G-E AUTOMATIC TOASTER

... toasts to your taste every time

Nicest way to start the day . . . with toast to your taste every time. And there's never a chance of burnt fingers because the G-E Toaster "pops up" high! Sparkling chrome finish . . . with handy removable crumb tray . . . always-cool plastic handles and plastic base that protects table tops.

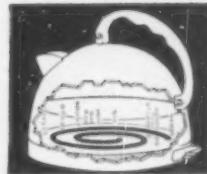


TASTE CONTROL—Easily operated colour control regulates toasting time. Gives toast browned to any desired degree from light to dark.



G-E KETTLE boils water in a jiffy!

The perfect gift for weddings and anniversaries. This G-E Kettle can be used just about everywhere—at home, cottage or office. Boils a pint of water in only 2½ minutes . . . holds four pints in all. Comes in easy-to-clean gleaming chrome finish, complete with six foot detachable cord.



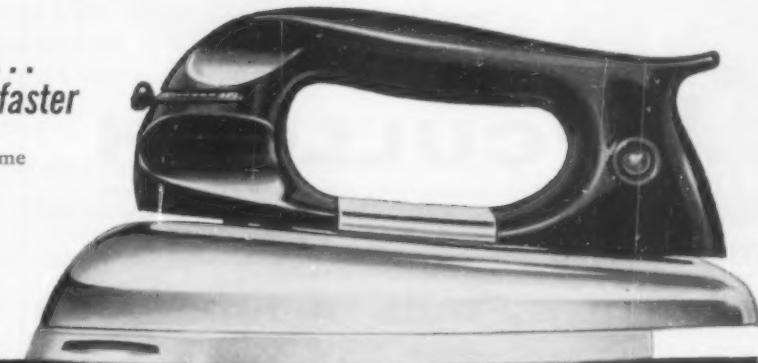
TOTALLY IMMERSED ELEMENT—G-E Calrod element is hermetically sealed in a copper sheath fully immersed in water. All the heat goes into the water.

G-E FEATHERWEIGHT IRON fully automatic . . . irons faster



CUTS IRONING TIME—The extra-large sole-plate, with its controlled heat, covers a greater area with each ironing stroke . . . saves time and work.

The G-E Featherweight Iron actually cuts ironing time by one-third. Weighs only three pounds . . . has specially designed air-cooled handle that provides perfect balance. The Fabric-Dial Heat control is located at the front . . . gives and maintains the correct temperature for every type of fabric.



Wonderful Gifts
for Showers
Anniversaries
Weddings!



**GENERAL ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES**

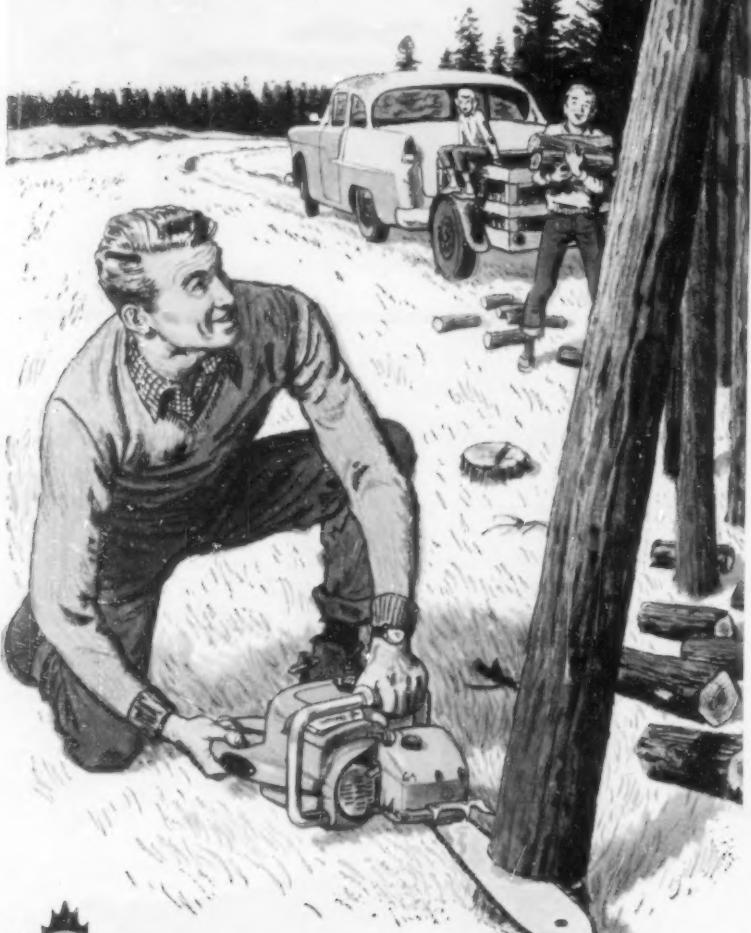
CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

he cut down the old pine tree...

...he cut it down in less than a minute with his handy little McCulloch power saw, and he hauled it away for firewood, fence posts, pulp logs, or even a beam for a barn.

Anyone can easily cut wood, trim trees, or clear land with a McCulloch gasoline-powered saw. Woodlands grow better with periodic selective cutting. The saw shown costs only \$234, cuts in any position, and weighs only 20 pounds. Try a free demonstration at your nearby McCulloch dealer.

Send coupon for details.



McCULLOCH

McCulloch Company of Canada Ltd., Vancouver 10, B.C. • World's largest chain saw builder

McCulloch Company of Canada Ltd., Vancouver 10, B.C.

Send items checked and details on your free demonstration:

- Free literature on power saws; Free literature on power lawn mowers;
- 36-page woodcutting manual (10c enclosed)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ Prov. _____

State _____



Ask your dealer about the new McCulloch twin-action power lawn mower. It mows...sweeps...trims...edges...mulches.

IRHA "Hardware Week" advertising continues...

talked she poked around the room, straightening the magazines on his table and picking up his slippers, which she put in the clothes closet. The grim, humorless woman, who knew nothing about him, had taken a liking to him. She found excuses for coming into the room when he was there, knowing he was lonely. She believed he was looking for a job. Straightening the pillows on his bed while he smiled at her, she told him she had a cousin who was an insurance company executive; he needed someone to translate the French correspondence into English, and she had told this cousin about the young man staying with her who spoke perfect French. "You could do it at home," she said, "and it would tide you over. Why don't you go over there now and see him?"

"Why, I shall," he said. "I'll go down there right now," and he thanked her.

On the way out he stopped and thought, to tide me over, and he smiled, and the radio was still playing. Even Mrs. Benoit hadn't turned it off. He went down the street and across the square, and there were pigeons waddling on the walk, and he remembered the day he had crossed the square with Scotty Bowman. In the insurance company office he talked with Mrs. Benoit's cousin, a plump jolly man with a little black mustache and round bright eyes. "Harry Lane. Oh, Harry Lane," he said, as if trying to remember, and then suddenly, half turning away he smiled. Waiting uneasily, Harry flushed. But the man told him he could have the work; he told him what he wanted done. But his smile, the way he had placed him with the smile, remembering something he had heard, bothered Harry till he got outside. Then he thought suddenly; no one used to smile remembering something they had heard or read about me and Scotty Bowman. It was only a little thing for the man was a stranger, yet it seemed to be remarkably significant. In that man's smile, he told himself, there certainly hadn't been any of that old uneasy resentment. The more he thought of it the more hopeful he felt, and for a change he went to a movie and when he got home, after eating, he telephoned Annie Laurie and told her about the job. From now on he would have a little income, he said, something to tide him over. They should celebrate, she said gaily, there was a circus in town, how would he like to take her to the circus, and he said he would be right over. Then he went to the window and looked out; it had clouded up. The window curtains hung straight and still. It might rain. Rain might end the unseasonable heat but he didn't want anything to spoil the few free carefree hours he could have at the circus before it was time to go to Dorfman's.

The circus was on the outskirts of town and it was much cooler even under the lanes of lights than it was in the city, and he liked the way she walked through the crowd in her yellow dress. It was not a big circus, the side shows were nothing, although in the main tent there were three old clowns that made Annie Laurie laugh like a young girl. The ferris wheel was a small one. Then they found the little red cars with the rubber bumpers and the unpredictable steering wheels and they took to them; for ride after ride he tried to master the tricky steering wheel. In the small area the cars bumped crazily into each other while the drivers tried to avoid a jam in the middle of the floor. Again and again Harry crashed into three other cars, though he jiggled the steering wheel frantically, yet he was always happy-eyed and laughing; he couldn't successfully disengage the car and back out.

"Look at me, Harry, look at me!" Annie Laurie screamed suddenly. Waving grandly she cruised freely around the other uncontrolled little cars, and twice again she circled them serenely before the ride was over. "Well, anyway, one of us did it," he said, taking her arm and walking her toward the hamburger booth. "I guess it's one of those things a woman is good at." "Sour grapes," she said. "I do the right things and crash into everybody," he protested. "You do all the wrong things and sail merrily on your way."

Sitting down at the counter stool he suddenly looked at his wrist watch and was uneasy, then their eyes met, and she knew he was thinking of getting to Dorfman's on time, but she was afraid to say she wished he didn't have to go there tonight. Now they never spoke of Mike Kon. While she was eating her hamburger he watched her, smiling to himself. He liked the enjoyment in her eyes and the way her small tongue touched her lips, and the way she kept moving the shoulder straps of her dress on her warm bare shoulders.

"You know, I have such a good appetite," she said, swinging round on the stool. "I know I, too, am going to live to be an old woman."

"You too?"

"Well, I had three uncles and they all lived to be over ninety. So in the family there's this longevity or longevity, which is it, Harry?"

"It's like longevity."

"But why? It doesn't make sense. Long is long."

"Of course it doesn't make sense," he said. "But long is from an old Anglo-Saxon word, and longevity had a Latin source."

"Well, fancy anyone knowing that. How about your people?"

"Both my mother and father died young."

"Which one are you like?"

"Well, I don't know," he said thoughtfully, his elbows on the counter as he reflected. "They were very different in every way." Gradually, as he remembered, he began to look troubled, and she waited. Finally his head went back proudly, "In their different ways they both had great dignity." Then he seemed to be bothered by some implication in his own words, and he looked at her, expecting some comment, the stubborn light in his eyes. But she didn't know what he wanted her to say.

He had looked at his watch for the third time like a man who knew he was going to be late for an appointment he didn't really want to keep, and she turned away quickly, moved and understanding he was happy there and didn't want to go to Dorfman's; all his natural generosity was against it. He had picked up a paper napkin and was wiping his mouth. Out of the corner of her eye she watched him, then again she had to turn away from his silence and his ravaged face to hide the tears that came to her eyes, and hide too her knowledge that he was struggling with his pride which was driving him to Dorfman's. In the uneasy silence between them the strident brassy music from the merry-go-round seemed to be far away, and while he struggled with himself she felt the anguish of half understanding, just by way of feeling and the look in his eyes, that his innocence which, in spite of his war years and his background, had made him Scotty's dupe, the innocence which he had asserted and which everybody had rejected, had turned into a monstrous pride, and it was driving him on.

"The smell of food cooking there isn't right for such a hot night, come on," he said, awkward and apologetic, and they started home.

On the noticed so I suggest I name a lit we go to Out-of-the "Well, everywhere "Why drop out "Annie want you "Oh, y place, the town. I c today with "Why they both selves. A of his hope thinking disgust naturally him to g like the to streng his imag hand, w his chee was try denly he When only ele to bed, everybody car with Everybody night," should still she going. He Dorfman harder same a father to go t ahead v iron li memor freshl was th month he had father suit, he wearin embarr father going he sho Nig had b comin dining they c thought comin No, th father sive, whole my s to yo eyes "I'd do, H M tonig said turn he fe want he c time reali If th time woul ashaw It h then shif

On the way he said to her, "I've noticed something, Annie Laurie. When I suggest we eat someplace you always name a little place in the east end. Or we go to some place like this circus. Out-of-the-way places. Why?"

"Well, you don't want to be seen everywhere with me, Harry?"

"Why don't I?"

"In a little while you'll want me to drop out of your life."

"Annie Laurie, till the day I die I want you to be somewhere in my life."

"Oh, you'll drift back to your own place, the place you should have in this town. I can see that coming. It started today with that little job," she said.

"Why not? Why not?" he said, then they both kept their thoughts to themselves. All evening she had been aware of his hopeful cheerfulness; now she was thinking that underneath his anger and disgust with so many people was his naturally optimistic nature prompting him to grasp at some happy little sign, like the talk with the insurance man, to strengthen his faith in himself and his imagination. And he, on the other hand, was wondering if she believed his cheerfulness hid some despair and was trying to cheer him up, and suddenly he smiled at her.

When they got to her place it was only eleven, but she said she was going to bed. Standing at her door, half in the shadow, she laughed. "I'll dream that everybody in town drives a little red car with a broken steering wheel. Everybody but me, Harry." "Good night," he said, and he kissed her. "I should get some sleep myself." And still she didn't ask him where he was going.

He looked ahead at the light over Dorfman's. Each night it got a little harder for him to go in, and now, the same as last night, he thought of his father and mother and how they used to go to Dorfman's. There it was just ahead with its door under the wrought-iron light, a place full of familiar memories, always touching him so freshly now, and troubling him. Now it was that time when he was nineteen, a month after he had started college, and he had gone in there and had seen his father standing at the bar in his grey suit, his hair prematurely white, and wearing a red tie, and he had been embarrassed. Beckoning to him, his father had said to Alfred, "If my son is going to come to this bar, Alfred, then he should have his first drink here with you and me."

Night after night in those days he had been there and had seen his father coming downstairs from the Peacock dining room. What would they say if they could see me in there tonight, he thought, looking at the slits of light coming from the curtained windows. No, they'd be with me, he thought. His father, a little flamboyant and explosive, would curse the shame of the whole thing and shout, "By God, you're my son, Harry, don't let them do this to you," and his mother, her fine blue eyes fierce with indignation, would say, "I'd never be ashamed of anything you do, Harry, if you believe it's right."

Maybe Mike Kon won't be there tonight, he thought. Each night he said this hopefully to himself before turning in at the steps, and each night he felt a little more optimistic. Now he wanted this to be the one night when he could go in and sit there with the time passing till finally everyone realized that Mike had not shown up. If this could only happen two or three times in a row, he told himself, it would mean that Mike had grown ashamed of sitting there in his presence. It had to happen. All the signs were there. The focus of attention had shifted from him to Mike and therein lay the significance of the whole thing.

Here's what happens



... when folks forget



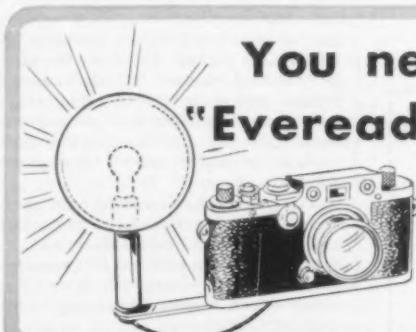
to buy flashlight batteries

It could be as simple as a stubbed toe! It could be as expensive as a broken leg! But why take a chance? For a few cents, you can prevent unnecessary accidents by remembering to buy "Eveready" Leak-proof Flashlight Batteries next time you're shopping. They'll give you guaranteed leakproof performance, plus long life. So be on the bright side—the safe side—check your flashlight today . . . use it tonight!

The Leakproof Batteries that Last!

"Eveready", "Nine Lives" and the Cat Symbol are registered trade-marks of Union Carbide Canada Limited

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
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You never get a 'dud' with "Eveready" Photoflash Batteries

For dependable flash use "Eveready" Photoflash Batteries. They're specifically designed to give both essential features of efficient flash operation—high peak current and unusually long service life. And there are "Eveready" Photoflash Batteries for every type and size of photoflash equipment available to amateur and professional today.

PPM1-55

IRHA "Hardware Week" advertising continues...

When the fire reeks left



"Just can't figure it out," said Neighbour Jim staring at the charred remains of his bedroom wall. "Just can't."

"Humph! There's nothing to figure," Pop wagged a finger. "The firemen told you—it was inadequate wiring."

"That's what I can't figure. Think I should sue someone?"

"Sue yourself" Mom retorted. "It's your fault."

"Mine! I didn't do anything!"

"Just a minute," Pop said. "How many fuses you got in your fuse box?"

"Four, I think."

"Any of them keep blowing?"

"Well a lot of them did—until I changed them from fifteen to twenty-fives."

"Aha!" cried Mom. "No wonder you had a fire!"

Pop slowly shook his head. "Not good Jim. The electrician knew what he was doing when he put in fifteen amp fuses. He knew that was all the current the wires could safely handle. Changing them to twenty-fives is just a waste of power—overloads the wires and heats them something fierce."

"Just figure it out," Pop went on, "You've bought more and more electrical appliances every year. But you haven't put any more wires in your house to carry all the extra current you need to run them. These poor little wires were so overloaded they started a fire."

"You need Adequate Wiring," Mom said. "Get an electrical contractor up here. Have him put in a bigger fuse box—more outlets—more wiring circuits. That's the ticket."

"But I can't afford all that," Neighbour Jim mourned.

"Sure you can," said Pop. "It only takes a few bucks a month. You can buy your whole Adequate Wiring job on time payments—THROUGH ANY ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR!"

"Besides," said Mom, "think of the repair bill you've got right now for that wall..."

Neighbour Jim was half-way downstairs to the phone.



80% of Canadian Homes Need Adequate Wiring

How about your home? If your T.V. picture shrinks—if the lights dim out when you plug in an appliance—if fuses keep blowing—then it's time to seriously consider Adequate Wiring to Red Seal standards. Get all the facts. Send for the free booklet "Getting the most from your home's electric system." And if you're planning to build get the facts now! Remember, 12% of all fires are caused by abused or inadequate wiring!



Published in the interests of Adequate Wiring by—

TRIANGLE CONDUIT AND CABLE (CANADA) LIMITED
4006 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO, ONTARIO

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS TO—

***THE CANADIAN ADEQUATE WIRING BUREAU, 126 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.**

Please send me a free copy of the booklet "Getting the most from your home's electric system"

I belong to a group who would like to see a color-sound film on Adequate Wiring.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... PROV..... PHONE.....

*A non-profit organization representing the Canadian electrical industry to promote a higher standard of electrical living.

IRHA "Hardware Week" advertising continues...

The others, with their laughter, their derision and kidding, were putting it up to Mike. Soon there would be nothing for Mike to do but return from the place, laughed out of court, as the spokesman for Scotty Bowman, or come to him, shamefaced and good-natured, and try and negotiate a truce. In a sudden flight of fancy he seemed to see Mike coming over to him saying, "I can see how a man can get himself in a bad light with people. Maybe they don't want to believe me, I don't know. This could ruin me, just as people talking have tried to ruin you. Only a badly wronged man would go on like you do, Harry. Maybe I had no right to jump to conclusions." If Mike could only have the simple human charity to make this gesture, it would be enough, he thought, and he could stop wearing the coat, for people would ask Mike what had happened, and Mike would have to explain; with these explanations of the dropping of his accusations, Mike, whether he liked it or not, would really become his advocate.

Two men who had been looking in the dress-shop window on the other side of Dorfman's had come down the street. "Got a match, pal," asked the one in the powder-blue suit, stopping at the Dorfman steps. "Sure," he said, shoving his hand in his pocket. As his fingers touched the match folder, the other fellow, the one without a coat, who had taken a few steps past him, turned, came closer and swung. Out of the corner of his eye Harry saw the arm looping in the light, but his own hand was in his pocket; the blow caught him on the left temple and he half spun, trying to keep his balance, then the taller one who had spoken to him came in punching hard with both hands while he staggered, trying not to go down. He felt the pain on his eye and jaw and he yelled wildly, "Help, help, help." As they both came at him he punched savagely with both hands at the nearest face, a cruel young vicious face in the Dorfman light, the mouth sagging open, and he felt his own fists sink into the nose, and he heard the moan, then the whimper, but the other one had dived at his legs, pinioning them, and he went down. One of them got an arm lock on him; his arm seemed to be breaking. His face was against the sidewalk. "Give it to him." The blows came on his face and he tried to roll away.

There was a flash of light; it was in his own mind; then the darkness closing down and new voices; a mob seemed to be beating him and he cursed with rage. Suddenly he was free, lying on the ground. The other voice had come from a car that had driven up and stopped, the motor running. His two assailants were getting into the car, one still whimpering, his hand on his broken nose.

Raising himself to his knees, he shook his head to clear it, and blood from his nose and mouth fell on his hand. He stood up slowly and lurched toward the steps. His left arm hung heavy and numb at his side and he blinked at it but could hardly see it. He wanted to get his handkerchief but it was in the left trouser pocket. Climbing the steps he trembled all over but his head had cleared and when he took a deep shaky breath and then another, deeper one, sucking in the air, his strength came back to him and he opened the door and went in.

The patrons had crowded around the window, having heard the cries from the street, and Ted Ogilvie was the first one to turn and see him standing at the door. "Harry, it's Harry," he shouted and he came hurrying to him with Haggerty.

"Sooner or later, this had to hap-

pen," Haggerty said.

"Give me a drink," Harry said, breathing heavily as he leaned against the bar.

"Take this, Harry. It's brandy."

"To hell with brandy. Give me my Canadian Club."

"What's happened? Who was it, Harry?"

"They're gone in a car."

"Who were they?"

"Two hoods I've never seen in my life," and he sat down by the bar breathing jerkily, and took the cloth the barman tossed to him and wiped his eye slowly, staring at the blood on the cloth, then he concentrated patiently on wiping his face.

"Did they get your wallet, Harry?" the barman asked.

"My wallet! Hell, they weren't after my wallet," he said, looking up blankly. "It was me, you understand. It was a job, a job," and he closed his eyes and swallowed hard. His left arm was bothering him and he raised it slowly and wiggled it very delicately, and then he winced. "I thought the damn thing was broken," he said, with a grotesque smile for his puffed-up left eye was closing.

"Take it easy, Harry. I'll get a doctor," Alfred said.

"Where did they come from?"

"A thing like that on this street."

"They were waiting for me," he said, impatiently. "Which means they knew I'd be coming here at this hour. Two hoods planted there to jump me. Who planted them there? Who do I know who's crazy enough to have me beaten up?" and he looked around. Just back of the circle of patrons was Mike. Only a few feet away, at the bar, was Ray Conlin smoking his cigar, his black eyes bright and too amused.

"Everybody knows the one guy who'd like to have me beaten to a pulp," Harry said bitterly. "So you still know where to go to get a job done, eh, Mr. Kon?"

"Now I know you're out of your mind," Mike said.

"So you finally called in your hoods," Harry said, his swollen face twisting into a laugh. "Still hiding behind others."

"Wait a minute," Mike said fiercely. "I won't take this. I don't need the help of any hoods. That twisted mind of yours!" And then he took on an air of scornful dignity. "Nobody believes you anyway. I don't stoop to take you seriously. Nobody any longer takes anything you do seriously."

"Has Kon been coming around here this early, Alfred?" Harry asked.

"Well, not this early, Harry."

"Then why does he show up tonight? Just to have a ringside seat, of course."

"I show up here because I like it here," Mike said. "I sit here minding my business. Ask anybody."

"Yes, he's in here," Haggerty said, looking at Mike so thoughtfully that Mike felt insulted. "But you don't expect him to admit anything, do you?"

"Do you think he'd have the courage to act on his own? Him and Conlin, I say."

"Not me and Conlin," Mike said furiously.

"You see, Alfred," Harry said. "Him and Conlin," and he laughed again. "A pair. Kon and Conlin. Konlin. Little Kon," and then he turned on Ray. "You threatened to get me, didn't you, little Kon. You and Mike fixed it, didn't you?" and he came closer and Ray made a move to defend himself, scowling ferociously.

"Maybe you're right, Harry, only you can't prove anything," Haggerty said, and he grabbed at his arm, for Mike had hunched up his shoulders trying to control himself.

"I'm not going to hit him," Harry

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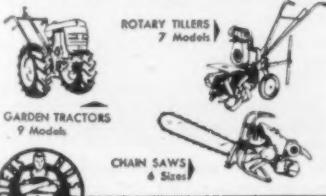
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said. "That's been done before. He's just Kon's hatchet man anyway."

"I'm nobody's hatchet man. I'm Bruno's trainer. Don't you forget it," Ray shouted. "Bruno's a national figure."

"Trainer! You're just that gangster Rosso's water boy."

"Tell it to Rosso when he comes up here for the fight."

"You tell him this, Conlin. Tell him you worked on the side for Mr. Kon and he ran out on you. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to have you deported for having a hand in planting those hoods out there."

"A big man. He runs the government now," Ray jeered.

"Come on, Harry, and wash yourself up," Haggerty said soothingly, with his good-natured patronizing half-contemptuous tolerance of him.

Motionless and rooted there, Mike glared at Ray, but couldn't catch his eye; Ray seemed to be off by himself, scaring himself, feeling the touch of a mysterious new fear in Harry's threat.

Alfred took an angry step toward Ray. "Listen Conlin," he said. "Beat it. If you come around here again I'll have you thrown on your face in the middle of the road." Turning his back on Conlin he looked around and Mike met his eyes; he held his angry eyes, feeling himself being pushed out of the place and down the street and back to the cheap neighborhood where he had grown up; then Alfred beckoned to him and went over to the door, out of earshot of the others.

"What's on your mind, Alfred?" Mike said.

"I've never had any trouble in here, Mike," Alfred said, his face reddening. "It's not that kind of a place. I won't have this happen to Harry in my place. I don't care what you and the rest of the world have against him. I'm asking a favor of you. You're all right too, I guess, but as far as I'm concerned you've taken a mean advantage of him in my place. I'd be awfully obliged to you if you'd keep away."

"That's a real insult, Alfred," Mike said, the blood draining from his face, and then he added proudly, "It's not a thing I'd choose to argue about." And as he walked out stiffly he said to Ray, "You rat. But they'll deport you right back to 14th Street." The light caught the grey at Mike's temples and the heavy lines on his forehead and he looked tired and old, and a little wild.

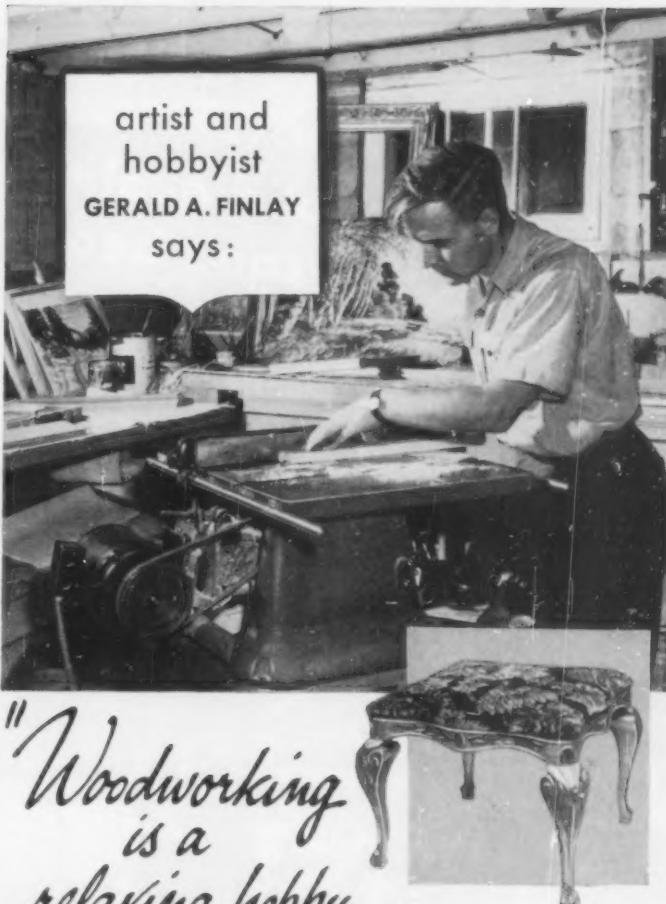
XXI

THE NIGHT after Harry had told Ray he was going to have him deported, Ray was in his small room in the second-class hotel near the Windsor Station with a view overlooking an alley shaft. The carpet was worn threadbare. All night long he heard the shunting of engines and if he turned out the light a neon sign on a nearby roof kept flashing its pinkish light across the foot of the bed. But in the three months he had been there the room had become truly his home.

He had never had a home until now where he could feel that he was by himself with some life that belonged to him alone. When he had been a boy in New York on Tenth Avenue he had been scared of the police, and his mother in her turn had always been scared she couldn't keep her family together. When Ray had made his connection with Rosso he had been sure he had found someone who could give him protection, although he had never been able to figure out why he needed this protection. Policemen had only a few small cases against him, honest men ignored him, and yet he had a secret hidden knowledge that someday he might be grabbed by nameless

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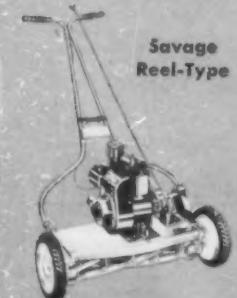


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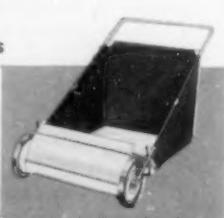
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people and accused of some crime he wouldn't understand if he didn't have a big fellow there to fix it for him.

Yet in this room, far away from Rosso where he could pretend he was Bruno's manager, for the first time in his life he had that appearance of some authority of his own. Boys who worshiped young Bruno were proud to be invited to this room, and so were two-bit gamblers. Waitresses he brought there were awed when he showed them with a little flourish the picture-magazine story on Rosso with his own picture on the next page. On these occasions, when he rang for room service he felt compelled to toss a dollar tip to the waiter. He used to lie on the bed with his shoes off, smoking cigars and wondering why he felt so warm, lazy, loving and opulent.

Sighing, he sat down to take off his shoes. He had weak arches, and if his heels got turned a little his feet ached. Holding up one of the shoes he squinted at the heel, then suddenly he hurled it across the room, jumped up, and began to pad up and down, telling himself that Harry Lane couldn't have him deported; nothing had been proved against him. But he knew that people in authority would like to do something for a famous broken-down war hero, if it cost them nothing. Lane had been a big man, and he knew all the big men. So right now the police were probably hunting for the two who had beaten up on Lane. When they were found they would squeal, and he would be convicted. If they deport me I'll be finished with Rosso, he thought, and his head began to sweat. His little black eyes were bright and staring. Someone else would have to come from Rosso to handle Bruno.

Undressing, he got into bed and lay there while the pink light flickered across the bed and tried to understand how he had got involved in the beginning. The trains shunted, the canal boats whistled and later the monastery bells chimed; the day came, and there was the hum of the station opening its doors to the city business. Still he couldn't sleep. He dozed a little. At ten o'clock the maid opened the door with her master key; she wanted to clean the room. He scowled at her, then quickly apologized; now he needed all his friends. He got dressed, walked up to St. Catherine, got some coffee, then came back and slept on the made bed, and at three he went to the gym for Bruno's workout, his mind made up that he would forget all about Harry Lane.

While he was rubbing the boy down, his fingers working surely and patiently, he started worrying again. "Everything's clowning and horsing around in this town," he complained, his fingers slackening their pressure as he stared, unseeing, at Bruno's gleaming limbs.

"What's the matter, Ray?"

"You know this Mollie Morris?" Ray asked.

"The column in the Sun? Sure, Ray."

"Right. She has a big following, wouldn't you say?"

"They give her a big play in this town."

"High-class stuff? High-class readership?"

"My old man reads her," Bruno said with dignity, raising his head and smiling. "Is she doing a story on me? I would like that very much."

"I'm going to see what I can do, Johnny." And he got the telephone book and looked up Miss Morris's address. She lived on Bishop, three blocks away from the Ritz.

He tried to kid with Bruno so he wouldn't notice that he was worried. When they were both getting dressed, Bruno asked him if he could drop him

off anywhere. He had a nice Ford convertible, and Ray, with a light air to impress Bruno, told him he could drop him off at the Ritz.

When he got out of the car to wait until it pulled away the big-nosed Ritz doorman looked at him very stuffily and Ray tried to make it plain he had a low opinion of him too, then walked west, with the sun in his eyes, turned halfway down Bishop to an old stone house, climbed the stairs and stood listening at the door before he pressed the bell.

When she opened the door the words he had prepared wouldn't come easily because she was wearing a black sweater and white slacks, her black hair was hanging on her shoulders, and her eyes were unfriendly. "Oh, Mr. Conlin," she said. "What do you want?"

"Could I speak to you a minute, Miss Morris?"

"No, I'm busy, Conlin," she said, and he knew she didn't want him in her house.

"This is so damned important to me, Miss Morris," he pleaded. "It's about Harry Lane."

"Well, come in," she said reluctantly.

The spotless whiteness of the walls and the black mantel and the gold rug upset him, and she left him standing there uneasily while she fumbled in the white pants for her cigarettes.

"Look, Miss Morris," he blurted out. "Harry thinks I'm responsible for that beating he got."

"Well."

"He's going to have me deported. I've already been thrown out of Dorfman's. Harry's still got some big government friends who'll do things for him for the sake of the old days. I've had a lot of publicity. I mean that magazine story, and it'll be used against me to hound me out of here."

"So you'll be deported. What do I care?" she said, walking away from him to drop the ashes from her cigarette on the tray at the end of the ivory-colored sofa. "You disgust me," she said.

"You don't know how I feel," he blurted out desperately. "I'm entitled to a little justice. Do I get no justice because I get mixed up with people like Harry and you? You're a judge's daughter," he said angrily. "Why do you want to work on a newspaper and go everywhere alone with that smile? You sit around with the guys in Dorfman's and you go to the fights, and it's all just slumming. I've read your column. All those little guys you write about don't touch you. All for laughs. It don't put any spots on those nice white pants. You don't know what goes on inside people. What counts with a woman like you? There don't have to be no justice for a woman like you."

Then she turned on him wrathfully. "The nerve of you coming here like this and insulting me about Harry Lane."

"I don't want to insult you," he insisted desperately. "I don't want to insult nobody. That's my point. I make a practical joke about the coat. I goofed. I'm not witty. I'm good-humored, not witty, see, and I get a punch on the jaw for my joke. Is that justice? Miss Morris, who do you respect who takes a punch, and does nothing? I was happy around here, my nose clean, too. So I'm to be deported. Nobody speaks to me. Justice, justice."

He was following her around the room and then over to the window, growing more desperately baffled by her grim silent anger there for him to see in the stiffness of her body, her folded arms and her eyes that didn't see him—anger all turned in on herself, tormenting her, since he had told her the kind of woman

she was. He couldn't cope with this silent inward-going anger and the slow reddening of her neck. "You, that slut Annie Laurie, Harry. The kind of woman I am," she whispered, yet she seemed to have forgotten that he was there. He was frightened now by her silence and its sadness, and some kind of strange passionate regret in her tormented eyes and she had this very clean smell with a little touch of perfume on her and her mouth began to tremble as if she were suffering. She was looking down at the back gardens, and he looked out too. In the garden next door were many flowers and a pear tree. Two visiting nuns were there in the garden. As they moved under the pear tree in the shade, Miss Morris, half angrily, muttered to herself, "Why is it that nuns look so well under a pear tree in the sunlight?"

"I don't know," he said blankly.

"What?"

"What do you mean?"

"You little fool," she said, turning on him fiercely. "Harry Lane have you deported! He doesn't expect anybody to take him that seriously. All he wants to do is make a fool of himself. Hasn't he turned away from everything decent, from common sense, remorse, from love, the pity and pride of love, to make himself nothing with sluts and morons like you. Go on, you fool. He won't have you deported. People won't stand any more from him. No more, not even the ruin of a jerk like you. People won't stand for it, I tell you. Now get out of here. Get out!"

"Okay, okay, Miss Morris," he said quickly. "I see you have great readership, great respect," and backing away from her to the door he was glad to get out.

On the street he stood looking up and down mopping his head. "The people I'm in with now," he thought. "Nuns looking well in the sunlight under a pear tree. Christ!" and then as his success with her began to dazzle him he grinned happily, and walked along whistling.

When he got to Peel he stopped, looking down at Dorfman's, where people were going in. He wanted to show a little defiance to someone so he loafed down the street and when he



saw Ted Ogilvie getting out of a taxi he was delighted.

"Hi, Ted," he called, waiting with a big friendly grin.

"Why, you little rat. I heard we had seen the last of you around here," Ted said sourly.

"Hell, all you're doing is believing that crazy guy Lane's story," and he started to chuckle. "I don't have to help him break his neck. He's doing it himself."

"You won't be here to see it. You'll be deported," Ogilvie said, taunting him.

"Deport me. Who? That crazy guy?"

"It's a good idea, and he'd have lots of support."

"Who can Lane count on?"

"Who can you count on?"

"I can count on Mollie Morris."

"Mollie Morris," Ted said incredulously.

"Yeah, Miss Morris. She's in my corner. With her behind me I can say to hell with Harry Lane," and he laughed defiantly. All his life he had been defiant when confident of the influence of the one behind him, and now the surprise in Ogilvie's eyes delighted him. And I'll be back in Dorfman's after the fight, he thought.

XXII

ALL NIGHT Mike lay awake twitching like a middle-aged man dreading the future, and in the dark he heard voices repeating, "Kicked out of Dorfman's just like a bum. Kicked out of Dorfman's . . ." But the night was long, and in moments of dreadful clarity, free of the tossing and twitching, he saw his Dorfman disgrace as a big step toward his ruin, for Singerman, hearing of it, would believe, of course, like everybody else, that he had actually had a hand in the beating, and say his advice had been answered with violence. As a businessman, Singerman might say he couldn't afford to be associated with an old fighter who was an outcast from a place where the best people went. "I won't be an outcast," Mike said so loudly that his own voice in the darkness startled him and he sat up in bed. Then he heard a cat in the lane behind the building. The window was open a few inches. The weeds that bothered his hay fever grew in the lane. Again he heard the cat dragging at the lid of the garbage pail. The lid clattered and rolled and he jumped up, slammed the window shut, then he clenched his big fists with the broken knuckles and stood in a trance for a long time.

At four o'clock, the bells began to chime in the monastery down the street and he went to bed and lay in the dark counting the bells, hoping sleep would come to him when the monks had done all their praying. But at five there were more bells, and Harry Lane seemed to be ringing them wildly and happily.

In the morning he was so tired he felt sick, and he went down to the shop and told Willie he had a headache, and needed some sleep. All afternoon he stayed in the office. He stayed there till nine in the evening, then he went upstairs and into the room where his father sat by the window, the pencil stuck between the thumb and forefinger, the swollen hand resting on the big pad. "Hi there, papa," he said, patting him on the shoulder affectionately as he looked at the little lines and scratches on the pad. His father's one good eye was blinking at him fiercely. Tonight he longed to believe there was more than intelligence and understanding in that grey eye and that his father could see how worried he was. Day after day he had been talking to his father about the coat and Harry Lane just as candidly as he might have talked to himself.

"It's still that Harry Lane," he said, walking around the room, his hands linked behind his back. "I'm to keep out of Dorfman's. I'm thrown out of Dorfman's. Imagine—the disgrace. I don't know what I've done," he said sighing. "I honestly don't. In this little thing wouldn't you think people would stand behind me. All this snickering at me. Why do they want to believe I got Conlin to lift the coat? Why believe that I had Lane beaten up? What are they trying to do to me? Nobody believes me. Why are the facts all against me? What is there about me now . . . now . . . that makes them

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MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

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"Handy" SANDY, Jr.
CARBORUNDUM
Niagara Falls, Ontario

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IRHA "Hardware Week" advertising continues...

snicker? What do I have to do to get someone to believe me?"

Stopping by the window he pondered, looking down at the street lights and hearing all the familiar street sounds coming through the open window; the voices of passing people in the warm sultry night, the voices sounding loud, then the rattle of the trolley, then the cars, always the cars.

"Singerman's car'll be stopping out there tomorrow or the next day," he said, turning again to his father. "He'll hear about me being told to keep out of Dorfman's. It'll mean a lot to him. He's apt to drop me. What'll I do?" Suddenly he banged his fists together. "Where's the justice in people? Everybody could see the terrible injustice of Scotty going to jail and killing himself, and Lane going free, and now the same Harry Lane, waving that coat around, ruins my character and business, my life—he tortures me—why don't they see the injustice of it for me? Do I have to kill myself to get some respect? A few months ago they froze Lane out. Their sense of justice! Is it there for me now when he turns on me? Do they freeze him out? They laugh and they needle me. I'm everybody's pin cushion. I'm just about off my rocker. Maybe compared with Lane I'm an ignorant man, but I know what's going on in his crazy mind. He's in disgrace. I was Scotty's friend. This little quarrel about the lining—I give him this big guilt feeling. He's taking it all out on me. Everybody can see it, and everybody should be with me. Why don't they believe me? What do I have to do?"

Facing his father, his hands out, while the one eye blinked fiercely, he waited, telling himself there was understanding, above all belief in the one eye, and then as the eye went on blinking at him it seemed to mock all the candor and hope in his heart. Good God, he thought, the only one who would believe me doesn't hear anything I say, and he tried to laugh, but his face only twisted into a cracked despairing smile, and he went over to the window and sat down, leaning back with his eyes closed.

Suddenly he sat up, leaning forward, sure he saw his mistake; he hadn't been acting like an innocent, indignant good man who was being outraged. Like a fool he had been acquiescing in Harry Lane's antics. Like an apologetic fool, he had been sitting around hoping he would be believed, a weak man without the courage in his heart to be silent, or the honest rage to demand respect.

But that night at Dorfman's, Mike thought, when he had thrown it at Harry that he had ruined Scotty, he had put himself above Harry openly and with the straightforward courage that other people lacked who shared his resentment. Now, when he himself was being ruined by Harry, they waited to see what he, who had had the courage to speak out, would do. They had waited a little while, then they had begun to laugh at him, sure he was bluffing about everything, bluffing about his indignation over Scotty's death, and his denunciation of Harry, bluffing to hide his big bluff, the mistake he had made over the coat. "Everybody's waiting. Well, they don't need to wait any longer. I'll get that coat. I'll tear it off his back," he said, jumping up. "I'll show them what I am," and he banged his fists together as though he had boxing gloves on.

His father's eye, still blinking wildly, followed him to the door. "I'm going down to the store, Mrs. McManus," he called and he hurried downstairs, opened his shop, went back to his office and picked up the phone, called Dorfman's and asked the girl on the switch-

board if Harry Lane had come in. He hadn't, she said, so in a nice friendly tone he asked her if she could give him Harry's address. In a minute she gave him the rooming-house address on Mountain Street.

For a while he sat quiet and still at the desk, a hard smile on his face, his fingers drumming on the desk, then a tightness and tension gripped his whole body in the joy of knowing he had the strength to do what he had to do. Suddenly he got up, went to the window and looked at the street lights; a light in Harry's room would tell him whether Harry was in. He didn't want to go to the house and miss him and have someone say that he was looking for him.

Then he heard the office buzzer that was connected with the apartment; a long buzz, then a series of short ones. Afraid for his father, he ran out and went leaping up the stairs, filled with dread. At the head of the stairs was Mrs. McManus, pale, and beckoning nervously.

"What's the matter, Mrs. McManus?"

"He wrote something," she said, trying to smile. "It upset me, Mr. Kon," and he knew then by her stark astonishment that in spite of what she had said day after day she had never expected the old man to communicate with anybody again.

"What did he write?"

"It's right there on the pad," she said, following him into the room. "I came in to fix him up and there it was. Just two words..."

Grabbing the pad, he knocked the pencil from his father's fingers, but he could hardly read the two words, the letters were so crooked and faintly marked.

"It's different this time, it is something, it is two words," he said exultantly. "That first word is—what is it?" His hand was trembling so badly now he could hardly make out the letters. "The other word—Not. It must be Not. Not, is that what you thought it was, Mrs. McManus?" And he felt wildly hopeful that the life he had wanted to have with his father would soon begin.

"I don't know," she whispered, and then they both stared at the old man sitting there lifelessly, his bright eye fixed straight ahead. "What does it mean?" she asked, still shaken.

"I—I don't know. He used to say religious things," Mike said uneasily.

"Oh, I see," Mrs. McManus said, sighing with relief. "Well, I was so excited myself. From now on I'll feel different about him. Why, we'll have to watch what we say, won't we, Mr. Kon? Oh, dear," and she went back to the kitchen.

"I knew you were with us, papa," Mike said, his hand on his father's shoulder and tears in his eyes.

Still shaken he sat down, the page from the pad in his hand, and again he tried to make out the words. The first letter of the first word could be a J and then a U, and he pondered. All week he had been talking to the old man about the injustice of the whole thing, and the two words could be a try at a sentence—justice not—then he remembered that years ago when he had been sore at the old man for being content to be a newsboy, the old man used to say, "The justice of a man's lot is hidden from him." The old man could still be having these thoughts. I'm the best judge of that right now, Mike thought, and he looked again at the writing. The word could be Judge—Judge not. The same idea, about the injustice of the whole thing. Bewildered he turned to his father. Do you want me to close down my shop and knuckle under to Harry? I know

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you don't, papa. I don't quite know what you mean.

Then he told himself the written words were intended to be some kindly comforting remark of a general nature that his father used to make about everybody, to hold his own life together and give him peace of mind. He told this to himself, knowing that if he sat there brooding he would feel handcuffed, just when he had freed himself by seeing his mistake, and he got up quickly to go out looking for Harry Lane.

When he looked back he saw the pencil lying on the floor and he picked it up and put it carefully between his father's fingers, then he ran down the stairs.

He went over to the rooming house on Mountain Street and Harry wasn't in, he phoned Dorfman's, he tried the Tahiti, he tried to recall where Annie Laurie was living now and couldn't and just before midnight he climbed the long stairs to the Dark Venus on St. Catherine where Harry used to go a lot.

To the left of the door were the tables, the dance floor and the band and to the right, across the wide expanse of broadloom, was the bar of studded pigskin, the stool seats of pigskin too, and at the far corner of the bar was Mollie Morris. She was hatless, in a dinner dress, and with the handsome lawyer named Jay Scott. As Mike sat on the vacant stool she glanced at him, and he went to speak; then she pretended she didn't see him.

When he got the drink he gripped the glass in both hands, and he stared at Miss Morris puzzled, because he had known she had shared his disgust with Harry Lane. Finally she fumbled in her purse, then she whispered something to her lawyer friend, snapped the catch on her bag grimly, and came over to him.

"Good evening, Miss Morris," he said.

"I'm glad you came in here, Mike," she said, and he didn't like the grim tilt of her jaw or her tone. "There's something I want to say to you."

"Go ahead, Miss Morris."

"Your elegant playmate, Mr. Conlin, came to see me. He's scared he's going to be deported because he and you had Harry beaten up."

"I didn't have that maniac beaten up," he said angrily.

"Oh, of course you did," she said impatiently.

"Well, I'm going to show you and everybody else, Miss Morris, I don't have to get somebody else to do the dirty work. I'm above it, do you hear. Above it."

"Well," she said, angrily, "I hear from Ted Ogilvie that your friend Conlin is going around saying I'm standing behind him against Harry and I'll use my influence to prevent him being deported... To try and mix me up in this..." She had to pause to take a deep breath, and watching her he grew flustered; she was trembling; she could have been in love with Harry, or she could be hating the sound of his name. "To drag my name in this thing and have it bandied around in this contemptible disgraceful business..." And Mike felt himself drawing away in his uneasy glimpse of her wound and her humiliation. "If you were more of a man, you'd have settled this thing. You're not enough of a man," she said, goading him bitterly. "I think he goes on and on wondering why you don't end it." Her neck and her throat were scarlet. "You don't know how to behave, but you could do me a favor. Tell Conlin that if he goes around using my name in any way, connecting me in any way with this thing, I'll do all in my power to see that he really is deported. Just tell him that, will you?"



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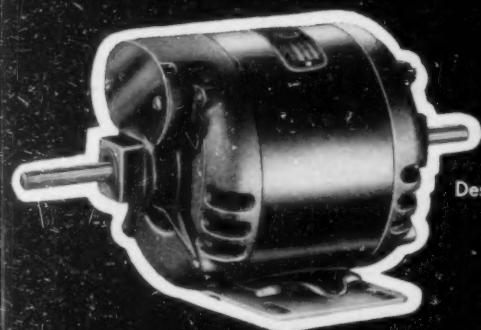
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IRHA "Hardware Week" advertising

"Why don't you tell him yourself, Miss Morris."

"You'll see him and I won't."

"I don't care what you and Conlin do, Miss Morris, or what arrangements you care to enter into," he said with heavy disdain. "If I see him I'll be courteous enough to give him your message."

"You'll see him, you know," she said with her elegant and insulting assurance and as she walked away calmly, his heart started pounding. He turned and walked out, stumbling on the steep flight of stairs; then he was out on the street on his way over to Mountain and the rooming house. It was sticky and hot, there wasn't a puff of air. A few drops of rain fell. Going up Mountain he watched heavy clouds gathering and rolling together in a monstrous threatening black weight settling on the mountain's summit; then it started to rain heavily. The rain came lashing at the trees and thunder rattled off the mountain and came bang, banging right down at Mike and he rushed to get under a tree. A young mother and her little boy had also taken shelter under the tree, and the thunder rolled down the mountain, right down the sloping street at Mike and the mother and her boy. Mike had never been able to get used to thunder low on the mountain; it wasn't like a thunderstorm in any other city he had been in, and he was glad when it stopped just as suddenly as it began. Now his shoulders and pants were soaking wet but he went on up the street.

There was a light in the ground-floor front window which was Harry's room, and he turned in eagerly, and then he saw a young fellow and a girl standing on the step making love and blocking the way. They didn't even turn. Backing away, Mike went up the street a little way, then hated himself for retiring as if he didn't want anyone to see him. Turning back, he brushed by the boy and girl. "Excuse me," he said and he opened the door and walked in and closed it.

"Who's there?" Mrs. Benoit called from the head of the stairs. "Why don't you ring? What do you want?"

"Mr. Lane."

"The door right there," she said, coming down the stairs a few steps, her hand on the banister, her head thrust down under the light to get a look at him. "And ring next time will you? This isn't the Windsor Station," and mumbling to herself she went back up the stairs.

Mike looked at the doorknob, hesitated, then he knocked.

"Who is it?" Harry called.

"Mike Kon," he said, ready to heave with his shoulder against the door.

"Oh," Harry said, and Mike waited, his hand on the doorknob, then Harry called, "The door is always open. Why don't you come in?" and he went in.

Harry was on the bed, in his shorts, lying on his belly, his head twisted so he could see the door, and kneeling on the bed beside him so she could massage his legs, was Annie Laurie. Seeing her there with her hands on Harry's bruised legs hurt Mike for he had always liked her, and he scowled at her in disgust.

"Take it easy, Mike," Annie said gently. "He was in bad shape after that beating. What do you want?"

"Just to put an end to his joke," Mike said grimly, looking around for the coat.

"You know, Mike, there's a way to put an end to my joke," Harry said, and he seemed to be moved by Mike's grim, harassed wildness, the ruin in his mind and heart, and all that had been magnanimous in his own nature was

touched. "I've been wanting you to come and see me, Mike. When I heard you there at the door . . . well, in this whole thing maybe I've needed you, Mike," then he faltered, his head on one side, half puzzled by his mixed-up recognition of his need of Mike. And then, almost pleading, "Now that you've come here, Mike, why don't you say you could have been all wrong about me. You're not the kind of man who wants to make himself an accuser."

"You think I've come here to get down on my knees to you now—now?" Mike said, laughing harshly. "There's an apology to be made here, all right. And I owe it to myself." And he went over to the chair where Harry had flung his clothes, but the coat there belonged to another suit. "How you disgust me," he said. Then he saw the clothes closet to the left and near the room door. His back had been to it.

"Listen to me, Mike," Annie Laurie said indignantly, and she came close and grabbed his arm. "All right, so you feel insulted. What about Harry? People like you think he should run or hide his face. Well, he can't because he doesn't know how to run or hide and to do so would be to accept an injustice. Don't you think it breaks my heart to see him wearing that stupid coat? If you're going crazy thinking no one believes your story, don't you think he has a right to go crazy knowing no one has believed him since last winter?"

"Whoa there, Annie Laurie," Harry said gently as he sat up on the bed, his legs folded under him. "You're only a poor little character witness, you know. Mike doesn't want to be a human being, making mistakes. He wants to go on in his big role of public prosecutor," and his smile and tone, regretful, almost affectionate in his compassionate awareness of what they had to be to each other, taunted Mike and made him feel looked down on more than ever. Breathing hard, Mike clenched his fists, moistened his lips, and balancing on the balls of his feet he wanted to jump at Harry and choke off his words, yet he tried to remember it was the coat he wanted to destroy; beating him was no good if he was left with the coat. "Come on, where is it?" Striding toward the clothes closet he jerked the door open. Only one suit was there, a blue one, and then bewildered he looked at the grey one lying on the floor, for he hadn't been able to imagine Harry wouldn't have the coat.

"Old boy, you want to know where the coat is?" Harry asked mildly. "Wherever it is you won't wear it again, you mocking maniac."

"Oh, yes, I shall. The coat got dirtied up. Your boys, you know. The pavement outside Dorfman's hasn't been laundered recently. The coat's at the cleaners. I'll have it tomorrow. Made them promise not to touch my beautiful lining. Or is it your lining, or old Scotty's lining? Have to wear the coat tomorrow to the fights, you know."

"I'll tell you something, Harry Lane," Mike said going over to the bed and hating the white tired desperate face with the laughter in the eyes, "if you wear that coat again . . ."

"Got to wear it tomorrow night to the fights. Just told you," he said, putting the tips of his fingers together with great repose.

"And I'm telling you this," Mike said trembling. "If I see that coat on you, no matter where you are, I'll tear it off your back," and he felt all his physical strength and hard hatred and the toughness of his youth in the words as he leaned closer.

"I'm not at all drunk," Harry said, and he got up, smiling, and stood in front of Mike. "The nerves in my

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"Later," Ray called casually for he was no longer impressed by Mr. Kon.

"Come here, you little lug. I've got a message for you," Mike said angrily, so Ray ambled over to him and bent down.

"What gives, Mike? A message from who?"

"Mollie Morris. She tells me, you understand? Me, you little rat! Mention her name again as being behind you and she herself will have you deported. She insults me, phoning me. But I give you her message with pleasure."

"You're a nobody, Mike. And to hell with her," Ray snarled. "Tell that to her. A message from me. An old newspaper broad," and he spat.

Standing there in the ring with sixteen thousand of Bruno's own people behind him, he felt entitled to have contempt for anyone who was against him and he looked over the ringside seats. Suddenly he grinned happily, for there in the second row behind the Dutchman's corner, was Rosso, himself, sitting with little Augie Silone.

Then the house lights were dimmed, the big cone of light fell on the ring and the announcer shouted, "The next bout for the middleweight championship of the British Empire . . ." and Johnny did a little jig, his hands over his head while the crowd rose and screamed and even the sporting writers yelled encouragement. The Dutchman got a generous tribute too.

"You're mad," Mike said, but there was something in Harry's eyes that held him back; it was an unyielding fierceness beneath the smile, a blind wild rejection of the threats no matter how grave they were; it touched something far beyond Mike and held him, just for the moment, helpless and wondering, for he saw that Harry would never give up the coat, couldn't and wouldn't, for if he handed the coat over now there was nothing left for him in the world, nothing left of himself.

It made Mike feel frightened and frantic, and then he wanted to meet him head on fiercely. "Well, I told you," he said. "You heard me, Annie Laurie. Now it's up to me. I'm satisfied," and he walked out.

In the hall he stopped to take a deep breath, then he opened the front door, and the boy and girl were still on the steps, only now the girl had her head down on the boy's shoulder; her fair hair had fallen away from the back of her neck and the hall light just touched her neck. Again he had to brush past them. The heavy clouds were drifting and breaking up, some of them all silvered, then the moon came out. But still there was no breeze.

XXIII

AT THE Forum, after the semi-final when the lights came on, the officials for the Bruno fight got into the ring and the big crowd relaxed. Some who were sitting at the ringside left their chairs and loafed around the press row. The Dutchman in a purple robe and his handlers were coming down the aisle, and getting a good hand. Then Ray Conlin led Bruno down the aisle and the roar rolled and then murmured on long after Bruno had sat down in his corner.

When those who had been loafing around the ring began to go back to their seats, Ray saw Harry Lane in the fifth row with Annie Laurie, who was leaning close talking to him. Lane was in his shirt sleeves, the famous coat folded across his knees. Then someone called, "Hey, Conlin." It was Mike Kon, on his way back to his seat and now at the Bruno corner. He had the crazy light in his eyes as if he had seen Harry with the coat and wanted to get at him.

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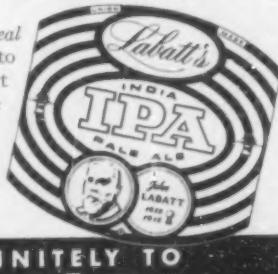
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

the bleeding. "Get him to the dressing room. It may be a minor hemorrhage. He's lost too much blood anyway." Then the referee, shouting, raised the Dutchman's hand and the crowd was silent, as Ray, pressing a towel to Johnny's nose, led him to the dressing room, where Johnny lay on the table while the doctor worked on his nose. Blinking his eyes nervously and feeling a tightness around his heart like an old fear from his boyhood days, Ray sat by himself in the corner. There was a lot of pounding on the door. Eddie Adams came in with his hard cynical smile;

then the sporting writers, all but Haggerty.

Then Ray saw little Augie Silone at the door, beckoning, and he followed him out to the corridor. Augie had on a pearl-grey hat and a pearl-grey light-weight suit and a plain yellow tie and his thin dark face with the big lips was twitching nervously.

"Rosso wants to know what happened to the kid's nose," he said quietly. "The kid's no bleeder. Why didn't you fix his nose?"

"The doc says a blood vessel popped. I did all I could, Augie. The doc

couldn't stop it himself till now."

"Rosso says the kid's no bleeder."

"No, he's no bleeder. It's got me beat. I don't know, Augie."

Augie smiled mournfully, his eyes hard and suspicious. "See, it don't figure, Ray. The Dutchman says, why did the kid walk into the swing. Johnny was to have the title tonight, Ray. So Rosso wonders."

"Let him talk to the doc."

"He told me to talk to you." But three men were coming along the corridor, one of them Bruno's brother, older, heavier, the same little patch of

hair on the balding forehead, and wearing a red shirt and sharp navy-blue pants, and Augie said, "Be seeing you," and he ambled on his way, and Ray went back to the dressing room and kept circling round the table where Johnny sat.

When they told him to hurry and get dressed, Johnny would drop him off in the convertible, he said they should go ahead without him, he would take his time; he had an appointment at the hotel. But the arena was dark and empty when he finally left.

Outside on the corner a newsboy was yelling, "Morning Sun," and Mike Kon was standing by himself, his hands in his pockets. He kept looking all around, waiting and looking as if he couldn't believe he had lost the one he was waiting for in the crowd. He was agitated, uncertain and very grim and full of trouble for someone. Ray was afraid to speak to him. He bought a paper and, under Haggerty's name, was the bare news that Bruno had lost in the second round to the Dutchman by a technical knockout. In the last three lines, it said, "Bruno had suffered a nosebleed two days ago and although it had been slight, the question was why hadn't his handlers asked for a postponement?"

"No," Ray whispered. "No," and he felt weak. Rosso'll find out I was worrying about being deported, and Harry Lane, he thought. Suddenly he yelled "Taxi" at a cab, and jumped in. "The Mount Royal," he said, scared and lonely.

At the hotel he hurried through the rotunda, into the elevator, and on the sixth floor, the paper still like a club in his hands, he half ran along the corridor and rapped on the door; he could hear voices in the room; Eddie Adams was in there. Augie Silone opened the door.

"I want to see Rosso," Ray said. He liked the sound of his own voice, all the defiance he had ever possessed was now in the set of his shoulders and in his little black eyes, his thrust-forward head.

"You do, eh. I wouldn't if I was you," Augie said sourly, and he closed the door and Ray tried to stop his heart from pounding. The door opened again. Augie said, "Rosso is busy. Don't get in his way."

"Augie, I've got to see Rosso," he pleaded. "It says in the paper . . ."

"Rosso can read too."

"But that creep Haggerty . . ."

"You weren't on the ball, Ray."

"I was on the ball. All the time I'm on the ball. I'm the guy who knows the facts."

"Rosso has got the facts. Maybe now he is good to you, you should like it that he don't want to see you to ask why you so sudden go dumb and careless. Be a bunny, start hopping."

"Augie, I'm broke."

"We're all broke. Be a bunny, I said," and he closed the door.

Ray wanted to get away from that closed door; he hurried, but going down in the elevator he realized that the farther he got away from Rosso, the more alone he was, and he hadn't paid for his room. He couldn't go to Eddie Adams and ask for a share of the Bruno purse, and now everybody would cheer if he was deported. Back in New York, if Rosso was against him, he might be found some night in the gutter.

Hurrying, he took a cab down to St. Antoine and the Sun and climbed the stairs to the sporting department and asked for Haggerty. Haggerty came from an inner office, in his rolled-up shirt sleeves, and with his white hair tousled. "What's on your mind, Ray?" he asked, sitting down. "I want some justice," Ray blurted out. "You got to get behind me, Haggerty." Squatting

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on the corner of the desk, his little dark face full of his terrible anxiety, he said, "Haggerty, if I ever had anything to say I always said it to you because you got a big following. I looked at Johnny's nose. I'm not careless and never was and worked with him in all his bouts. The whole thing now they pin on me. So I'm out with Rosso. I go to New York and hang around and nobody'll touch me. I'll have no job here, no money. It'll be easy for Harry Lane to get me deported, and with Rosso against me everywhere. Everybody listens to you, and maybe at Dorfman's tonight, Rosso goes there, and you say it was a little thing, you exaggerated, and I'm the best. I should be back with Bruno. Put in a word for me. Tell it in your column because somebody's got to put in a word for me."

"Damn it, Ray, it's none of my business," Haggerty said uncomfortably, avoiding Ray's eyes, bothered by his own compassion. "Well, look here, if I see anybody in Dorfman's I'll say I think you always were a good handler for the boy. I'll say it because it's true. I've got to get back to my column. Take it easy, Ray."

"Thanks, Haggerty," he said, and he had to go.

The street was dark and quiet, and as he looked up at the lights on the mountain, he thought, Rosso and Eddie'll go to Dorfman's. I can see Rosso in Dorfman's—and if Haggerty's there—I've got to go to Dorfman's.

Near the hotel he heard fire reels; then he saw one fire truck parked across the road; a crowd had gathered. The police had blocked off the road. Firemen were dragging a hose across the road. A cop tried to turn him back but he ducked around him and without even looking back at the fire he hurried up the Dorfman steps, his heart beating heavily, for he was afraid he might encounter Alfred in the hall before he even got into the lounge. No one was in the hall. When he looked in the lounge he saw Harry Lane and Annie Laurie sitting at the bar. No one else was there. Lane was always in the way. It's those damned firemen blocking off the street, he thought. Everybody would be down the street at the fire, and in a panic he hurried out.

A thin stream of smoke was coming from an upstairs window. It was the Wishing Well, the night club, that was burning, and now there was a very big crowd. He cursed softly. Nobody'll get here, he thought. But the boys might be down there, and he started to run, all his natural hopefulness returned.

Searchlights were playing on the face of the night club and big-booted firemen dragged hoses across the road, shouting. A policeman pushed Ray back toward the sidewalk and blocked off he could see no one he knew. When he got out of the crowd he saw a taxi that had come around by way of Sherbrooke Street in front of Dorfman's, and he started to run that way again, then up the steps and into the hall to the lounge and there was Haggerty talking to Harry Lane and Annie Laurie.

Haggerty still had that tolerant, half-contemptuous ease with Harry. Annie Laurie had just turned. "It's not next door to the Wishing Well. It is the Wishing Well," she insisted.

"Get out. It's that restaurant next door," Harry said.

"No, it's the old Wishing Well."

"But they just had the place redecorated."

"So what?"

"Maybe they didn't pay the decorator, and he's burning the joint down."

"Imagine the Wishing Well burning," Annie Laurie said, sighing. "I remember the first night I ever went

there. I was nineteen. My beautiful youth. It's all going up in smoke," and she was so much at ease with Harry that Ray hated her. Then his eye fell on the coat which Harry had tossed on a bar stool when he went to the window. The coat was there within ten feet of Ray, lying on the stool while the others laughed and watched the fire.

Very nervous, yet motionless as if in a trance, he stared at the coat. All his troubles had begun with that coat and the sight of it frightened him. In the beginning he had tried to be bright and witty with Mike Kon about a yellow lining; if it hadn't been for the coat he wouldn't have felt that he had to re-establish himself with Mike and he wouldn't have gone to the washroom and he wouldn't have got the punch on the jaw from Harry and he wouldn't have felt compelled to get even with him. Because of that coat, here he was now with Rosso against him and terrified that Harry could get the police to deport him. Why was I such a meddler, he thought. That coat meant nothing to me. Why am I here at all having this guy on my back, and he went toward Harry.

"Mr. Lane," he said huskily. "I've got something to say. Please listen to me."

"You. What's this?" Harry asked, turning to Haggerty and then to Annie Laurie, both of whom looked as astonished as he did.

"Mr. Lane," Ray went on desperately, "if you'd look at it this way. What should there be between you and me. Nothing, nothing at all. So why did I ever bother you? A guy gets drawn in. I made trouble. I get way out of my depth. About that beating—I apologize. For you I've been a big troublemaker."

"Well, well, well," Haggerty said, and he started to laugh and the laughter frightened Ray.

"What's the matter with an apology," he said fiercely. "A sincere apology is a good thing. A big man can take an apology, Mr. Lane. I want to make things right with you." And then he grew frightened again by Harry's silence and the mournful wondering expression on his face, as though some belief or hope he held was being mocked. He seemed to be off by himself like a man hearing ironic laughter, then he smiled, more at himself and his thoughts than at Ray, and he turned to Annie Laurie.

"You know," he said, keeping his face straight. "This is a very great moment."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"A great historic moment," he said solemnly. "For a long time I've waited for some troubled soul to come wanting to make things right with me, someone to say I've been wronged. Well," and he bowed, "at last he's come. Here he is," and he burst out laughing.

"I'm on the level," Ray cried, bewildered.

"And who is it who comes along?" said Harry, his face straight again. "Who's the emissary? A scared little outcast with no one else to turn to. Driven out. No hole left to hide in. So he comes to me with a contrite heart. Conlin," he said, mockingly solemn again. "Don't you realize you may be making a grave mistake?"

"I don't get it," Ray said, brushing his oily hair out of his eyes, and feeling lost again. "I'm not so educated. I told you I know my mistake. I didn't mind my own business. That's all. This is no way to treat an apology."

"You're wrong, Conlin," Harry said. "I really appreciate the event. I thank you," and he grinned and he linked his arm under Annie Laurie's and led her back to the window.

"Haggerty, just a minute," Ray said,

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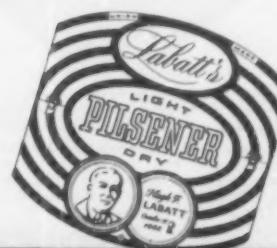


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grabbing his arm. "Is the guy really off my back or is he laughing at me?"

"The absolution seems to be in the laughter," Haggerty said, grinning, and he joined them at the window, leaving Ray there by himself, hesitant, yet full of hope, as he wondered what he would say when he, too, joined them at the window; then he heard a noise at the door and he turned and saw Mike Kon, and he said the right thing; going closer he touched Harry on the arm and said, "Harry, it's Mike Kon."

XXIV

IN THE CROWD at the fight Mike had lost sight of Harry, though he had waited at the exit, and later, on the street. Then he had gone into a bar, and had sat there drinking and brooding. In a little while he could think only of Harry saying, "I'll wear the coat at the fight," and of his own threat, which had been frustrated. Again he would appear to be bluffing. The fact was that he was left sitting alone in a little bar where he was a stranger. All year, after a fight, he had gone to Dorfman's. Now he couldn't go there. He was among the rejected ones. Yet Harry was probably there right now wearing the coat. This is an outrage, and I'm letting him get away with it, he thought. Suddenly he left the bar, took a taxi over to Peel, and there was blocked off from Dorfman's by the crowd watching the fire. The smoke and the flames and the cops who drove him back every time he tried to go up the street inflamed his imagination. He felt blocked off, hemmed in and wild because he could see the light over Dorfman's. For a while he tried to stay quietly in the crowd and wait, but he had to jerk open his collar so he could breathe more evenly, and finally he went back to the corner, and east a block, then all the way up to Sherbrooke and back, and now Dorfman's was down the hill, with the crowd on the street there smaller, and not so many policemen, and he edged his way slowly from door to door till he was through, then suddenly he trotted toward Dorfman's.

Flushed, with his collar opened and his tie pulled away, he stood near the bar, bewildered for a moment, seeing Ray Conlin there with Harry, then all his anger showed in his hard eyes. When he sat down on a stool at the end of the bar, Charlie hurried over to him.

"What'll it be, Mike?" he asked nervously.

Taking his time Mike dropped his cigarette in the ash tray. "Don't you remember, Charlie? I'm not welcome here," he said.

"Alfred was at the fight, Mike. He phoned and said he wouldn't be in."

"I'm very lucky, eh, Charlie?"

"Alfred has a touch of gastritis. What'll you drink, Mike?"

"Since Alfred won't be in, eh? This insults me, Charlie."

"Nobody's in tonight. Everybody must be down the street. They'll want to come in just when I'm closing up."

But Mike had swung around on the stool, staring at Harry, who looked absolutely unimpressed as he put his hands in his pockets with a nonchalant and happy air.

"I told you, Harry Lane," Mike called over. "If I saw you wearing that coat again I'd tear it off your back. I saw you at the fights. I couldn't get near you." He stood up suddenly. "But I knew you'd be here."

"Mike," Ray called, hurrying over to him. "You're doing this thing all wrong, Mike. I know how you should behave. Listen to me."

"You little rat," Mike said, and he swung the back of his hand and caught

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him on the mouth and knocked him to one side against a stool and the stool squeaked as it spun round.

As Mike went toward the window there were cries from firemen high on ladders down the street; a bell was clanging, and then came a murmur from the crowd as flames shot from a window. Haggerty sat down, his elbow on the table, and watched him reflectively, and Annie Laurie picked up a glass, her eyes fierce. But for Mike, there was only Harry, who, smiling a little, took Annie's arm. "We were watching the fire, Annie," he said. "Come on," and he turned to the window.

Harry's easy indifference enraged Mike, who took three quick steps to get close to him. He shot out his hand and grabbed the coat by the collar, and with the other hand he reached around and jerked it open. A button, snapping off, bounced on the floor. He wanted to get the coat off in one powerful motion and walk out with it.

"Go away, you fool," Annie Laurie cried, and Haggerty stood up anxiously for Mike looked so much heavier and more powerful than Harry and he had the craziness in his eyes. Harry had said nothing. The coat, being jerked down his back, was pinioning his arms. He hardly struggled, and Mike thought it was going to be easy. Then Harry pivoted suddenly; he jerked himself free of the coat which Mike held onto; the light caught Harry's pale face and his wonderfully bright blue eyes, and balancing, flat on his feet and set, he punched Mike hard on the jaw. It was an astonishing punch, beautifully timed, for he was set right, and when he landed it, Haggerty stood up, his mouth open in surprise and admiration as Mike went down heavily on his haunches.

"Come on, Annie," Harry said, picking up the coat and taking her arm. "Let's get out of here," and he didn't even hurry.

"Remember—remember," she said hysterically, as she put down the glass. "That street out there is full of cops right now."

Sitting on his pants, Mike shook his head, jerking it from side to side spasmodically, his eyes glazed, and then he looked up at Haggerty, who was wiping a flake of tobacco from his lower lip. The astonishment in Haggerty's eyes seemed to degrade him, as if all along Haggerty, like everyone else, had been sure that he had been trying to behave with superior restraint because he was a great old fighter who could beat up Harry any time he wanted to. Yet now he saw him sitting on his pants in Dorfman's in the worst moment of his life.

Suddenly he bounded up, lurched a little, then rushed at the door, with Ray and Haggerty and Charlie crowding after him.

Harry and Annie Laurie were at the door which he had just opened. Annie Laurie had stepped out, then Harry turned, standing under the wrought-iron light over the door which made Annie Laurie's bare shoulders look golden. Then Mike shouted, "You—you—" and Harry half turned.

Then Mike went down into his crouch, his eyes, just slits now under the scarred brows, gleaming with a hatred and contempt for himself for all the indignities he had suffered. His head bobbed a little to the left, and his right foot slid forward, then he suddenly shifted, and in the doorway Harry had no room to move away. He could have retreated quickly down the steps, but, defiant, not scared at all, his eager shining eyes tried to follow Mike's shift; in that space he had no room to shift with him, and Mike's right, as straight a punch as he had

ever thrown, caught him on the point of the chin. Everything that Mike used to be was in the punch, and they heard a crack, and a kind of a little snap; and Harry lurched backwards, not tumbling, but falling stiff like a post, toppled down the steps to the sidewalk.

He rolled past Annie Laurie who had both hands up, her purse hiding one side of her face, and she screamed and the wild lonely wail echoed down the street, then she screamed again, "Harry," and stumbled down the steps and dropped on her knees beside him.

The circle of light from the doorway reached only as far as her ankles and green pumps.

"My God," Haggerty said, and he started to wheeze as he ran out, but Ray, the first one down the steps, knelt beside Harry. Even in the shadow Harry's face had a strange pallor, his neck was twisted awkwardly to one side, and there was a little blood on the sidewalk at the back of his head. Mike watched Ray give Harry's face a little slap, then feel for his pulse, and then coming from what seemed to be a great distance away, he heard Annie Laurie sobbing, "Harry, oh, Harry, Jesus, Mary and Joseph," and he turned, still dazed and trembling, and watched her touch Harry's forehead and smooth back his hair. It made Mike feel lonely, and he thought, "What have I done? Why am I here with this man?" And then his own thoughts, wondering and desolate, frightened him, and he blurted out, "He asked for it."

"Get an ambulance," Haggerty shouted. Charlie ran down the street toward the crowd and they watched him stop halfway down the street and talk to a policeman who had heard the shriek and come running toward Charlie. The policeman pointed across the road at another policeman and then at the street beside the hotel, and Charlie started to run again, and the policeman came on toward them.

"That crack, that snap," Ray said to Haggerty, as he stood up.

"Never heard anything like it," Haggerty whispered.

"I think it broke his neck."

"He hit his head when he fell," Mike said quickly.

"I think he's dead," Annie Laurie cried. "My God, he's dead."

Two puffs of smoke came from the night-club windows, followed by a little flicker of flame; then Mike came over to Harry and looked down at him. The coat had flopped open, the torn lining showing, and Mike stared at it stupidly, and then he stooped and furtively folded it in on Harry, and he didn't look up until he heard the policeman's steps coming closer.

Grabbing Haggerty's arm, he said, "You saw what happened."

"I saw it, Mike."

"You saw him hit me. You're my witness."

"That's right. He certainly smashed you, Mike, when you touched that coat."

"Anyone who hears the story will say I had a right to do it and that I should have done it long ago. When he hits me . . . have I a right to hit back?"

"Certainly you have. Take it easy. The three of us saw what happened."

Then Mike turned to Annie Laurie, for she was the one he was afraid of now. She was sitting on the Dorfman steps with the light on the back of her neck and on one leg. Her skirt had got pulled up and her round knee showed, and a hole had been rubbed in the knee of the stocking when she had knelt beside Harry. Mike couldn't take his eyes off this hole in the stocking. She kept putting her fingers up

to her lips to keep them from trembling but her hand trembled too. Over and over again she did this, as if she were cold and shivering, and she seemed to be watching rapidly something across the road, but there was nothing there. "Annie Laurie," Mike said, huskily. "You see, he knocked me down—you saw me on the floor."

"You poor driven fool, Mike," she said, bitterly, and he didn't know what she meant.

Now the cop was there, kneeling beside Harry and listening while Haggerty explained what had happened.

He was French and young and had a black mustache. "Who's Mike Kon? You?" he said, looking up. "Me," Mike said. "I don't understand this about the coat. You'll have to come to the station." "I don't mind at all," Mike said. Then they heard the ambulance, which had been parked up the side street, called there because of the fire, coming up the street, its red light flashing off and on. They put Harry in the ambulance. Annie Laurie insisted on going with him. Haggerty helped her in. Then they were gone, and there was only the little blotch

of blood on the sidewalk.

"Get this down right here," Mike said to the cop. "He hit me, then I went after him and hit him back. That's all. These guys saw it. He hit me once and I hit him once."

"That's right," Haggerty said. "You have to tell about the coat, Mike."

But the cop, snapping his book closed, said, "We'll go to the station," and they all walked down the street to the hotel where the cop called a police car.

In the station they stood in front of the sergeant's desk while the policeman

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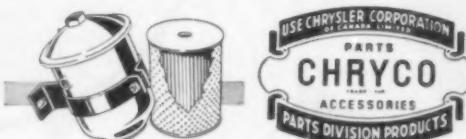
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made his report. The grey-headed, grey-faced, grey-eyed sergeant pondered, then shook his head. "Where's the coat? We better get hold of this coat, for your sake, Kon."

"Harry's got it on," Haggerty said impatiently.

"You saw all this, Mr. Haggerty?" the sergeant said respectfully.

"I certainly did," Haggerty said. "And this guy Conlin saw everything too."

"We'll have to wait until I hear from the hospital, but a man seems to have been killed," the sergeant said. "We'll have to book Kon on suspicion of manslaughter charge."

"It was a fight, a couple of blows struck," Haggerty said. "Where's there any suspicion of manslaughter?"

"What do you want me to do, give Kon a medal?" the sergeant asked.

"Charge him if you want to but you won't make it stick," Haggerty said sharply, and he turned to Mike, almost apologetically. "Don't worry, Mike," and Mike was astonished.

Until tonight, Haggerty, like the others, had laughed at him and needled him. Yet now he was showing this indignant concern for him. Even now he was turning to Ray Conlin. "Is that right, Ray?" "You're telling it just right, Mr. Haggerty," Ray said enthusiastically. "I'm with you all the way, Mike. My story is Mr. Haggerty's story." And his oily little face was friendly and almost happy. He didn't feel alone now; he was a witness; he was needed and Haggerty seemed to count on him.

Mike put his shoulders back though he still had the inner trembling from his growing fear that he was disgraced and ruined. "At least I can get hold of my lawyer, can't I?" he asked. "Sure, who's your lawyer?" the sergeant said. "Louis Applebaum," Mike said. "I want to get him right down here. I shouldn't have to stay here. I want him down here."

They let him phone his lawyer and it took a little time; Applebaum was on his way to bed. When he heard what had happened and that Mike had three witnesses, he said he would be down to the station in an hour.

"I'm going to stay here with you, Mike," said Haggerty, now worried and unhappy. With the excitement gone, he spoke out of a long reflective troubled silence. "I'm staying too," Ray said earnestly. "I'm not walking out on you, Mike. I'm a witness," and the sergeant told them they could wait in a little room, a detective's room, to the right of his desk, where they sat around the long table sprawled out in the chairs.

The waiting seemed to drive them in on themselves. They said nothing. Finally, Mike took a cigar out of his pocket, but when he went to light it his hand trembled; he stared at the shaking hand and let the light go out, and as he put the burnt match carefully on the table he thought of his father and his shop, and he closed his eyes to hide his despair. A big detective came to the door, looked at them and went away. Then Haggerty, frowning and grappling with some aspect of the matter that bothered him, said angrily, "I liked Harry. Where could you have met a nicer guy? But you can't go against people like he did. You can't get away with it. People like people. That's the thing. People have to go on liking people and respecting the general sentiment." But these words didn't comfort Mike at all; he had lost all confidence in people; the phrases about people made him think of the coat, and how the story would be told in the newspapers, and how he had known the coat would ruin him. Now he was in the police station where he had once been when he was a boy. The years since then had counted for nothing. The mysterious sureness of the fate awaiting him filled him with dread. He had no anger left. Slumping heavily in the chair he chewed hard on his cigar, then thought suddenly of Annie Laurie, kneeling on the pavement, brushing back the hair from Harry's forehead as he lay on the sidewalk; it seemed all wrong, terribly wrong, and he took the cigar from his mouth, to say angrily, "To see him there in that coat, the lining all torn, with only a little stray kneeling beside him . . ." He didn't say it—he was ashamed, and afraid of insulting Annie Laurie.

The Barley and the Stream

THE MOLSON STORY
by Merrill Denison

"No wind or tide can stop her," said the Quebec Mercury in 1809 when John Molson's Accommodation inaugurated steamboat service on the St. Lawrence. But steamboats (although there were more of them) proved (like banking, hotels, a theatre and Canada's first railway) of secondary interest to the fabulous family that has brewed La Bière Molson from 1786 to the present. Merrill Denison tells the story with fine pace and a wealth of detail.

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"Until he had the trouble with Scotty, I liked Harry Lane," he said suddenly. "He never knew it, and nobody else did either, but I used to look up to him. We should have been good friends. I used to admire the guy. I mean," he said, groping desperately for the right words, "I used to admire the way he seemed to feel he didn't have to impress people, he didn't have to try. I used to watch him come down the street, or sit at a table, and I used to think he made people want to act their best. Lots of times I wanted to talk to him about things. I was embarrassed, you understand—afraid I'd say or do something and spoil it and he'd look down on me. I wanted to be proud like he was—without trying or caring. But a guy can be so proud he thinks he doesn't have to care about anybody else, and I figured he was that way with Scotty. I thought he felt he just didn't have to care what happened to Scotty, my friend, and it made me feel that if anything went wrong he'd look down on me too, and it hurt me, and it led to this—to this."

Another detective came to the door, chewing gum, and regarding them impassively. He took out a nail clip and worked on his fingers, until they satisfied him; then went away.

Haggerty had pulled the morning paper out of his pocket. "Look at my column, Ray," he said idly.

Turning to the sporting page Ray began to read the column. When Mike saw tears come to Ray's eyes he got up and stood behind him. He had to do something to get the picture of Annie Laurie kneeling beside Harry out of his head. Leaning over Ray's shoulder he read the long paragraph in the column about the fight. In this paragraph Haggerty had written that the one tragic figure in the comedy of errors in the ring was little Ray Conlin. The little guy, the most loyal handler a fighter ever had, had slipped maybe in not screaming for a postponement when Johnny got a nosebleed in training two days ago; but a doctor could have made the same mistake. For Eddie Adams to boot Ray out and leave him unpaid and wandering around, bewildered, was worthy of that exalted code of ethics that was now dominating the fight game since Rosso took over. "For shame, for shame, Eddie," he had written.

"Somehow I think that'll bring Eddie around to you," Haggerty said, grinning. "He likes things to be done in a nice way."

"Oh, geez, Mr. Haggerty," Ray said, then he couldn't go on, and Mike, feeling envious and lonely, walked around the table and back to his chair, and stared morosely at Ray who sat clutching the paper in both hands. "I must have done the right thing," Ray said. "I couldn't think of the right things, but I did them. How is it a guy like me, when things get tight, knows what to do?"

"You'll always survive," Mike said, irritated by Ray's relief. "That's a great trick—to know how to survive."

Paying no attention to Ray, Haggerty said, "Mike, listen Mike, are you listening to me?"

"Sure, I'm listening," Mike said glumly.

"Well, look Mike. This thing will come up in a magistrate's court to see if you'll be committed for trial and, of course, you can elect whether you'll be tried by a judge or jury. If it comes to that take a jury. But listen. Tell this Louis Applebaum, as soon as he comes down here—right now, and for this, the preliminary hearing—get Roger Ouimet. Tell him to get Ouimet at once. Understand?"

"Yeah, yeah," Mike said slowly as he pondered. Then he jerked his head

back more confidently. "That's a real idea. I don't care what it costs. It must be Ouimet."

XXV

IT HAD turned cooler. The weather was much more seasonal the morning at ten when Mike was brought into the police court to answer to the charge of manslaughter in the death of Harry Lane. The police court was in that courthouse where Scotty Bowman had been tried. But the magistrate's court had none of the distinction or solemnity

of that courtroom where Judge Montpetit's court had presided. Before Mike had been called three drunks and a burglar had been sentenced by the beery little magistrate with the rimless glasses, the red nose and dandruff on his shoulders. The courtroom was crowded because the story about the coat had appeared in all the newspapers. While Mike was out on bail his telephone had rung all day long; people he hardly knew had called to express their sympathy. Again and again they had said, "Mike, rest assured, you only did what you had to do."

Carrying his head high, and with a stern expression, Mike was led into the courtroom, wearing a dark-grey suit. Again and again he had been assured he had nothing to be ashamed of. He had the manner of a man who believed he had the confidence and support of decent people who had a respect for justice. Stepping into the prisoner's box he looked around calmly. The Dorfman crowd was there and Mollie Morris sat in the back row, not at the press table, dressed in black, with a veil.

When Roger Ouimet came in the



Model of plan submitted by Gardner Ertman of Edinburgh, Scotland, winner of the Calvert House European Award.

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little magistrate bowed to him and Henderson, who was already at the lawyers' table, also bowed. Ouimet was bringing some legal distinction and elegance to the common police court.

Then Mike was told to stand up while the charge against him was read. He was asked how he pleaded. "Not guilty," he said quietly.

Haggerty, the first witness, a very grey-headed, grey-faced, embarrassed witness, did a lot of wheezing as he told what he had seen in Dorfman's the night Harry was killed. When Henderson, questioning him, asked him gently to speak up Haggerty got impatient and determined, and he told a good clear story.

"Now for the coat," Henderson said, and he turned to the magistrate. "This is exhibit A," and he held up the coat so the whole court and the magistrate could see the ragged lining. Nobody laughed. "You say animosity developed between these two men, although Kon offered to fix the coat. Tell us what you heard," and Haggerty told what he had seen and heard in Dorfman's.

"Let's see that coat," the little magistrate said, and it was passed up to him. "You say Harry Lane deliberately wore this coat when Kon was around."

"I do."

"A garment like this," the magistrate said, squinting at the coat again. "Was he drunk all the time?"

"He was drinking a little more toward the end."

"And finally Kon tried to get the coat."

"That's right."

"And he got this punch on the jaw."

"That's right."

Ouimet, smiling appreciatively, said he had no desire to question the witness, and then Ray Conlin was called. Mike didn't know what Conlin might say and he leaned forward nervously. Ray had his hair slicked back and he wore a tie, for the first time all summer he wore a tie, his little black eyes gleaming eagerly. "I was in this thing from the beginning," he said importantly. "Just answer the questions as they're asked," Henderson said and Mike smiled faintly. Conlin had found a satisfactory role. He was needed, he was a witness from the beginning, on the side of people he admired, and he almost told the whole truth, lying only a little about having tried to get the coat from Harry. He said he saw Harry was trying to torment Mike by refusing to let him fix it and it seemed unfair. After he had put himself in this good light he told about seeing the blows struck in Dorfman's, his hands moving as he talked and his body weaving with the punches. His story was Haggerty's. Haggerty could have written it, and Ouimet, almost bored, said he didn't wish to question him.

"Annie Laurie McNiece," Henderson said.

"Annie Laurie McNiece," the policeman at the door called along the corridor. People who had known her for years turned, startled; they had forgotten she had a surname. She came in wearing a black dress with a little white collar and a small white hat, her eyes in her pale face looking enormous. As she approached the witness box Mike didn't know why she upset him. Unless it was that he hadn't realized that she could look so elegantly sedate. When Henderson questioned her about the fight in Dorfman's she answered as Haggerty had done, and truthfully, and Mike relaxed—she didn't sound at all hostile.

"You recognize this coat," Henderson asked, holding it up.

"Yes, sir."

"You've seen a good deal of it."

"Yes, sir."

"And Lane was wearing it just to spite Kon?"

"Oh, no."

"No?"

"No, you see at the time Mike and Harry quarreled about the coat and Mike accused Harry of trying to ruin him as he had ruined Scotty Bowman, Mike was being brave enough to say what everybody thought."

"But you say Lane wasn't wearing the coat to spite Kon."

"Not just to spite him. It was the injustice of the whole thing," and she turned to the magistrate. "You know, sir, just like you might light a candle on Good Friday."

"Really," the magistrate said, leaning closer to her.

"I think so."

"And Lane felt wronged?" the magistrate asked.

"Oh, he was wronged all right," she said shrugging. "I knew both Harry and Bowman. All Harry did was try and save Bowman from the full force of the law. Maybe if you do a thing like that the full force falls on you. But Harry was a gentleman."

"Your honor, your honor," Ouimet protested angrily. "This is outrageous. This is not evidence at all."

"It may be outrageous," the magistrate said testily, thrusting out his red nose at Ouimet. "I'm trying to understand something about the background of this case. I'm also trying to decide whether the accused should be committed for trial. If you want to object you can do all the objecting you want to in a higher court. How am I hurting your client?"

Mike was afraid that Ouimet, with his cold superiority, might irritate the unpredictable stubborn little magistrate, waiting with his evil little smile, yet he wanted Ouimet to stop Annie Laurie, who was making him feel ashamed and afraid of his own thoughts, and Ouimet pondered, weighing whether Annie Laurie might not be actually making Mike a more sympathetic figure; then he sat down slowly, his eyes on her.

"You say Lane believed he was wronged, not just by Kon, but by everybody," Henderson asked her.

"That's right, sir," she said. "Mike was being wronged, too."

"You saw that he was being wronged," Henderson asked, and Mike, relaxing, saw Ouimet smile with relief.

"Yes, sir. Everybody knows now he must have been wronged because he punched Harry on the jaw," and then she added quickly with a shrug, "The trouble was Harry didn't have a chance to punch Bowman on the jaw so nobody believes he was wronged."

Again Ouimet half rose, disgusted, but the magistrate, smiling, said, "That may be simple enough to be profound, but I don't think we should have any further reference to the Bowman case from the witness."

"Listening to the witness is like listening to a judgment from the appeal court," Ouimet said jovially without bothering to stand up.

"One thing more," Henderson said to her smiling. "You're doing a lot of thinking, but you can't vouch for any of these things, can you now?"

"Yes, I can," she said.

"How so."

"Harry Lane told me the whole story."

"Oh, and you believed him?"

"I believed him."

"I see," Henderson said, still smiling. "Now when Kon tried to take the coat . . ."

"I think Mr. Kon was goaded into it," she said quietly.

"Goaded into it—by Harry Lane."

"Oh, no. Goaded into it by everybody."

"Everybody?" Henderson said, astonished, and there was an indignant murmur from the spectators.

"Yes, everybody," she said firmly, "because of the way they felt about Scotty Bowman and Harry going free, and Mike being Scotty's friend, although I know you don't want me to mention that again," she said turning apologetically to the magistrate.

Mike's scarred brow had come down over his eyes and he flushed. He felt enormously belittled and in the moment's pain he seemed to lose all his dignity as an outraged man taking his fate into his own hands and striking at the man who was ruining him.

Taking a little time Ouimet walked up and down in front of the lawyers' table, for he was still wondering whether Annie Laurie had helped or hurt Mike's case with the magistrate. Then he turned to her almost genially. "By the way," he said. "How do you earn your living?"

"Well, one way and another," she said stiffly.

"How do you live? Tell us, please."

"I live well enough."

"On money you get from men?" When she didn't answer he said, coolly, "And I suppose in return you have to give them a certain amount of sympathetic understanding and belief, if they pay for it?"

"I know I'm not respectable," she said defiantly, "but that's just the point you're missing. A man doesn't have to lie to me to impress me. Do you think Harry's being with me helped him with more respectable people? Figure that out, and also this one, too—whatever Harry Lane was it ought to be clear now he wasn't a coward. Somebody was, don't you think, and I don't mean Mike Kon."

"All right. All right," Ouimet said impatiently wanting to get rid of her. "I defended Mr. Bowman once. I don't think the case is going to be reopened."

"Is that all the evidence?" the magistrate asked Henderson.

"That's all, your worship."

"Your worship," Ouimet said deferentially. "I'm prepared of course to discuss this evidence, if you think it would be helpful. But right now I'm moving for a dismissal of the charge."

"That all depends," the magistrate said turning to Henderson. "Are you pressing for a committal?"

"I'm not pressing if you have already formed an opinion."

"Well, I have. It seems to be that the accused under extreme provocation was trying to defend himself. Once the accused had been struck by Lane it was not unreasonable that he should strike back. It was unfortunate that the steps were there. I see no justification for making the accused stand trial. Case dismissed."

There was a burst of applause which the magistrate didn't try to restrain. The policeman, standing beside the dock, said to Mike, "All right. On your way," and Mike, taking a deep breath, and then letting it out slowly in vast relief, stepped down. Ouimet, smiling, shook hands with him.

In the corridor many friends, and many who Mike did not know, crowded around to shake hands and pat him on the back. It all added to his relief,

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especially the surprising real indignation in their faces. Only Mollie Morris did not come near him. He saw her hurrying along the corridor alone, her head down, hurrying as though someone pursued her, no matter how fast she walked, although no one was following her at all.

The hands kept coming out to Mike, each handclasp buoying him up a little more, until he saw Annie Laurie come out of the courtroom. She was watching him, an odd smile on her face. Gradually he grew ashamed of the hands coming out to him, and when she moved away, he broke loose from his well-wishers and caught up to her. "Annie Laurie," he said awkwardly. "I'm sorry it happened."

"Oh, I was sure you'd get off, Mike," and she started to go.

"Wait a minute," he said uncomfortably. "That stuff about me being goaded on by everybody. Well, thanks, I think it helped me. But what am I supposed to be—the public executioner?"

"Oh, Lord no," she said, shrugging. "Those guys are never popular. So long, Mike," and he watched her saunter away. She had a very lazy, indolent, very beautiful walk, and it bothered him.

When he got away from his friends he went home and climbed the stairs to his apartment and sat down beside his father. Since the night the old man tried to write the words on the pad he hadn't talked to him about Harry, nor had he told him that Harry was dead. Aside from worrying the old man he had felt he might arouse in himself some remorse. Even now the one sharp eye seemed to be questioning him. I have killed a man. I'm a human being. I don't feel good, he thought. It began to bother him, remembering how he had felt goaded. Again he wondered why he had stopped talking to the old man, and why even now he hesitated to tell him the end of the story. Then he thought, supposing, as Annie Laurie had said, Harry had rushed across the courtroom and had punched Scotty on the jaw. A hard thing to do in a courtroom. A hard thing to do when the man is in jail, or when he is dead. Only a girl like her would have said such a thing. Then he wondered why he had been so sure that his father, trying to write the words Justice or Judge and Not, had only him and his case in mind, and not Harry and Scotty Bowman. This too began to worry him. Then he turned to his father as though pleading with him. Everybody was sure of Scotty because he was so prudent. Harry, an imprudent guy, an open book. Such guys ruin themselves and others, don't they?" But thinking of prudence gave him no comfort. Scotty could have kept silent out of a fine sense of prudence, it could have kept him off the stand. Who knows what goes on in a prudent man's mind? They're too prudent to ever let you know. I never thought of that before, and standing up suddenly he cursed Annie Laurie.

The phone began to ring; it was some well-wisher he hardly knew; then the office buzzer sounded and he went down to the shop. A customer shook hands with him and offered him sympathy. Old customers kept coming in and new ones too. It kept up all day, and they all expected to see him and they all expected to shake hands with him warmly and talk about Harry Lane.

The story of what had happened at the preliminary investigation, very colorfully done by the reporters, appeared in the newspapers next day and more people came into the store. Some of them bought suits. Haggerty, who came in to see him, was astonished when Mike said, "This thing, of course,

has made me think a lot about Harry and Scotty Bowman and I can't help wondering now why Scotty didn't open his mouth at the trial. I know he didn't have to. But I mean did he want to? Why didn't he want to?"

When he went to Ouimet's office next day to pay him he asked him how well he knew Scotty Bowman. Until Bowman came into his office, Ouimet said, he knew nothing about him. All he knew about the fraudulent loan was what Bowman had told him. If it had been necessary to put Bowman in the stand he would have done so, he said, but Bowman had told him he preferred not to open his mouth at all. Bowman might have had a very shrewd head, Ouimet said dryly, but if that were the case it turned out that he also had a shamefully weak heart.

That was the way it began to Mike. All week while business picked up, and all month while he realized that he was becoming more solidly established than ever, being greeted with great and friendly sympathy wherever he went, he willingly talked about Harry Lane. He could go everywhere; that is, everywhere but Dorfman's, for while Alfred was alive, of course, he could never go there. He found a new place down the street on the other side with murals depicting scenes from Paris life and the place caught on with the high-class customers. His celebrity and quiet reserve soon gave him a following. He accepted the public sympathy with a lonely dignity.

More and more often he would begin a discussion about Harry Lane. He would like to have talked to Mollie Morris but she had done what she thought Harry should have done; she had fled to Paris and nobody knew when she planned to return. Mike had a persuasive manner of beginning a discussion about Harry's case. "You know I was Scotty's friend," he used to say, "but if you have a friend you don't stop to ask what's going on in his mind. If a man says nothing you naturally supply the answers. More and more from this distance I wonder why Scotty let people draw their own conclusions. That's what he did in court, you know." He was listened to with respect because he had proved he had no prejudice in favor of Harry.

Business continued good, he was getting a better class of trade, but now he had no desire at all to be president of the local businessmen's association, to be an alderman, or ever to be appointed to any public office. He wanted to possess his own soul and have all his convictions come from within himself. Everybody still called him Mike the Scholar, and wherever he was he never missed a chance to put a doubt in the minds of people about the rightness of their judgment of Harry Lane.

It had taken a little time but Harry had finally found a tireless advocate who had won the right to be listened to with respect.

THE
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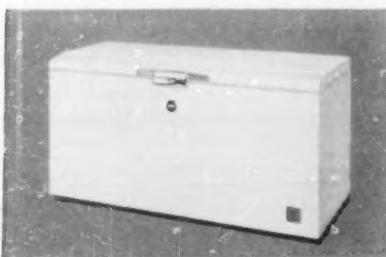
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WE DON'T KNOW who we feel more sympathy for—the American temperance organizer who was reported by the Winnipeg Free Press to be in town "taking part in a two-day program of alcohol education" . . . or the New Brunswick motorist who noticed with disgust, as he drove along, that he was wearing only one of his low-style spat rubbers, the other obviously having fallen off during his last stop. He was so fed up he threw the other one out the car window, then found the original rubber under the car seat when he got home.

And we don't know who we feel more admiration for—the Saskatchewan sheep raiser who rigged a scarecrow to scare off coyotes, mounted it on a light two-wheel cart and harnessed it to his ram so it would follow the flock . . . or the demure little old lady in New Glasgow, N.S., who paused in the doorway of the church to fish in her purse for her communion card to hand to the elder. As she handed it over she discovered it was a forgotten ticket for a horse race in a neighboring town, but she didn't quiver an eyelash as she marched on down to her pew.

• • •

The only dress that would satisfy the Toronto girl shopping for a semiformal was the one on the mannequin in the window, so the proprietor of the shop naturally got it for her and she went away happy. He didn't bother to put another dress on the mannequin for a while until he noticed that his window was pro-



voking a lot of laughter from passers-by, and it wasn't till then he realized the utterly nude model supported a card at its feet reading "Festive but not formal."

• • •

This woman in Nelson, B.C., had heard about the rivalry between two other interior towns, Penticton at the bottom of Lake Okanagan and Kelowna, halfway up the lake. She had no idea just how far things had gone, though, until she visited Penticton and dropped into a hardware store to try and buy her son a pocket compass. Didn't have one in the place, the clerk said, but her look of disappointment only brought a shrug. "What would we want with a gadget that does nothing but point to Kelowna?" he demanded.

We've heard of patients paying off the doctor with roasting fowl and sacks of potatoes, and we'd heard that prairie farmers aren't too happy about prices these days. We never would have believed things had come to such a pass, though, if we hadn't seen with our own eyes an Alberta woman's receipt from the Medicine



Hat General Hospital after she'd settled a bill for \$246 . . . "Received the sum of two husband and forty-six dollars . . ."

• • •

After all these years it's refreshing to hear a new twist on the sad but too often true story of the groom who loses the ring at the last moment. This Montreal chap forestalled trouble by arranging with his jeweler to borrow a duplicate ring to carry just in case something went wrong. Nothing did, though—till the new bridegroom showed up at the jeweler's a few days later to return the spare, put his hand in his pocket and . . .

• • •

Morning after a heavy snowfall one Toronto motorist couldn't quite make his car rock its way out of the drive. Striding down the street just then came a six-foot two-hundred-pounder, brief case in hand and subway bound. The motorist hailed the citizen and asked if he'd mind having a bit of a heave at his car, which was one of those lightweight English models. "I couldn't think of it," was the blunt reply, but at the motorist's taken-aback look the big man explained.

"Look back there," he said, waving towards a feminine figure shoveling snow a few doors along the street. "That's my little wife and she loves me. Hasn't let me touch a shovel since she read one of those magazine articles warning that big lugs like me are always dropping dead at forty-three from overexertion. Now if you think I'm going to let her see me pushing your car out of a snowbank and shatter such a tender dream, you're crazy."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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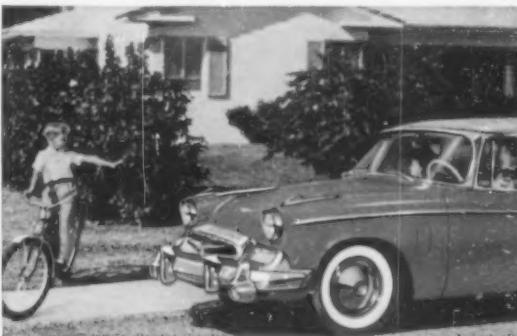


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